Everybody's Magazine

MARCH 1916 VOLUME XXXIV NUMBER THREE

THE NATION TO ITS FOREIGN-BORN

Front face! Are you prepared to do your part?
Come here and tell me so; I know you can.
Stand straight and answer squarely, heart to heart;
You're not a grain of dust to step on, man!
Look up! The truth! I mean to try you out
When passion's heat is white, to search you through
And see if anywhere there lives a doubt
To whom and where your loyalty is due.

You're stanchly true? Then breathe a holy vow
That, come what may, your soul will cling to me.
I sheltered you, when first you came, and, now,
I want your faith and deeds, if need there be.
But if your thoughts go fondly back to where,
A subject once, you ate your potted meat,
Or where you scraped and bowed to kings, why, there
You must return. You cannot stand white heat.

There is no middle course for loyalty,
And love should never waver. She who nursed
Your brawn and brain and soul, who dubbed you free,
Should stand alone in love, in duty first.
All this you stand resolved to pledge anew?
You call to witness Him that rules above?
Then rise, Sir Knight, my future rests on you,
On all your utter faith, your utter love!

REPRINTED BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Copyright, 1916, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

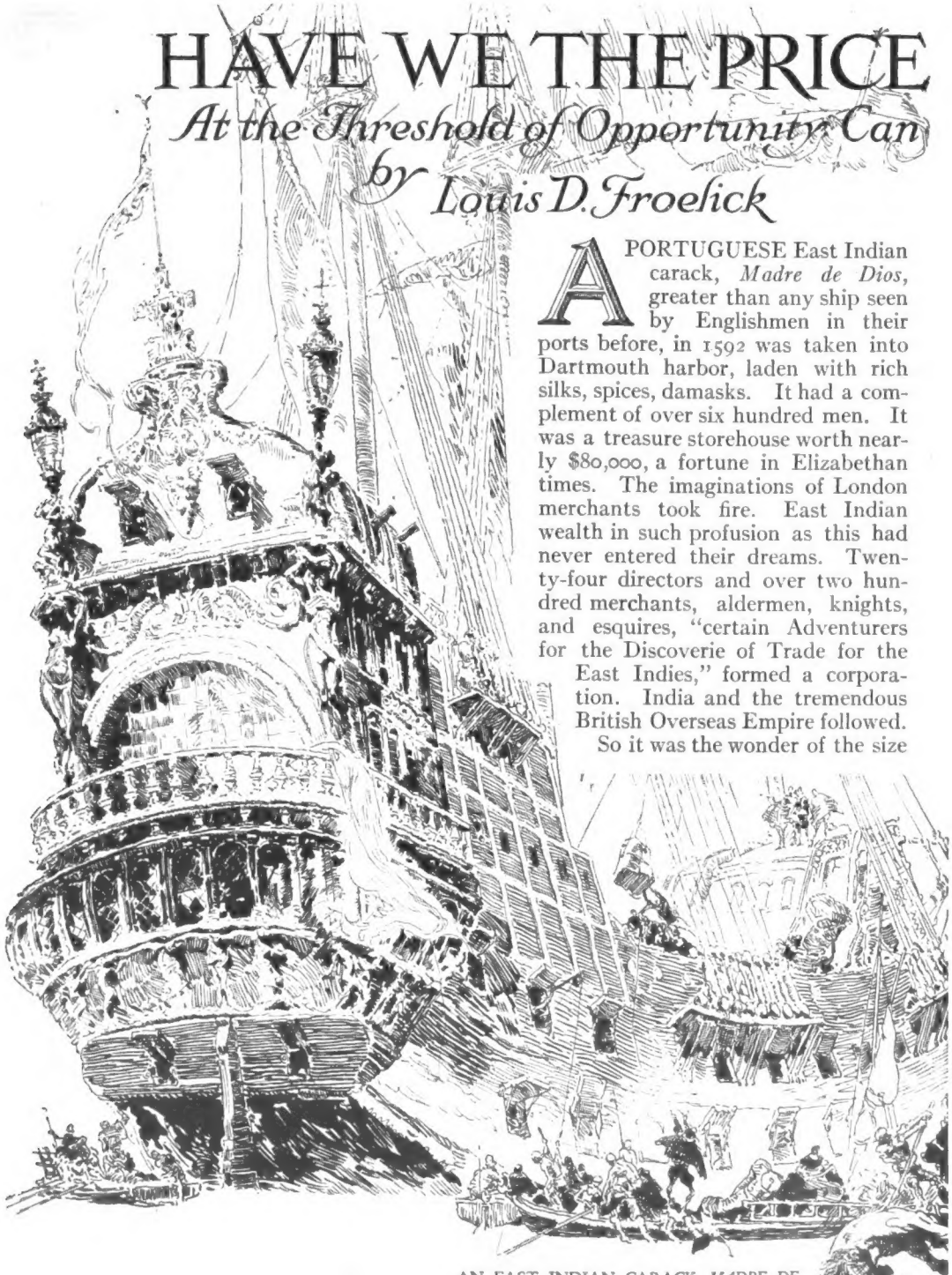
HAVE WE THE PRICE

At the Threshold of Opportunity Can

by Louis D. Froelick

A PORTUGUESE East Indian carack, *Madre de Dios*, greater than any ship seen by Englishmen in their ports before, in 1592 was taken into Dartmouth harbor, laden with rich silks, spices, damasks. It had a complement of over six hundred men. It was a treasure storehouse worth nearly $80,000, a fortune in Elizabethan times. The imaginations of London merchants took fire. East Indian wealth in such profusion as this had never entered their dreams. Twenty-four directors and over two hundred merchants, aldermen, knights, and esquires, "certain Adventurers for the Discoverie of Trade for the East Indies," formed a corporation. India and the tremendous British Overseas Empire followed.

So it was the wonder of the size



AN EAST INDIAN CARACK, *MADRE DE DIOS*, LADEN WITH TREASURE, STARTED THE BRITISH OVERSEAS EMPIRE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

OF ADMISSION?

America Meet the Problems of Trade Abroad?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. COLL AND HERBERT PAUS.

of a ship, the splendor of its Oriental treasure, expressing the spirit of discovery, of human eagerness for progress, of national expansion that started the British Empire. Britain's overseas investment, just before the war, was estimated at $20,000,000,000. Its annual foreign trade had reached nearly $6,000,000,000. The tiny, obscure island of three hundred years before had become the leading commercial power of the world.

Certain knights and esquires of American finance and industry to-day, fired by the amazing convergence on the United States of national and world-wide conditions, practically compelling it to take a leading place in world finance and trade, have formed a company—*The American International Corporation.*

Somebody dreamed. The dream was big. It was the same as that dream of over three centuries ago. But the vision of spices, jewels, gold cloths, Oriental luxury, was replaced by mining machinery, locomotives, dredges, steel rails and bridges; railway cars in trains miles long; telephone and telegraph materials; great electrical machinery to harness the energy of water and coal for the benefit of mankind—all to be sent out from the United States to the undeveloped countries of the world. These are filling the twentieth-century East Indian dream.

Instead of thousands of dollars, the dream to-day is in millions. Instead of the articles of commerce of scattered traders, it is in national resources. Instead of the building of territorial and political empire, it is in the building of an empire of commerce and markets, with monster ocean liners replacing the picturesque carack and caravel; with the power of belching furnaces and roaring mills at home laying open abroad new riches in metals, coal, water and electric power.

With characteristic American drive, the vision in three months was translated into action, and in the new corporation the country to-day has a concrete exhibition of a system and a method.

Whether this corporation will work or not, this article is not to discuss. The American International is the first attempt of its kind in this country. For their nerve, if nothing else, in entering an untried field on so

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE SAME EAGERNESS FOR PROGRESS THAT BUILT UP GREAT BRITAIN'S FOREIGN TRADE THREE CENTURIES AGO, IS SWEEPING THROUGH THIS COUNTRY NOW.

big a scale, its backers deserve admiration. As the expression of a big idea bearing on the life of the country in a department of tremendous and vital importance—foreign trade—this single corporation must arouse instant attention.

The American International is a mobilization of big banking, mining, and industrial resources. Its purpose, on the one hand, is to provide an efficient investigating, constructing, and managing machine for determining the wisdom and profitableness of investment enterprises in foreign countries; on the other, to establish a body whose financial standing will be a guarantee to investors here.

It may finance a government out of a difficulty. It already owns and sails a steamship line. It is examining the five-thousand-mile Brazil railway now in receivership. South America, Russia, China, are the big fields aimed at. It purposes to be one American financial aid in the reconstruction of Europe.

On the basis of its $50,000,000 capital, an ultimate marketing ability as high as $500,000,000, representing securities of new enterprises, is reckoned for it. If its board of directors can be taken as a measure of its mobilization power, that power can be computed at over $2,000,000,000.

Its board, moreover, carries expert leadership in every department of work it aims to undertake. For its big job of financing, it has Vanderlip, originator of the corporation and chairman of its board; Sabin, Wiggin, heads of three of the half-dozen of our largest banking institutions. If it goes in for foreign railroad ownership, it has Kahn, whose firm in the past fifteen years has been among the soundest reorganizers of railroads out of receivership. If it would operate them, there is Hill, of the Great Northern, and Lovett, head of the Union Pacific. For experience in foreign trade, it has Grace, leading South American exporter. For shipping, Dollar, who has made a name as independent promoter of American shipping and trade with China. Among the greatest makers of the country's industrial products in the enterprise are Coffin, of the General Electric; Ryan—copper; Armour—packing; young Percy Rockefeller—oil; Stone—electrical and public-utility developing; Corey—steel; Vail—telephone.

The corporation is a big experiment. It is an expression of an irresistible impulse for progress toward new fields now sweeping through the land. Whether or not it will accomplish the high aims enunciated by its leaders, it is here. And it has to be reckoned with by all of us.

The War's Spot-Light.

FOR fifteen years, financial, industrial, commercial leaders in this country have had visions—for the most part hazy—of big world markets for American industry. The war was a crash of thunder and an electrical storm. It cleared away the murk and haze. In one year it developed forces that normally would have taken ten. It not only opened closed markets of the world to this country: it poured millions of new wealth into the land to give it

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a dominant place in others. It jolted most of us into a sudden awakening to our absolute dependence upon the rest of the world for fullest prosperity.

After the first paralysis of the war, things moved like wild-fire. Financial agents from almost every great country on earth filled the financial district of down-town New York, clamoring for loans. Most significant were the agents of the South American and Russian governments, agents from foreign municipalities, from foreign railroads and industrials, owned largely in England, France, and Germany. These agents were accustomed to getting easy loans in London, to buying their supplies in Europe—and to scorning this country. Now they were here. What was to be done with them? Who could lend them permanent capital? The national and state banks couldn't, under the banking system. A few great private bankers were too busy. Nobody wanted to attempt the new big step alone; but everybody wanted to have part in it.

—And Bang!

THE American business and banking mind was working at race-horse speed. Here at last, and on a golden salver, it reasoned, was the great opportunity for American capital—safe investment abroad and large profits, bargain prices, for some of the greatest foreign railroads, public utilities, natural-resource development enterprises. Hand in hand with this opportunity might go the creation of preferred markets for the biggest manufactures we produce—rails, railway equipment, great machinery. With swift, sweeping strokes the thing took concrete form. A group of leading financial and manufacturing men got together, and—bang! The American International Corporation had made its bow to the United States and the world, prepared to go after international investments and international markets by applying American money, American business manners, principles, and personality to the method that had already given Great Britain and Germany much of their success in developing world markets—the method of lending to big foreign borrowers, and by this lending obligating the borrowers to buy their big enterprise materials in the markets of the lenders.

A Practical Application Out of the War.

ON THE molten surface of the forces stirred together in the war's melting-pot a point has begun to arise. It is the second that has appeared. The first was the lesson of organized national defense. The second is this national problem: *How to manage, mobilize, and concentrate under the watchful but cooperative eye of the Government without sacrificing the gains of the last ten years' campaign against monopoly, the financial and industrial power of the country to meet as great power, more compactly organized, abroad.*

But—do we want a big foreign trade?

"This American International Corporation," says the plain citizen, "all this talk of world investment, world trade—what is it to me? Does it put anything in my pockets? Every American likes to cheer about us leading the world, of course, but I've seen too much of high-financiers lining their pockets with fat profits to accept patriotism as the moving spirit of any new corporation. What do we want with this big foreign trade, anyway? Isn't it at the bottom of all England's and Germany's troubles with each other?

THE plain citizen is asking, "Do we want a big foreign trade?" The real question is, "Can we do without it?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE PAST: WHEN NEW YORK WAS A DUTCH TOWN, PICTURESQUE CLIPPERS HANDLED OUR TRADE WITH THE EAST INDIES.

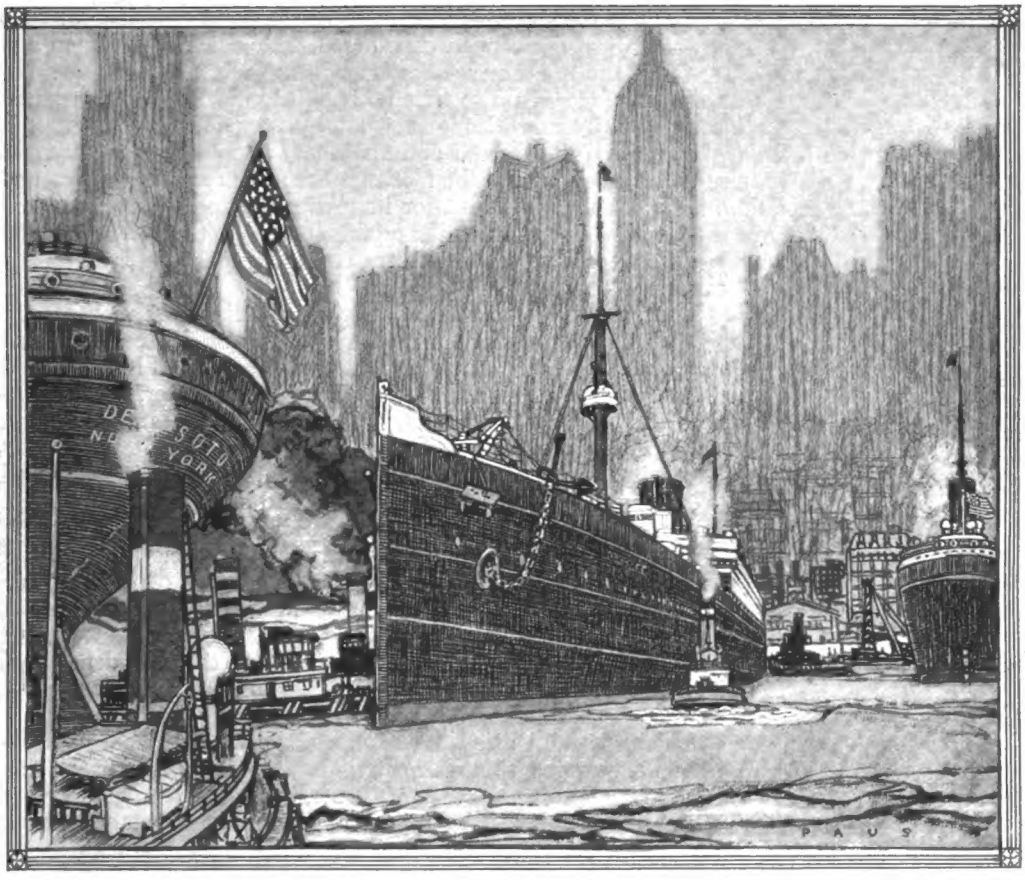
Isn't this country big enough for any one—greatest in the world? Haven't we got enough to do to keep things humming here? Keep our money at home, say I, instead of spending it all over the earth for the benefit of other people. England got an empire, but a peck of trouble with it. The brotherhood of man is all well and good, but how about the fellow on the Bowery, with a March blizzard buzzing through his summer underwear?"

The plain citizen is asking: "Do we want a big foreign trade?" The real question is, "Can we do without it? Can we afford *not* to get together—business, Government, public—in shaping a system, a spirit, and a policy that will win against the keenest economic competition the world has ever seen—that to follow the war?

Can We Do Without It?

THE little cotton-planter of the South who sails close to the wind in making a living has a sneaking suspicion that the time is here when we must have the biggest foreign markets we can get. He went to his storekeeper a year ago last August for a fall supply of bacon and corn. Pay for it in real money? Of course not—he never did; but his cotton crop was always good enough for any storekeeper. It didn't look good to that storekeeper then, though, because the bank wouldn't loan on that cotton or any other. It

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE FUTURE: THE OPPORTUNITY IS OURS TO WIN A PLACE IN THE WORLD'S MARKETS THAT WILL CROWD OUR HARBOR WITH SHIPPING.

couldn't, because the New Orleans bank wouldn't. New Orleans couldn't, because the New York bank wouldn't. And New York couldn't, because London banks and discount houses wouldn't. London couldn't, because for nearly two months after the war started it looked as if England's sea-carrying trade might be cut off. Furthermore, English spinners stopped wanting cotton when they shut down.

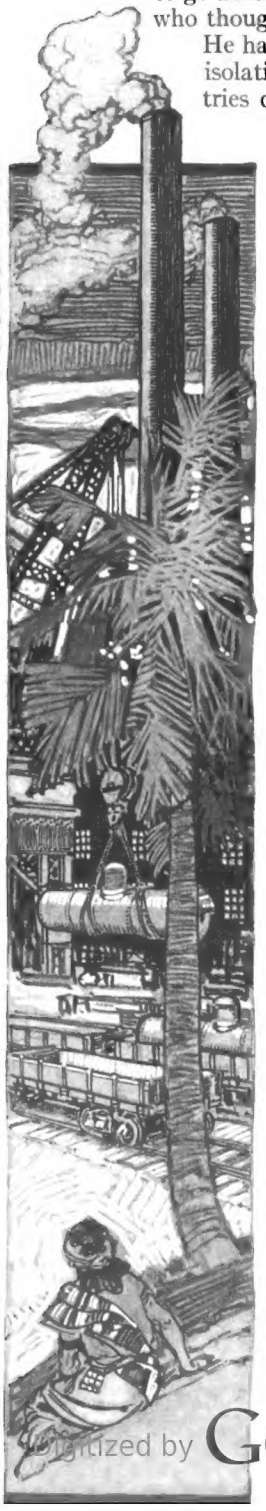
So the little cotton-planter didn't get his bacon and corn for some time; and when he did, it was a greatly reduced supply, because Germany had suddenly been shut off by England from buying her usual three million bales of cotton here.

The Western farmer was plunged in the same gloom for a time. He rose to a corresponding transport of joy when wheat soared to over $1.60 a bushel through the restoration of ocean traffic and the scramble to feed the French and English armies.

It meant little to the plain citizen when the pound sterling climbed from its normal value of $4.87 to nearly $7.00, because for the time we were stopped from paying our $500,000,000 current debt to Europe in merchandise. But when Citizen Farmer found he couldn't discount his note because Europe didn't want his grain just then, but demanded his gold, he stopped buying

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

clothes and groceries at the store. The storekeeper stopped ordering from his city wholesaler; the railroads stopped carrying these goods, laid off shop and train men; steel-mills and locomotive-shops cut down their forces to skeletons, and the stock exchange closed up so that no big enterprise, even if it wanted to go ahead, could float its securities for new money. Then every plain citizen who thought began to talk to himself and his friends about—*foreign exchange*. He had suddenly awakened to the fact that even this country, in its grand isolation, is inevitably dependent for its prosperity upon the other countries of the world. To-day this man admits, out loud, that we must have world markets, that the country can't play poker with itself forever.



MECHANICAL GENIUS DELIVERS ITS MESSAGE AT THE EQUATOR.

The man in the factory, too, saw a great light. A month after the war there wasn't a chance for him. From eighteen thousand men the force of the great shop he'd worked in had been reduced to three thousand five hundred. Five months later, his old foreman was scouring the country for him by letter and telegraph. There was a new high scale of wages. The plant intended to increase its force to thirty thousand men. No magic wand had been waved. America had merely found a huge foreign market. England, France, and Russia were furiously buying munitions.

In a year we have seen the country whirled out of deep despair to the edge of remarkable prosperity, by virtue of foreign markets. The clerk, the accountant, the executive, the farmer, miner, cattle-raiser, the great army of industrial workers, the merchant and manufacturer of life's necessities who depend on the domestic purchasing power of this army—all get the benefit of the sale abroad of the nation's products. James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, who made his hit in developing that company's foreign trade, estimates that probably eighty per cent. of the value of our $2,500,000,000 normal annual exports represents labor at some stage of their production, and that about one out of every ten men in the country is engaged in the production of exports.

Is this enough?

Clod-Pounder or Industrial Giant?

THE United States is at a turning-point.

Every new country goes through three stages of economic development. First, it depends heavily on the world outside, importing. Having started developing its natural resources, it becomes self-sustaining, and then sells its surplus raw product abroad in great bulk. As its wealth and population increase, it develops a large industry. Only by carrying this industrial development to its broadest possibilities can any country sell the product of one of its most valuable assets—its labor. A country that sets out to market its labor must stop exporting its raw wealth in great volume. It must realize on the value of its labor plus the value of its natural resources by an increasingly large export of manufactures.

This country is ready for the third stage. There are two paths. Take the one, and we must go back to the soil, become every one his own farmer, perhaps his own spinner, his own shoemaker, a hand-to-mouth, grow-and-eat peasantry, headed straight back

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in the direction of the Stone Age. As a nation we must close up like bugs in a rug, build a Chinese wall about ourselves, and go into deep slumber. But when we awake, it will be to face, horror-stricken, a bristling circle of trenches dug about us while we slept.

Stone Age stuff, except in the comics, has produced no national tendencies lately. Witness the Detroit motor factories, the New England munitions works, the Aladdin transformation into great new ammunition plants of backwoods farms in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. The corncob pipe and rawhide boots are still honorable and mighty in their place. They always will be. But ours, distinctly, is the day of the leather apron and waist-stripping in the forges and shops. The country will never go back. Only by getting the biggest world markets can we sell to greatest advantage the product of our labor.

Great foreign markets for big industrial products, furthermore, stabilize industry here. Periods of great depression, simultaneously spreading all over the world, are rare. Even in this country the East is usually out of its depression before the West has felt the pinch. World markets balance industry, bringing in work from one market when times are dull in another. Whatever the theory about world markets, moreover, *the country in its present mood is bound to seek them.* The spirit of restless hunting of new fields has taken life. It has hit the man of large responsibility. It has struck the young man with his way to make. The race is on. Here, then, is a question:

If we can't remain farmer, if we must be an industrial and a business nation, can we afford to dally half-way when the lesson of every other industrial nation is not only printed out in raised type but ringing insistently in our ears? Is there anything to be lost in not turning the steam full on and getting there quickly —and big?

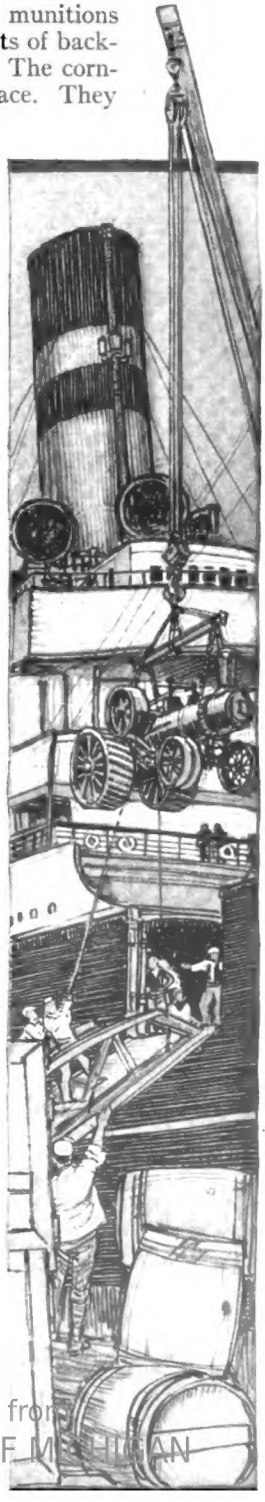
What Must We Meet to Get Great Markets?

GERMANY, in the reconstruction after 1870, definitely and consciously organized a national industrial and financial wedge. The government was the driving power. Organized capital was the apex: a dozen to twenty great joint-stock banks—the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdner Bank, the Disconto Gesellschaft—the three leaders, each with a capital of $50,000,000. Organized industry, in solid phalanx, filled the triangle behind this apex.

These banks, the hand of the government ever plainly working, directed the upbuilding of the great German industries. The directors of one of them sat on the boards of two hundred such industrial companies. The banks could do almost anything with their funds, from making commercial loans to engaging in capital promotions.

The apex of the wedge entered a new country, South America. A branch bank under a separate name was organized in a prominent city. The country's needs and opportunities were carefully studied. Friends were made. Lists of the German goods that could be sold were sent home. The goods were sent out. They were sold.

But, first, these banks made loans. They financed, for instance,



AMERICAN MACHINERY READY FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a sugar-grower's crop, to get the profit of selling it. If the British granted six months' credit, the Germans granted nine or twelve. The loan often became an investment.

Now Germany had great and costly machinery to sell. So its banks, following the British, made investments, financed and practically owned industrials, railroads, lighting plants, obligating these concerns to buy German materials. Sometimes the banks at the apex of the wedge pulled the industrials behind them, sometimes the industrials pushed. It was teamwork.

What had the United States? Disorganization against this compactness. An individual against a system and a government. Prevention against help. The export commission houses here got no help even from the manufacturer whose goods they pushed, and who let them build up a market, often only to take away the developed business, to handle it himself.

Naturally enough, the foreign trade of the United States consists of a few, very few, great and specialized industrials: Steel, Standard Oil, Harvester, Cash Register, Typewriter, Sewing-Machine—and a number of scattered commission merchants.

Europe, after the war, several strides nearer Socialism, will be able to switch its governmental organization, designed for using every man's labor and resources for the benefit of the state, from military to economic endeavor. Already France, England, and Germany are preparing actual government subsidies for industries best adapted to draw most quickly the foreign, and particularly the American, dollar.

The thunder of England's Trade Board has already announced its program through Mr. Runciman in Parliament: "German trade in South America and the East has received a serious blow. It is for us to see that it does not recover. It is the duty of our board to see that our business man has every advantage."

The British navy, and an impregnable tariff wall around Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy against Germany and Austria, and a shipping ban against the Teutonic merchant marine in the Allied ports, are samples of the proposals aimed to cripple Germany and promote the Allies' commerce. The neutral should look to his own protection.

Is There a Method of Getting Big Trade?

THERE are at least two aggressive instruments for us, aside from tariffs, shipping embargoes, and other defensive measures. The first is the development of real banking facilities for credits in general commercial foreign trade. The second is the creation of preferred markets for America's greatest manufactures.

When Bill Jones on the farm is hard up, and you, Jim Brown, at the store selling plows, let him have a loan, you may not flatly tell Bill that when he needs a plow, yours are the kind he must have. But if Bill overlooks that and buys his plow next door he gets an icy stare when he's looking for another loan. In the same way the big enterprises abroad that are to get loans of American capital must buy big equipment here. They are to be our preferred markets.

This country expresses its highest industrial genius in its big machinery, railroad equipment, and structural steel. First among the nations, it saw the economic advantage of specializing men and machines to make great numbers of a single part. It could afford to turn out these things on a grand scale, because it had a big country to supply. It can now supply more than this country's needs, and do it with ease.

In South America, China, Russia, great undeveloped fields, the buyers of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

these products, as at home, are borrowers. They need capital not for one year, two years, but for fifty or a hundred years. Many have big earning power, once started. The country that would sell them rails, cars, locomotives, machinery, dredges, must first lend. Inevitably, the lender then has a preferred market for his goods.

In a similar way, loans to governments, many owning public utilities, create the same favored markets. In China, each railroad is stamped with its European character. The English in Chili province employ only English and Chinese. Cars, locomotives, and rails are British. The Germans marked their railroad dominance in Shantung with strange hybrid stations, architectural crosses between the Chinese pagoda and the German Hofbrau Haus. The French and Belgians on the Peking-Hankow line have everything printed in French alongside Chinese.

Where was the United States in the selling of railway equipment to China? Nowhere, until bankers here took a part of the Hukuang loan for railroad building.

It is simply a case of paying your admission. The door has been closed—for the most part—to the United States. It paid no admission.

Has the United States the Price of Admission?

IT HAD been the impression that the United States must continue a borrowing nation—stay on the bottle, nursing. The bottle—European loans to us—was suddenly and forcibly pulled away when the war started. The result was a tremendous surprise not only to the economists who reckoned a huge balance of trade yearly against us, but to the practical banker.

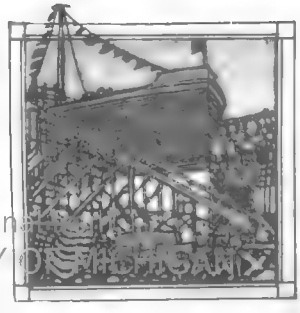
The baby not only refused to cry—strangest phenomenon! it turned nurse, and Europe is now an invalid getting nourishment here. Since the start of the war this country has done a thing deemed insanely impossible two years ago. It has loaned a billion dollars abroad. This is only a part of the financial nourishment it has supplied. It has bought back from Europe about $1,500,000,000 in American securities.

The country hasn't even winced under the weaning. There is always one definite test of blood-pressure, or the lack of it, in the economic system: the interest rate. Last year the call-money rate was probably the lowest and steadiest in this country's history. Instead of the usual ten to one hundred per cent. in the fall crop-moving season, call money has ruled at two per cent., and not higher than three and one-half per cent.

The bottle stage is certainly over. The country has passed into husky young manhood, ready to try its new-found strength. Of course, a part of its unusual strength just now is temporary. It is still a far cry to the time when this country will act as nurse to the world in normal conditions. When our extravagant habits of European travel and of importing expensive luxuries get in full blast again, our lending power will be materially reduced. The country's spirit of economy of last year is weakening. We should, however, never have to go back to the bottle. We've tasted freedom from our supposed helpless dependence on Europe's money. The street waif, with millions in a legacy in his pocket, has realized that he has more than a scrap of paper.

We shall, of course, borrow from Europe in the future. But we'll borrow as Germany has done, creditor of unquestioned standing, borrowing for current needs, free to use more of our own capital for investments, here and in foreign lands.

The encouragement of it all lies in this: Is it not likely that all of the foreign investment, and much more, will stay in this country in supplies purchased here by these promotions? Will



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WE CAN ESTABLISH PREFERRED MARKETS FOR OUR MACHINERY IN THE GREAT GRAIN FIELDS OF THE ARGENTINE.

not this great trade, together with the profits reasonably expected from the investments, multiply in mathematical progression the ability of this country to lend?

"Trade follows the flag" has long ago been inverted in this country to "The flag sometimes follows trade," and now it is "Trade follows the invested dollar."

It looks pretty much as if the United States has the price of admission to preferred markets.

Can a Corporation Represent the Best Spirit of this Country?

THIS American International Corporation, or any like it, able to draw to itself the ablest business brains of the country, has an unparalleled opportunity to do a national service if it chooses. It has the chance to present to the world, in a big way, the real moving spirit of this country. It has an equal chance to turn this marvelous opportunity into a sordid, narrow, selfish attempt to fatten individual pockets while posing as a national institution. It can easily be nothing more than an attempt to play grand opera with a jew's-harp.

The quality of the country's business character is to be singularly displayed and tested.

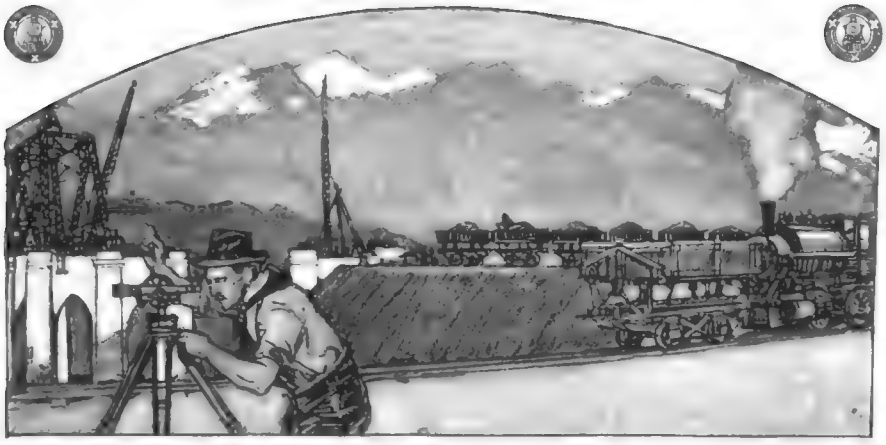
The leaders have gone on record as resolved to build the enterprise on statesmanlike lines. Its very success, they say, depends on the good-will of the public here and upon confidence won abroad. International cooperation and friendship are the declared aims of the leaders.

A hopeful sign of the spirit that moves this new corporation was the choice of Charles A. Stone, of Stone & Webster, Boston, public-utility builder and operator, to manage the new company. His record is convincing for conservative soundness. He builds for keeps. He has modeled his remarkably successful concern on principles of sound honesty of construction and financing.

There are honest men, earnest men, and wise men, who, having gone down into Wall Street, believe—not only that this new spirit is the guiding and the driving force of this great new trade experiment: they believe that at last the spirit of fundamental honesty is fermenting the whole mass of American business.

If this is so, or nearly enough so to put the stamp of integrity and honest cooperation on American business enterprise abroad, this country is to see some great changes here at home.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



WE CAN SELL OUR RAILROAD EQUIPMENT AND STRUCTURAL STEEL IN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRIES WHERE WE HAVE FIRST LOANED OUR CAPITAL.

LOOK from the top of a New York office-building five or ten years from now.

Can you not see the harbor crowded with shipping, much of it carrying the United States flag? Does it push the imagination to see a busier industry along the Jersey flats, the Brooklyn water-front, Manhattan—extending back into the land? An aroused industry on the Pacific Coast supplying China with manufactured goods from the coal, copper, and other resources of an opened Alaska? Is it too much to expect, through greater foreign market development, a time when the sign "No Help Wanted, Factory Closed," will be seldom seen, when times of depression here will be met by active demand from abroad, and the reverse? Can one not picture a great deserted section in the heart of New York turned into a miniature world market, with exhibition halls crowded with home manufactures, the products of new countries abroad, their buyers and sellers, our manufacturers and merchants, in close relations each day?

Will it be strange to hear, in the gossip of Wall Street and finance, quotations on "Argentine Rails," "Russian Industrials," "Chinese Oils and Coalers," bandied about as familiarly as Steel, Union Pacific, General Motors?

Will one inquire why his banker is found reading morning cables from Buenos Aires, Peking, and Shanghai, Bombay and Petrograd, along with full despatches from his London, Paris, and Berlin branches? Will it be surprising to find local murder stories crowded off the front pages of newspapers by despatches about American successes in new foreign lands? In public gatherings, clubs, political party councils, will there not be new interests centered in the groups of men returned from distant lands, alive to our big opportunity, our bigger responsibility abroad, through their man-to-man contact with other races?

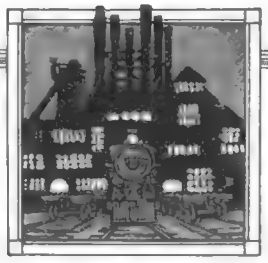
Territorial Contact and a Foreign Policy.

TO-DAY, we are in actual territorial contact with the world through trade. To-morrow, the driving impulse of financial advance, thus early exhibited in the one big chick in the incubator that has popped its head out—the American International—will put this country and the world in territorial contact many times more intimate.

China to-day illustrates. Germany through investment is controlling the northern half of the Tientsin-Pukow railway, England the southern. To-morrow the United States and England may meet in continuing parts of a railroad line on soil foreign to both; Russia and America may be jointly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE answer to the threat in the question of world investment is international cooperation, partnership, fair dealing, and a big spirit.



engaged in Siberian mines; Germany and this country may be lighting and transporting the people of a foreign municipality.

State papers, treaties, diplomatic tangles, trade and financial compacts—a scrambled futurist painting—immediately rise ominously in the imagination.

Can this new contact mean war? The young American in a far-off land, with his money-bag and his energy—may he not fling a too-eager fist or a restless boot to an inviting jaw or a bony shin at a moment when the whole family of nations can be turned into a snarling tangle once more? May not any of the others do the same to him?

It can mean war.

Can it mean peace?

It can mean peace, a substantial peace, with stronger bulwarks against disruption than ever before!

It is not the province of this article to examine whether the men of Germany were to blame; or the men of Britain, or the men of France; or the men of any other nation. But your grandchildren and mine are going to read of how fair play and honest dealing might have averted the war now raging, and are going to be shown who it was that turned half a world into a shambles by dishonesty and trickery in business. That much is now clear.

In the world trade of to-morrow the young American will be betraying the spirit of his nation if he picks a fight. His competitors will not be looking for a fight with any one who is well prepared. They will need help. It will be the young American's part to shoot a smile across the line and follow it with a handshake, in a spirit of friendliness. If back of the smile there is real health of mind and muscle, it is more than likely that the others will catch the smile and welcome the newcomer.

The world market for capital is too big for any country to try to corner. A selfish policy of antagonism would be its own undoing.

France and England, in the opinion of some of their financiers, three or five years after the war, may be able to lend money at equal if not lower rates than this country. It would be short-sighted, indeed, from the financial viewpoint alone, to try to displace them now by taking away, in a spirit of grab, what they can't hold, only to win their enmity and have them take their possessions back later.

The answer to the threat in the question of world investment is international cooperation, partnership, fair dealing, and a big spirit.

A Foreign Policy—What It Means.

THE spirit of the country compels it to take a world position. If we are to face the problem sturdily and mold our own future, we must do certain things.

For one, we must shatter the dense ignorance of foreign affairs here that may sooner or later threaten us ominously at the hands of an awakened, stimulated Europe. It is vastly more important to know what the nations in the lead in foreign trade are designing toward us than to talk about what we think of them.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

For another, we must develop a program in foreign trade and finance, of friendliness and cooperation—a smile backed by power. This spirit may be contagious.

There is some reason for hope of future settlement of disputes by friendly means. *If this can not be the result, we must accept our responsibility.* We have already gone too far to turn back and to content ourselves on our farms alone. We must be ready to defend our station, and our ideals.

THERE are three requisites in the make-up of a sound trade and financial foreign policy. They are these:

The mobilization of national possessions and national energy in a national movement for trade.

A unity of purpose in government and people that will find expression through all who represent this country in foreign lands in a spirit fair and wholesome, honorable and friendly.

The confidence that comes from the knowledge of the power that lies in sound, adequate, and efficient diplomatic, naval, and military arms of the government.

We have come to the point for making up our national mind.

We must fish or cut bait.

TO A PARROT IN A FARMHOUSE

By LAURA BENÉT

THOSE who have clipped your wings will never see
Ripe fruit a-dropping from the cocoa-tree,
Or smell the dusky sandalwood's perfume,
Or see the date-palms in their summer bloom;
But your wild scream may tell, in puny rage,
The sea's horizon was your only cage.

THOSE who have snared you here will never know
The tropic isles with coral white as snow
Or red as blood, the deep, enchanted pool
Where tinted fishes swim in waters cool;
But your wings, with their shades of sky and sea,
Will grace their cheerless, sad monotony.

PLAYTHING of fools, your masters can not feel
They are the captives bound upon the wheel!
You, the poor prisoner, have lived and flown
In gorgeous lands, though now you mope alone,
The symbol of a mighty liberty
To earth-born folk who dully plod and die.

DECORATION BY W. M. BERGER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT

A Three-Part Story About a Country Club-ful of Married Problems

LYDIA MOTT LOVELL

SAMMY

EDITH and ANTHONY

CAROLINE

PHIL

TENNY

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY

LYDIA MOTT LOVELL, whose profession affects marriage as a business, and who comes to visit the club at Indian Point.

SAMMY SLOCUM, a bachelor, and prominent in the club.

EDITH and ANTHONY MORGAN, childless and rich, whose mother lives with them.

CAROLINE and PHIL GIBBONS. Caroline is considered by all her friends a wonderful woman. The Gibbonses are the model couple of Indian Point.

TENISON TALBOT, who is a good fellow, and sometimes wishes his wife, Lucy, cared more for dancing and supper parties.

MINNA and JONAS VAN DERVEN, very rich members of prominent families.

BETTY and BILLY FROTHINGHAM, who have a small income on which to raise their four children.

SHERMAN KIMBALL, who is beginning to be famous as a writer, and AMY, his wife, who is lonely.

THIS is the story of the episode that disrupted the Country Club at Indian Point. It was caused by a very innocent, indeed a very charming lady, primarily, and commenced with much laughter on all sides. Just when and why it stopped being a joke, and became grim earnest, none of the principals could say. They rarely speak of it; are all, perhaps, a trifle ashamed of the joke they attempted to play on Mother Nature, who so simply and easily turned it upon themselves.

The Club is still there, an attractive, wide-porched building standing close to the waters of Indian Bay, and the Gibbonses and the Kimballs and the Frothinghams still come there on summer days for the swimming and boating. But their old loyalty to the Club is a thing of the past, other names are on the Board of Directors, and it is the summer population, and not the old Point families, who dance and dine in its big assembly-room. Summer visitors still point out Jonas van Derven on the links, and Anthony Morgan's name on the tennis-cups, but it is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Saturday's Child," "Mother," etc.

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

AMY

an undeniable fact that ever since the winter of changes and reconstruction here to be described, the Club has never recovered its old social "tone."

Just after the holidays, during this particular winter, there came a certain sharp, dry Sunday afternoon when Philip Gibbons and his wife Caroline drove to the Club, as was their custom, for tea. There had been recent snows, and the car slipped and crunched on the icy crust. Philip did not move his eyes from the road, but Caroline, fresh-faced, intelligent-eyed, and warmly furred, chatted away in cheerful security by his side. Caroline had no nerves.

She realized that Philip, usually so sunny, was in a bad mood to-day, and wifelike, she knew just what was wrong. They had fallen into an unfortunate discussion that morning regarding the possibility of a governess for the children, an innovation upon which Caroline's heart was set. Philip was as firmly opposed to the idea, as an extravagance. Caroline wished now that she had not raised her eyebrows when he used the word, had not echoed it delicately. But it was impossible to resist the temptation to remind Philip now and then that the entire financial burden of their establishment did not rest upon his shoulders: there was Caroline's money, too.

SHERMAN

She felt sorry, now, for her ungenerous share in the little encounter, realizing how that one word, that one glance, had silenced him. Of course, it was nothing—Caroline told herself healthily, it was just the sort of thing that went, inevitably, to the making of married life; yet——

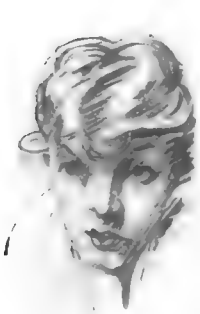
Yet there was the little tradition, in the Club, that the Gibbonses, after their ten years together, were lovers still. There must be no hint of coldness before the Club. Thinking this, Caroline was reminded suddenly of the Sherman Kimballs, and their disgraceful quarrel over cards the night before, and her aimless talk came to a definite point. "Phil!—Do you suppose Amy and Kim will come to-day?" she asked animatedly.

BETTY

"Don't know," Philip said briefly, shifting his gears violently.

"It will be extremely awkward if they do," Caroline continued cheerfully.

BILLY

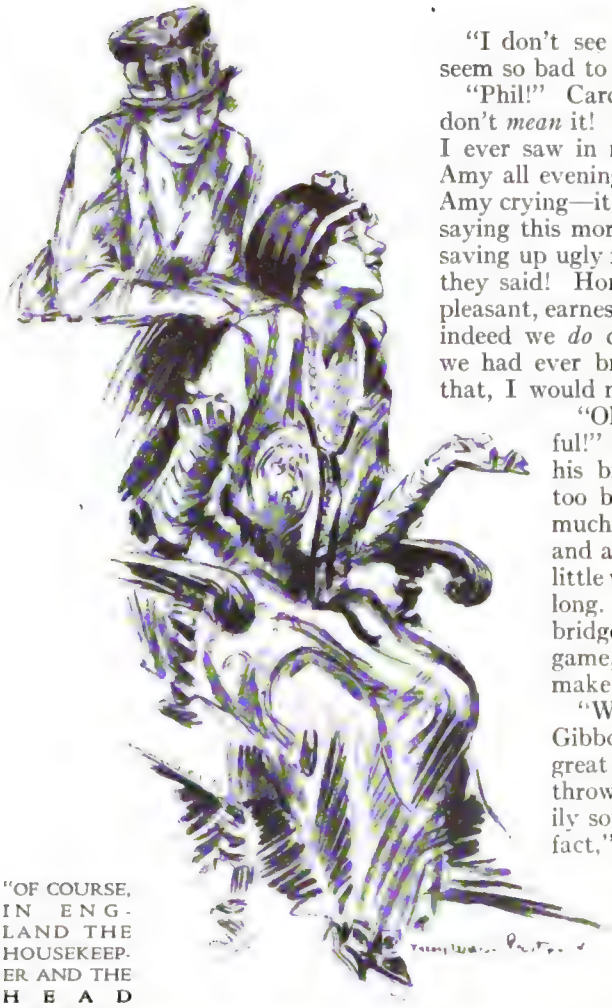


LUCY

JONAS

MINNA

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"OF COURSE, IN ENGLAND THE HOUSEKEEPER AND THE HEAD HOUSEMAID WOULD KNOW JUST WHAT THEY ARE EXPECTED TO DO," SAID MINNA.

"I don't see it," said her husband. "It didn't seem so bad to me!"

"Phil!" Caroline had him talking, at least. "You don't *mean* it! It seems to me it was the worst thing I ever saw in my life. Kim had been nagging at Amy all evening—but to break out that way! And Amy crying—it was terrible. As Edith Morgan was saying this morning, it was just as if they had been saving up ugly feeling for weeks! And all the *things* they said! Honestly, Phil," ended Caroline, in her pleasant, earnest voice, "you and I may differ, and indeed we *do* differ sometimes, but I think that if we had ever broken out violently, in public, like that, I would never hold up my head again!"

"Oh, come, I don't think it was so awful!" Philip said, the wheel twisting under his big gloved hand. "Of course it was too bad—but I don't think it meant so much! Kim's a writer, and high-strung and all that, and Amy's one of these quiet little women who bottle themselves up too long. Besides, it's darned easy to fight at bridge. Amy isn't at all keen for the game, and I don't think Kim ought to make her play."

"Well, it was a terrible pity!" Mrs. Gibbons said, but mildly; she saw with great satisfaction that Philip was rapidly throwing off his ugly mood. "I feel heartily sorry for Amy—for both of them, in fact," she added. "I don't care how successful Kim is as a writer, he's a very erratic person to live with, as a man! And Amy's such a meek little mouse! It's hard for them both. Kim writes himself into a nervous fever, Amy mopes about the house wishing she had something to do!"

"Pity they lost their baby!" said Philip.

"Yes, it was dreadful," Caroline conceded briskly. "But, dear me!—that was four years ago. Is Amy going on mourning because she doesn't have babies, *all* her life? Aren't there other things? Kim hates the idea of adopting a child—always has. Why doesn't she reconcile herself to it? You know yourself how you'd feel if we hadn't Martha and Ken——"

"Oh, Lord—I know!" Philip gave an assenting nod and a deep sigh.

"Every one calls us lucky," Mrs. Gibbons presently went on thoughtfully. "But I think it's something more than luck, don't you, Phil? You and I entered marriage as a serious business: we wanted a home, and children; we wanted to do our duty as human beings. Mother and dad were saying only yesterday that we had the old-fashioned spirit of personal responsibility. Look at Edith Morgan—" said Caroline, warming to a subject she and Philip had often discussed—"she leaves the whole house to her mother; she doesn't want children; she never stirs hand or foot except to amuse herself; and, of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

course, she's always restless and vaguely discontented! Poor Betty Frothingham, on the other hand, with one maid and four babies, has senselessly undertaken about three times as much as any one woman can do! That extreme is just as foolish as the other!"

"Betty's a dear!" Philip observed irrelevantly, quite himself again.

"I don't know a sweeter woman than Betty," Caroline agreed quickly. "But I can't help thinking she is rather foolish. I went there yesterday about the French class; of course she can afford neither the money nor the time! Babies, toys, bottles, wet baby-clothes, blankets—were all over the place. I really wanted to say something to her about a man's right to a quiet, restful home—poor Billy! But I hadn't the heart."

"THEY'LL work it out," Philip offered, with his pleasant smile. "They've no such problem as Kim and Amy."

"Nor Tenny Talbot and Lucy," added Caroline thoughtfully.

"No," her husband agreed. "No. I suppose that the Talbot marriage will surely go on the rocks. Pity, too! I like Lucy, in her shy little gasping way, but she's not the wife for Tenny!"

"I like her, too," Caroline said, willing to agree to almost anything in her satisfaction at Philip's brightening mood. "But she's so—well, so plaintive. She simply isn't a sport. Dear me!—the way she watches him you'd think Tenny was a confirmed drunkard. Of course it's maddening for Tenny. I think, with everybody else, that he *has* been drinking too much for—well, for the past year, but I really believe it's partly because Lucy is always purring and fussing over him! After all, as Minna says, drinking is a gentleman's vice. She says her father——"

"Don't quote Minna van Derven to me!" Philip interrupted.

Caroline laughed. "I know," she conceded, "Minna *is* funny, with her everlasting code of what the best families do and don't do! And yet, do you know, Phil, I don't think we ought to be too critical of Minna and Jonas. For all their money—and neither one has ever known anything but actual *wealth!*—they really are unspoiled and simple——"

"Too darn simple," Philip interjected. "We give better dinners than they do, and their house is always cold!"

"Well, it's an immense house," Caroline submitted doubtfully, adding with a laugh a moment later, as the car entered the snow-draped shrubbery that surrounded the Country Club: "But you and I feel alike about the van Dervens! You know how Minna exasperates me sometimes. She has a way of making you feel that your ancestors, whatever they were, can't possibly be interesting to a person whose family tree is stuffed with governors and ambassadors and a president. There's their limousine now, Phil, and Anthony Morgan's car—and Betty's Ford," she interrupted herself to say, in a suddenly lowered tone, as they passed the white, open shed where the motors were parked. "I hope they're all here, and that Kim and Amy have taken the first plunge."

"I doubt if Kim and Amy show up at all," said Philip, spreading the fur-lined robe over his engine, and glancing up warily at the glassed-in porch of the Club.

Caroline, already loosening the clasps of her heavy coat, was mounting the steps, and made no answer. She paused to look off across the snowy spread of the links, at the row of bath-houses fantastically draped in white, and at the bay, in whose cold blue waters great lumps of ice were nudging

"THE HEAD HOUSEMAID"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

each other. Beyond the bare trees, on the crown of the hill, were the brick walls and chimneys of the van Dervens' house; beneath it, she could see the Morgans' handsome old-fashioned home, and the brown, spreading roof that sheltered the swarming Frothinghams. Her own home, a remodeled Colonial farmhouse behind a brick wall, and the delightful log bungalow of the Kimballs, were just out of sight beyond the hill; but the Talbots' white house, only a quarter of a mile from the club gates, shone dazzling in the clear winter sunlight, smoke climbing up from its red chimneys into the blue of the sky. Far off across the bay was the gray blur of New York; down on the marshes a miniature train crept across a toy trestle, puffing into the air a tiny feather of cottony white; from the village came the shrill, faint cries of skating children.

Caroline found it all good. She and Philip had met each other at a dance, here at the Indian Point Country Club, twelve years ago. She had been Caroline Messenger then, visiting the Edith Prentice who was now Edith Morgan. Minna Rappelye had been at the dance, too, a little older than the other girls, fabulously rich, engaged to the rich Jonas van Derven even then. They had all married duly, and settled at Indian Point; the Kimballs and the Frothinghams and the Talbots were later comers. Caroline, standing young and happy and beautiful on the Club steps, felt a little thrill of affection for the place. It had been delightful to be pretty and eighteen and popular, to be married at twenty-one to her Philip. It was even nicer to be thirty, her two children at home, her cook better even than Minna's, her new furs warm about her. She gave her husband's arm a little squeeze, as they entered the Club together.

A group of men and women, drinking tea beside the roaring logs in the fireplace, hilariously made room for them. Caroline was the most popular woman at Indian Point, Philip beloved by everybody here; yet both knew that their fresh and cheery entrance was more than usually welcome just now.

The Talbots—Tenny smiling into his cocktail, Lucy demurely stirring her tea—were in the group; Jonas van Derven stood beside the high mantel, glass in hand; Minna had evidently refused tea, and sat stiffly in her great leather chair, hatted and gloved. Betty Frothingham, very young, a little tired and pale as became the mother of four children, presided at the big silver tray, Anthony Morgan beside her; Edith Morgan, a plump, well-dressed woman, with beautiful, indolent eyes, was on the other side with her handsome, erect little mother, Mrs. Prentice, who was called "Mother" by half the Club. Billy Frothingham was on a little leather hassock at Mrs. Prentice's feet.

THE group was completed by Amy Kimball, a shy, nervous woman, keeping close to Betty Frothingham at the tea-table, obviously embarrassed and self-conscious to-day, and by her husband "Kim," who was talking somewhat constrainedly with Jonas van Derven by the fire. Sherman Kimball had the writer's alert, yet curiously abstracted gaze; now and then he laughed briefly. He did not directly address his wife, yet his eyes were continually and furtively upon her. Amy Kimball's color was high; with every one else, she was trying to evade anything like a pause. Last night, here in this very spot, over the card-tables, somehow that horror had broken loose—the two or three stinging sentences from Kim, her own angry retaliation, her tears, the amazed eyes of onlooking Indian Point. Amy could see it all now, had seen it all through the long and restless night. If she could only get through this tea-hour, she said to herself, the worst would be over. But she was very tired, her feet were cold, and her cheeks burned.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody was happier for the Gibbonses' arrival. Caroline was so tactful, so cheering; Phil was such a dear: awkwardness died in their presence. Presently there was unrestrained laughter, and everybody began to talk of the Valentine party. Kim said quite naturally to his wife: "We have an old book of costumes, dear?" and Amy answered eagerly: "Oh, I think so, Kim!"

They had all been married for years—eight, ten, twelve—and they did their loyal best to forget last night. Lucy Talbot asked Amy very particularly how her head was. "I know you said you had a blazing headache yesterday," said Lucy. "Oh, I did!" Amy agreed gratefully. Billy Frothingham said to Anthony Morgan, in an aside, that facing it down this way was, of course, the only thing to do. "Lord, we all know what it is!" said Anthony, smiling.

Billy smiled, too, but he did not quite agree. Billy and Betty Frothingham chafed a good deal at circumstances, but they did not fight. And he thought that Anthony Morgan had had a very comfortable time of it, with his handsome wife and his delightful, rich mother-in-law. Neither of them might

MRS. PRENTICE, IN HER SILVERY VOICE, READ WHAT WAS ON THE COVER IN A RISING TIDE OF LAUGHTER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I HAVEN'T A WIFE THEN, IF BETTY IS GOING TO BE CHILDISH," SAMMY PURSUED.

consider himself in the class of a genius like Kim, with a nervous, odd little wife like Amy. Billy and Betty would not have changed places with any one in the group, although Betty got very tired and discouraged sometimes, and only that morning had been weeping disconsolately at the maid's stupidity and the children's naughtiness. But sometimes the complacency with which Minna van Derven accepted her luxurious destiny, the lazy ease of Edith Morgan, and the bridge and poker debts so gaily contracted and discharged by Tenny Talbot, put Betty into a rose-cheeked, flashing-eyed condition known to herself as being "furious."

She looked anything but furious now, joyously dispensing tea to Sammy Slocum, who had just come in. Sammy, a thin, clever-looking man of perhaps forty, squinting benevolently at the world through round, black-rimmed glasses, was cold from a drive. He was their only bachelor, had been best man at more than one of their weddings, and knew their history intimately. But he had not happened to witness the Kimballs' outbreak last night, and now everybody was wondering if he had heard about it.

Evidently not. There was no constraint in the smile the warmed and revived Sammy sent about the group. "How was the card-party?"—asked Sammy. "Oh, it was lots of fun," said six voices at once.

"Think you'll try it for another seven years?" Sammy said to little Lucy Talbot. For the card-party had been in celebration of the Talbots' seventh marriage-anniversary.

"Guess so, if Lucy gives up cussing and drinking and generally carrying-on," Tenny Talbot said, with a laugh. Everybody laughed, for Lucy was as demure and retiring as her handsome husband was brilliant and popular.

"Trust a little mouse like Lucy to marry a man all the girls in the world are crazy to catch!" the other women had said.

"Say—that reminds me," said Sammy, taking from his inner coat-pocket

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that large package of unimportant documents without which no man feels himself equipped for even the shortest absence from his office. "Look at this —Joe Austin gave me this yesterday. Isn't that the official extension of the limit?" He handed a small folder to Caroline Gibbons, who chanced to be nearest him. Caroline did not lessen the interest of the group when she glanced at it casually, glanced at it severely, and then remarked calmly: "I don't believe it!"

"Read it!" commanded Sammy, grinning.

"It's a joke!" protested Caroline.

"WELL, Joe Austin wasn't joking when he told me about it," Sammy said. "And if it's a joke, somebody cared enough about it to have it all engraved very beautifully on deckle-edged paper."

"Read it before we all die of suspense!" Betty begged.

"I'll pass it around," Caroline substituted. She gave Mrs. Prentice the first opportunity to read the following words, finely engraved on a rich and heavy quality of paper:

Realizing that even in many supposedly happy homes there is discontent and friction, and that many marriages pronounced unsuccessful contain the elements of great happiness—Lydia Mott Lovell offers to the public her services as Consulting Expert in Domestic Efficiency.

This much and no more was on the cover of the little folder, and Mrs. Prentice, in her silvery voice, read so far in a rising tide of laughter. Before she could open the booklet, there was a general rush for it.

"Really—really!" the old lady protested, on a shocked laugh, "I begin to feel that I am getting old!"

"Not you!" Sammy said.

"What is this—a defense of divorce?" she pursued.

"Oh, no! Perish the thought!" he reassured her quickly. "She prevents divorce. She isn't dealing with persons who are meditating anything desperate. It says there, somewhere, that only in one-half of one per cent. of her cases does she suggest divorce. She simply asserts that most people don't get the full comfort, the one-hundred-per-cent. happiness, as she calls it, out of their marriage. She's a— what does she call herself there, Kim?"

"A Domestic Efficiency Expert!" somebody said. Various voices took up the story. "She comes to your house for a night, she diagnoses your case, she suggests that mental, psychological, or actual causes are getting on your nerves. Perhaps your servants are doing it, perhaps the color of your dining-room paper. She charges ten dollars for a casual opinion, and one hundred dollars for a complete study of your case, with suggestions!"

"One hundred dollars!" Philip Gibbons said. "I hope she keeps her very good health until she gets it!"

"OH, SURE — COUNT US IN!" SAID TENNY.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Don't you worry about her, Phil," Tenny Talbot, who was reading the pamphlet over somebody's shoulder, advised him kindly. "She is stating here that, after three months in the business, she is obliged to announce an increase of one hundred per cent. in her fees, as the demand for her services is unexpectedly large, and necessarily she is unable to employ assistants."

"Now you don't suppose anybody is fool enough to send for her?" Minna van Derven's rather sharp voice questioned severely. "What!—have this strange woman come into one's house, stay there spying and criticizing—encourage her to comment on one's domestic affairs!—I think it's awful!"

"Well, perhaps you and Jonas are getting one-hundred-per-cent.," Sammy smiled. "You may be one of the cases that don't need—what's her name, Betty?"

"Lydia Mott Lovell," read Betty, who chanced to be Mr. Slocum's niece, and was one of his warmest admirers.

"Mrs. or Miss?" asked Caroline.

"Miss—I *suppose*," Sammy answered.

"I don't see why you suppose anything of the kind," Tenny Talbot, reading the pamphlet, said firmly. "It sounds much more like a married woman to me. A grass lady, probably——"

"I never thought of that," Mr. Slocum said, a little blankly. Against a gurgle of disrespectful laughter he went on coldly: "I don't care—it's nothing to *me*. But I wish you could have heard Joe Austin talk. He said she was a wizard. His sister-in-law heard of her somewhere, and it seems—I didn't know it!—that she and her husband, that's Joe's brother Ned, have been rather getting on each other's nerves. Anyway, they agreed to send for this woman. Well, she came, and she stayed overnight, and about three weeks later—sometimes it's longer before she decides about a case—she wrote them a nice little letter suggesting that Emily, that's Mrs. Ned, should go on a diet, and lose twenty pounds——"

MATTIE SAW THAT MRS. TALBOT WAS CRYING AGAIN.

"Ned, you mean—*he's* the fat one," said Sherman Kimball interestedly.

"No, that was the funny part! Emily. She said that Ned was all right, that golf and his boat and his long hikes were all he needed, but that Emily wasn't alert and energetic enough. And she said that Teddy, that's Ned's son by his first wife, ought to be popped into school; and that Emily's aunt, if she went on living with them, ought to absolutely refrain from any comment about the housekeeping. She sent Emily the address of a corset-woman, and suggested that, if she was indifferent to the question of dress, she should ask some friend to take her wardrobe in hand."

"Goodness! She's daring," commented Caroline. "I wonder if Emily did *that?*" she added musingly. "I never saw a woman improve so!"

"Well, wait—" the narrator went on. "They had paid a hundred dollars for this, of course, and they took it pretty seriously. Their aunt went to an old friend's house, in a tantrum—as if they were to blame! However, she's forgiven them, but she won't come back. Emily went on a diet, and Ted went to school. You never saw such a changed house! Emily is really handsome, for the first time in her life, thinner, and with a fine figure, and such a complexion!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I don't suppose they tell every one about it; but Joe told me!"

"I wonder if that's a Rhode Island Lovell?" Minna mused. She had not been listening.

"Might be one of the Long Island Motts," her husband added. "Good names, anyway!"

"MOTHER"

"Nowhere in the world," Betty read from the circular, "is efficiency so missing as in the average American household. This is perhaps because each home is necessarily a law unto itself, and so standards of comparison are lacking. Woman in business is capable, reliable, and systematic. Woman in the home is subject to no law, bound by an obsolete standard, if by any, and beyond the reach of criticism. Suffering for her household, and for herself, ensues. One marriage in twelve is a failure before the world. How many are failures that courage or convention hides in human hearts?"

"Well," said Caroline Gibbons, meekly, "I've only had one cook in all my married life, my children haven't even had the measles, and Phil's one terror is that he'll grow too fat. Still, 'e's the boss. If 'e thinks we orter arsk this here young gell down, for to set us strite——"

"I—I'd like to know what she'd say, without—without all the fuss of asking her," Amy Kimball's pleasant, rather breathless voice said, when the laugh at Caroline had died away. "I—I do think some of us are pretty inefficient——"

"*You're* not," Kim said, one arm about her slender shoulders as he sat on the arm of her chair. Everybody thought of last night.

"Well, then," Amy pursued simply, "if it's *your* fault, Kim, it would be a sort of satisfaction to me to know it, don't you see?"

There was a shout of laughter, and Tenison Talbot said: "Amy, you're immense! You, of all the domestic characters, to stand for this sort of commercialized mother-in-lawing——"

"Here! I won't be insulted!" Mrs. Prentice said.

"I take it back, darling!" Tenny hastily amended.

"Well now, look here, I may not have a wife—" Sammy Slocum began.

"*May* not!" Betty interrupted. "Uncle Samuel! Don't you *know?*"

"I *HAVEN'T* a wife, then, if Betty is going to be childish," Sammy pursued serenely. "But, upon my word, I don't see why this isn't a perfectly sound proposition. I don't consider it an insult to have an efficiency expert come into my office; I don't see why you girls all go up in the air at the idea of one coming into your homes. Of course I don't know, you may all be in the one- hundred-per-cent. class . . .?" He looked inquiringly about the circle.

"Present!" Caroline said, holding up her hand.

"Present. . . . Present. . . . Present!" they all echoed gaily.

"The point is this," Sammy defended it stanchly. "Can matrimony—or housekeeping, or domesticity, or whatever you choose to call it—be standardized? If accidents occur, why, then that's no one's fault. But in the long run, don't things sometimes go crooked for years—for long periods of time anyway—with the person who ought to be firm giving away, and the person who is in the wrong carrying everything before him, or her? What about it? Aren't there households where it would be a real help, and no ill-feeling about it, to have an impartial outsider say, 'This expense is out of proportion, this particular thing is wearing on your nerves'—eh? What about it?"

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The less you know about a thing, the more interestingly you talk, Sammy," Edith Morgan smiled sleepily.

"I don't see you inviting this expert to your own lair," Caroline added, kindly. "She doesn't confine her operations to married couples, by any means. How about you, Sammy?"

"I'd—darn it! I'd just as soon—except that I can't for the life of me see what she would say—" A shout of heartless laughter from all sides interrupted Mr. Slocum's somewhat halting concession.

"IT'S the sort of thing that might do very well in the homes of the *poor*," Minna van Derven said, smiling. "And a good idea, too. Some day, when we have the natural—you know what I mean—the other thing, the going back, the swing of the pendulum . . . ? Revulsion; thank you. Yes, when we have the natural revulsion from democracy, then there'll be the old idea again, the—you know what I mean—the person with power, who simply *makes* the lower classes do what's good for them. . . ."

"In other words, the king," Kim supplied.

"Well, yes." Minna warmed to a favorite subject. "They're much happier. Father a carpenter, son a carpenter, grandson a carpenter. They don't want to rise, because they can't, and the result is they are happy. Why, when we were in Europe——"

The group, however, had heard before of Minna's social impressions on her visits abroad, and there was immediate and cheerful interruption.

"Can the 'barefoot peasant that didn't know what a five-franc piece was,' Minna!" said Billy Frothingham gaily. "The point is, whether any one of us feels the need of Lydia Lovell's services!"

"Probably we all do," suggested Edith Morgan's rich voice.

"Shame on you, you bad girl!" her mother laughed.

"You're a bunch of rotten sports," Sammy said. "Why don't you take a chance? Ask her down, entertain her at lunch, answer all the questions she asks. You don't have to tell us what she says."

"If I ask her to dinner, will you ask her to lunch?" Caroline Gibbons asked Betty, with sudden color in her cheeks. "We'll get her ten-dollar casual verdict, just for the fun of the thing!"

All the women looked at each other, smiling, a little breathless, even a little ashamed. This was a risk—but after all, it was only a joke!

"Good girl, Caroline!" Sammy said. "If she finds anything to change at your house, my congratulations to her for the Original Girl Sleuth."

"I'm not afraid of her!" Edith Morgan drawled. "Shall we have her overnight, mother?"

"What do you think, Tony?" the older woman asked her son-in-law.

"I'll have her to lunch the next day, then," Amy Kimball ventured. "Shall we, Kim?"

"As you like, my dear!" Sherman Kimball bowed formally. He had not quite forgiven his wife her recent artless suggestion.

"Here's where I get mine, after seven happy years!" Tenison Talbot shuddered with dramatic violence. "I'll be thrown out. She'll give my poker-chips to the Frothingham babies, and present my new cocktail-shaker to the rummage sale for the Extirpation of Vice in all Forms——"

"No, she won't!" said little Lucy Talbot, with unexpected feeling. "Be—be—be—because I won't have her in my house! What does she know about us, what business is it of hers?"

Everybody laughed joyously at her vehemence. Tenison Talbot brought

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his handsome face close to his wife's. "We're not afraid of her, are we, Lucia di Lammermoor?"

She laughed at him, but Caroline saw her eyes go to the glass of whisky-and-water in his hand. "I'm not, if you say so!" she answered gallantly.

"Well, I am," said Betty briskly. "She can't find any inefficiency in my house that I'm not fully aware of! I know that Cassy is the poorest cook now in captivity, and that the place for toys is the nursery, and that it's preposterous in me not to get another maid, and give up the Ford. Why should I pay her ten dollars to tell me that? But Cassy is so sweet with the children, and we do have such fun all summer long running about with the car, taking the kiddies, and lunch, and the bathing-suits. Of course she might find some subtle cause for our occasional periods of discomfort——"

"Be a sport, and have her, Betty!" said Edith.

"Well, I'll think about it!" Betty agreed bravely.

"Lucy won't," summarized Caroline. "Sammy's *got* to; whether he likes it or not. How about you, Minna?"

"Why, I'm not sure that I understand what you're all talking about," Mrs. van Derven said. "I don't understand yet what she does; what she is supposed to do. Do you suppose that this Miss—Mott, is it?—would come right down here into our homes, and then—is the idea that she criticizes things?"

"Not in *my* home!" her husband said.

Minna blinked and smiled at him. "Well, but I was thinking, Jonas, that in one way—if one could be sure she would be nice about it—in one way I wouldn't be sorry to have the maids, you know, a little bit impressed with—with the idea that they are part of a regular—you know what I mean—like the office, you know?"

"System, you mean," prompted Caroline.

"OH, NO," TENISON SAID, "I LIKE TO HAVE YOU LET THE CLUB SEE THAT YOU CONSIDER YOUR HUSBAND A DRUNKARD."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Yes, that's it, Caroline," Minna agreed. "Of course, in England, the housekeeper, and the head housemaid, and so on, would know just what they are expected to do. Here, of course, it's hopeless! But I was thinking she might make suggestions to—to Ida, you know—the woman I am trying to work in as a housekeeper, and perhaps make some changes—I don't know. Would she do that, Sammy? I don't mean in what we do, for Jonas and I have always done things the one way—just as my mother always did, don't you know?—and his mother—but in general ways. I wouldn't mind *that.*"

"Well then, Lucy, you're the only deserter!" Sammy reproached her. "But you all talk like quitters! Say, I'll tell you what we can do," he added in sudden inspiration. "We'll all draw straws. The loser pays. That's fair—and everybody has only one chance in seven, to lose."

"Will *you*, Caroline?" Lucy Talbot said dubiously. "I—I just *hate* the idea!"

"Listen!" went on the inspired Sammy. "We draw lots, for the hundred-dollar verdict. The victim is to send for her, have her down, and then, when her opinion comes in, meet us all here and tell us what it is. If any of the rest of you have her, you're to tell us honestly what she says. How about it?"

"Suppose she says something insulting?" Betty suggested.

"Oh, well, she *won't!* How could she?" Sammy's smile widened. "It'll be such a lark," he urged, "reading the knocks! All those in favor say 'aye!' "

"Aye!" said several laughing voices.

"Contrary minded?" he suggested.

"No!" Lucy Talbot said uncertainly.

"Lucy!" said the chorus.

"Oh, sure—count us in!" Tenny said gaily. Lucy smiled too, but to every one's astonishment it was with suddenly wet eyes. Her husband, as surprised as the rest, laughed cheerfully at her little touch of emotion. "She's afraid that the expert will tell her it's her bounden duty to dance and drink cocktails, and otherwise keep pace with me, five nights a week!" he said, lightly.

It was Lucy Talbot's misfortune to be almost devoid of a sense of humor in some directions. "No, no, it's not that, Ten," she said eagerly and earnestly, "I—I'd be only too glad to—truly I would, you know I would, if—if it wasn't so bad for you. You *know* that Doctor Rogers——"

"OH, COME—come—come!" Tenny said, still laughing, but flushed with some emotion that was neither pleasure nor amusement, nevertheless. "Let's not entertain the Country Club with my lungs."

"Then it's settled," said Philip Gibbons, "that we all meet here on the night of Tuesday, February second, to compare notes on domestic efficiency."

"Agreed!" said several voices.

"And may the Lord have mercy on our souls!" said Anthony Morgan.

"And now come along, you Babbling Bess," said Tenny Talbot to his wife. "I'm going to take you home and beat you up for talking too much!"

"One can see she's scared to death of you!" Caroline called out, as they departed. Both the Talbots smiled in farewell, from the door.

But as a matter of fact Lucy Talbot was frightened. Not of physical violence—she was the type of woman who would have rather enjoyed that, in a good cause. But of her husband when he was angry with her, as he seemed to be so often of late. She hated Tenny silent, unresponsive, brooding. He would mix himself a cocktail before dinner, and he would smoke a great many cigarettes after dinner, both pleasures forbidden by Doctor Rogers, and indulged in to-night because Tenny was in one of his bad moods, and could

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

easily, in this fashion, make Lucy as wretched as himself. Tenny was "contrary"; he had never been a heavy drinker until he had been warned to let drink alone, a year or two ago. Since then——

Lucy, walking silently beside him toward the car, felt the foolish tears coming again. She battled with them bravely, for Tenny hated tears, and besides, Collins, the chauffeur, was coming toward them from the kitchen regions, buttoning his big coat.

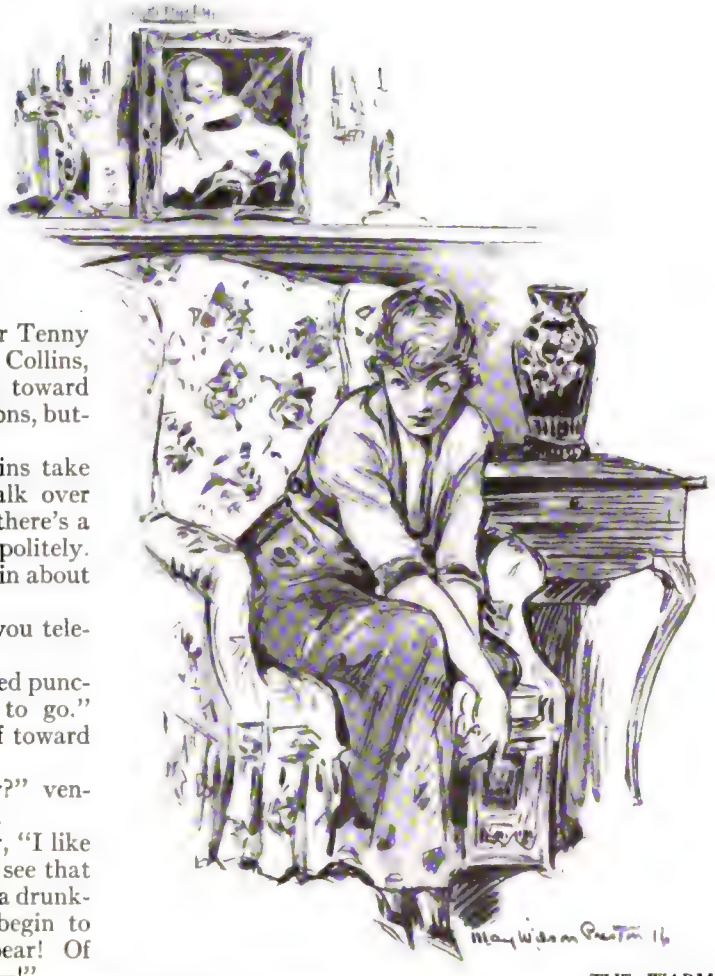
"I believe I will let Collins take you home. I want to walk over to the station and see if there's a telegram," said Tenny, politely. "He can pick me up there, in about half an hour."

"Oh, Tenison, couldn't you telephone?" quavered Lucy.

"Thank you," he answered punctiliously. "But I prefer to go." His eyes looked calmly off toward the hills.

"Are you cross, Tenny?" ventured Lucy, in a low voice.

"Oh, no," he said levelly, "I like to have you let the Club see that you consider your husband a drunkard; I like to have you begin to cry as if you had a lot to bear! Of course, any man would——!"



THE WARM, SILENT, COMFORTABLE HOUSE WAS HORRIBLE TO HER, THE LUXURY, THE EASE THAT WAS NOT EASE.

Lucy, unseeing, stumbled into the tonneau, unhearing, nodded to some question from the chauffeur, and was whirled away. Blindly she went into the white house, met by a rush of warmth from its doorway. The maid who met her saw that she was crying: not an especially novel sight, but one that roused in cheerful Mattie a certain young scorn. No wonder it made Mr. Talbot mad, thought Mattie, him always so happy and laughing-like!

Lucy glanced into the pretty drawing-room, where a wood fire drowsed, and where the piano stood, with the duets she and Tenny had once played, the bookcases full of the books she had once hoped they might read together, the red-and-white ivory chessmen that they had not disturbed for years. Every rug, every chair, the shaded lamp, and the flowers in the window spoke of Tenny to his wife. She was a good housekeeper, economical, even though there was no need for economy, with a born genius for domestic arrangements. She had hoped that they would spend many twilights at that tea-table—but Tenny didn't care for tea, nowadays. She had hoped that girls

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and boys would come in, on special occasions, for tastes of cake and lumps of sugar.

Instead, had come Doctor Rogers's horrible hints, had come loneliness, and Tenny's anger, and the cocktail-shaker, and the endless cigarettes. Lucy could not dissimulate, she was no actor of parts. She was as sentimental, as Victorian, as her gentle, simple name. She went up-stairs now, and gave one drenched look at her bedroom—Tenny's portrait as a baby over the mantel, Lucy's sewing-table beside the fire, her girlhood's books ranged on the little walnut bookcase that had been given her for learning, before eight, to read and write, her mother's cretonne-covered rocking-chair, and the wedding-presents that "the girls" at home had given her—and burst into tears. The warm, silent, comfortable house was horrible to her, the solitude, the luxury, the ease that was not ease.

After a while she sat down in a deep, delightful chair, and opened a magazine. She told herself that Tenny would not be angry long, and that nothing was the matter, his cough was better, and she was a fortunate woman. She had everything she wanted. She was not like some women who were rushing to get Sunday dinner now, with a pack of children hanging about. Lucy sighed; she was a good cook. She opened her book.

THE Morgans went home at about the same time, and like the other members of the Club, they discussed Miss—or Mrs.—Lydia Lovell, and her theories, at intervals during the evening.

"She'll tell you you're too fat, Tony," his wife predicted, "and she'll tell me that I'm a lazy good-for-nothing to leave all the housekeeping to my poor old infirm parent here!"

Mrs. Prentice smiled rosily. She was the wisest of women, and rarely wasted words. Her son-in-law was quite as dear to her as her daughter; she and Edith, for all the latter's lazy and languid air, combined their wits and hearts to save Anthony Morgan from even the crumpling of a rose-leaf. Mother and daughter were rich, had been rather aimless and detached globe-trotters when the handsome, genial Tony had come their way; not rich, but far more than rich in that he was socially above Edith Prentice's wildest dreams. His sisters were prominent in the best city set, and they liked Edith.

The old Prentice mansion was opened, modernized. The Morgans entertained, went about incessantly. Their dinners were famous, their victrola always had the latest of exquisite music, their fireplace roared hospitably all winter long, all three played bridge exceptionally well. Edith's guest-rooms were ready for any demand, her tennis-court was always in order, she knew just what women like in a packed lunch, and just what men do. She had a lazy woman's instinct for her own and other people's comfort.

Valuable dogs lived in the Morgan house, but there was no child. Edith and her mother and husband all disliked the idea of noise and disorder, of responsibility and care. Sickness was a forbidden topic, and Edith had a feeling for very small babies, and the details of their care, that amounted almost to sickness. They called a very favorite little dog their "baby," and Edith kissed it with quite a maternal passion.

"Honestly, I'd like to know where she'll get her hooks into us," Tony said, going in to the drawing-room fire, and dropping comfortably into a chair. "Lord, this is comfort!" he went on. "Any one for dinner, Ede?"

"Sammy. That is, he's asked. But I can call him off if you feel like something else," Edith answered amiably. "We could take the car and run up into town for dinner, if you like; there's a concert at the Metropolitan, I suppose.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But there's duck, and an avocado, and she's going to try the Russian beet soup. And mother'll be a renegade and play cards, won't you, mother?"

"You know I *don't* like to play cards Sunday night," Mrs. Prentice said mildly.

"But think that it keeps Tony home," her son-in-law pleaded, "poor little Tony, who has a nassy board-meeting to-morrow night, and may have to stay in on Thursday, too!"

"Be a sport, mother!" coaxed Edith.

"She'll say I'm a bad influence over you, if she finds that out," Mrs. Prentice said, relenting.

"Who—oh, Miss Lovell!" Edith laughed. "Never you mind, dearie, we'll go right on being happy. Don't you care!"

"Care—I hate a young girl who has so much effrontery!" the older woman said roundly. And later, at the card-table, she confided her contempt to Sammy Slocum.

"Well, I think she deserves her little fee!" said the guest, leniently. "It must be a sweet job! Who deals; didn't you deal, Tony? Go ahead, mother dear. Yes, it's no cinch—it wouldn't be for any one of us, to call the whole crowd down. Easy enough to tell Betty and Billy that there's such a thing as overdoing the little stranger, but what about Minna and Jonas? And how about Caroline and Phil?"

"Well, of course, she may find some people quite above criticism," Edith offered. "I'm not awfully fond of Minna, and their house is about as gay as a family vault, but I don't see what one could criticize. They are absolutely contented, that's one thing. It's different with Kim and Amy; I don't believe any woman in the world could make Kim happy—all the time. And as for Lucy and Tenny—well, I don't know whether he's to blame or she is, but I imagine there's a lot of unhappiness there."

"I never saw it," said Sammy, opening his eyes. "Darn it, you all look perfectly happy, to the unmarried eye! What was this celebration for, last night, if Tenny and Lucy are so miserable——"

"Edith didn't say that they were miserable," Mrs. Prentice corrected him. "But Lucy is an apprehensive little thing, and Tenny isn't very strong, and he has been drinking lately. Altogether——"

"Oh, *drinking!*" Mr. Slocum echoed in scorn.

EDITH MORGAN ADDED UNDER HER BREATH: "I DON'T CARE; I HOPE IT'LL BE CARRIE!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Tenny Talbot! Isn't that just like a woman! Why, Tenny doesn't drink any more than any one else; when have you ever seen him the worse for drink?"

"Never!" Mrs. Prentice admitted hastily.

"No, sir!" the guest went on. "If that marriage goes on the rocks, it's Lucy's doings. What on earth does she want?—I wonder. She is an obscure little social secretary for his aunt, he marries her, auntie obligingly leaves him a million, Lucy designs the house, Lucy has a car, Lucy is able to provide every little drippy-nosed infant in the village with a hanky and a sweater, Lucy has a pew in church—and Lucy begins to row because Tenny occasionally takes a drink! You bet that family needs a domestic expert; we'll hear very much less of Tenny's crimes when Miss Lovell puts in her fine Italian mitt——!" He scowled at his cards. "Who did this?" he demanded. "You said 'Without'? I'll double without."

"I declare the lad is quite excited," Edith smiled.

"All bachelors snort the instant anything less than coma is described as being drunk," said Anthony. "Sammy feels that if Tenny is to be convicted, he himself may possibly run up against something."

"Two—spades," Edith said dreamily. But when the hand was played she went back to the topic. "Caroline is the one that interests me," she said. "Caroline's so perfect! I would simply love it if the expert tore holes in a few of Carrie Messenger's theories——"

"Come now, that's not kind," Mrs. Prentice protested. "Carrie seems to me to be an exceptional woman. She is the only daughter of a rich father, she has had everything she wanted, all her life, and she is absolutely unspoiled. What would happen to that family if old Kenneth Messenger forgot to send Caroline's nice big check, some month? How much of their expenses—two maids, and car, and gardener twice a week—could Phil's salary pay for?"

"Father's check is fairly large, I suppose?" Sam asked.

"FATHER'S promise was," Anthony supplied, "that whatever Phil earned would be doubled. Phil and Carrie married on a salary of one hundred and a quarter a month, father made it two-fifty. Now Phil and dad between them make it an even five hundred. They own the house; that was Mother Messenger's share. The car was Uncle Joe Messenger's Christmas gift, three years ago."

"And what do Father and Mother Gibbons contribute?" asked Mr. Slocum.

"One doesn't hear much of Father and Mother Gibbons," Anthony answered, with a significant glance. "I've met them: very quiet persons, awed by Philip's general glory; nice quiet gray silk, and well-brushed office suit, if you get me? A sort of a 'yes, ma'am,' 'my son says,' pair——"

"As bad as that?" Sammy raised surprised eyebrows. "I've wondered."

"Well, nearly." Anthony Morgan glanced at his cards.

"You know Caroline is as nice as they make 'em," said the guest, "but she's just a *leetle* mite self-satisfied—what? Am I in wrong?"

"Not with *me*. I think so, too!" Edith Morgan smiled at him through half-lowered lids.

"We're all a scandalous bunch!" Mrs. Prentice said briskly. "As the Domestic Efficiency Expert will very probably tell us!—Go ahead, you cold-hearted critic of happy married life, it's your make!"

"After that, I don't dare say hearts," grinned Sammy.

"You say hearts, I'll say imperials," Edith Morgan said, adding, under her breath: "I don't care; I hope it'll be Carrie!"

The second part of ***"One Hundred Per Cent."*** *will appear in the April number.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FROM DOOMSDAY TO KINGDOM COME

By Seymour Deming

"COME, FRIENDS! LET US MAKE A STAND!"
(Romain Rolland — "Above the Battlefield.")

ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HOWARD McCORMICK.

SEVERAL months ago we wrote to Seymour Deming, author of "A Message to the Middle Class": "EVERYBODY'S hopes that none of the good things which have been accomplished by the numerous movements looking to improvement in living and working conditions of the millions, and their more direct and complete control in politics, will be lost through the effects of the reactionaries. We would like to point out persuasively and convincingly the actual good in these movements and make a strong plea to hold fast. Will you write it?"

Here is Mr. Deming's dramatic answer.

PROLOGUE

A FARMER was applying the torch to an apple-bough.

"Why do you do that?" asks a wayfarer.

"Caterpillars," replies the yeoman. "And the worst of it is, that the more I burn the more they crawl over the fence from my neighbor's yonder."

"Why doesn't he burn them, too?"

"He says it doesn't pay him."

"Then why don't you try to get a town law to make everybody burn them?"

"Yes; but then he would get a town law to make me clear away the witch-grass that grows over into his lot from mine."

"But I should think you would do that anyhow. . ."

"Hm! I'd rather have the caterpillars. . ."

Let it be conceded at the start that plenty of estimable people would rather have the caterpillars. They honestly believe in caterpillars. But if so, what follows will not interest them and they had better stop right here.

And first let me put in a good word for caterpillars themselves. The caterpillar naturally assumes that orchards were created to sustain caterpillar life. While the leaf supports and feeds him, he quite caterpillaristically supposes himself to be supporting and feeding the leaf. Thus he is caterpillar-conscious. He conceives himself to be a pillar of society when he is only a caterpillar of society.

What follows is addressed to such as do not believe in the caterpillars of society.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I. *FALSE DAWN*

THE town was new, and surrounded by waste lands. That was in July, 1914. You and I and all of us were at town-meeting for the planning of new streets through these waste lands, and a precious lively session it was. New streets we had to have. Townspeople and corporation lawyers alike agreed on that. But should they be laid out to serve all of the townspeople, or to suit the few leading merchants?

Such was the tussle, and the leading merchants were getting the worse of it. Then, busy as the devil is, from the city across the water sounded a general alarm of fire. We all rushed out of the town hall to stand on the river-bank and gaze with awe on the conflagration.

It rages still. An occasional shift of the wind showers sparks on our own roofs and sends us scurrying home to ply garden-hose. For the rest, there we stand, on river-bank or roof, eyes fascinated by that fiery chaos.

But now, good neighbors, a word in your ear.

Whilst you stand gawking at the fire, your corporation lawyers and their political friends (who are longer on team-work than you are) have passed around the word: "Sst! Jim, now's our chance." They have done a dissolving view off the river-bank and sneaked back to the town hall. There, behind closed doors, they have got a quorum, and are jamming through street ordinances at a gait to make your head swim. New streets you will have, aplenty; but not your kind of streets; yet the bills will be sent to you just the same.

How do I know all this?

Because, good neighbors, when the general alarm of fire sounded, thinking it might be a fake to get you out of the hall, I stuck around. It was not a fake, though the leading merchants in the city across the water had stored combustibles where they had no right to store them—as will amply appear. But presently the pols and their pals came sneaking back, and started their "executive session," so I climbed down the waterspout and hiked out to fetch you the news. And here it is.

Before the Shadow of False Morning Died

IF, IN that glowing decade which streaked the dawn of the twentieth century with every ruddy hue of hope, the eyes of those seers who watch whilst the world sleeps thought they beheld the flush of a new day reddening the east, who could blame them then: who has the heart to mock them now? It seemed so certain that the Great Day had come, the year of Jubilee. Like the darkies in the ballad, we were all for joining in the chorus:

> De whip am lost, de handcuff broken,
> And de Massa hab his pay.

For things had begun to happen. The world was on the move. . . . "It must be now that the Kingdom's comin'." . . . So we sang, and worked while we sang.

ONE PHASE OF THE 1890'S—COWBOY CONGRESSMEN BRONCO-BUSTING THE RAILROADS.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Into those savage wastes which swirl up to our very city thresholds, new streets were surveyed and the digging had begun. Then—War! But since, if the Kingdom is ever to come, it must now be by our stoically resuming tools for that interrupted street-building, consider we first what those streets were, and whither they led.

It is like thumbing the pages of a youthful diary. Here, in living memories and dead newspaper-files, is the diary of a young Nation, jubilant with naïve enthusiasms. Open at random:

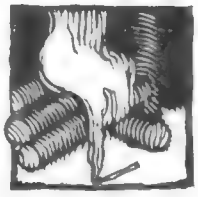
Getting Wise to Ourselves.

AH! HERE is the very spot where it begins: midway in his second administration, First Citizen Theodore, smelling sulfur in the air, and ever uncannily keen on the popular scent, begins to erupt, and at his each explosion, bumpety-bump-bump goes the stock market. 'Tis a voice from the White House, we hear it complain, that he has only to advocate the Ten Commandments for all margins instantly to be wiped out. . . . Skim over the pages. . . . Here we find the trusts, under evangelical persuasions of the Sherman Law, resolving to reform and lead a better life. Over the leaf, cowboy congressmen are bronco-busting the railroads, with a final round-up, brisk play of branding-iron bearing the letters "Interstate Commerce Commission," and a strong odor of scorched hair.

Entries crowd with interest. Oregon, bereft of territorial frontiering, goes in for political frontiering, horribly to the offense of a conservative East, scandalized at backwoodsmen's radical table-manners. Louis Brandeis, a Jew, becomes custodian of such fragments of the New England conscience as the New Haven Railroad has been pleased to spare. Lincoln Steffens goes for the city government with a scrubbing-brush. Miss Ida Tarbell reveals adulterations in crude petroleum, and Judge Landis raps the knuckles of the school bully amid the titters of the other scholars, tired of having their faces punched. Judge Ben Lindsey, who began as an innocent uplifter, cuts his eye-teeth and fixes them in the fatted calf of the Colorado Beast, where, at last accounts, they still were. Woodrow Wilson, weary of super-educating Prince-(ton)lings, turns ear to a deeper voice, lifts eyes to a higher gleam.

The Monday Wash of Sex.

IN THESE next pages, Miss Jane Addams has emerged from Hull House to tell us comfortable house-and-lotters how the other seven-eighths live. Ned Sheldon slaps it on the stage, and Mrs. Fiske acts it. And we house-and-lotters pronounce it a play proper for a young girl to take her mother to. Not only so, but it is already possible to talk about white slaves in print, nor at polite dinner-tables is it a breach of good form to say "prostitution" out loud. The palladium of our liberties editorially resents the suggestion that young women who work can not keep decent on $3.00 a week as an insult to American womanhood. (No; this chivalrous championing of the good name of American working girls has no connection with current discussions of a minimum wage. The palladium champions Good Names gratis—that is, any and all, excepting its own.)



Here is Mr. Rann Kennedy making an allegory walk around the stage on all fours, and quite plainly articulate what ails the church, and then even making it utter the dreadful word "Socialism" right out in front of everybody. . . . And now the Chicago Vice Commission borrows the muck-rake, dips it in holy water, and goes soberly to work with what is now become a fully reputable instrument. None too savory a job; but other cities, looking

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FROM THE CONGO AND THE AMAZON CAME THE STENCH OF TORTURED BLACK FLESH, AND BROWN.

on, resolve, on the whole, to endure the stench for the sake of the fumigation, and send their eldest boys over to Chicago to ask if Pa may borrow the rake.

Our Smart-Age Eighteen-Nineties

ALL this, in contrast to that drab decade whence we had just emerged, was as the step from garish ballroom to calm starlight. Those 1890's! "The end of a century"—fitting end to such a century.

One of those ghastly albums of early photographs out of which leer our past selves in all the simpering faddery of dead years, of choker collars, balloon sleeves, and success-worship—"Did we ever really look like that?" Alas, Ermyntrude, it is all too true. The camera does not lie.

A decade which opened with a World's Fair and a panic, and closed with an Imperialistic war. A nation fondly supposing that social settlement-houses would socially settle it. "Captains of Industry" respected respectables. The trusts trusted. Any rapscallion clever enough to collar the financial swag envied and admired. A period haunted by mental pictures of poor Lillian Nordica singing *Brunhilda* at the Met., a certain diamond tiara, and Mr. Charles Schwab "drawing a higher salary than the President of the United States," as the twin-pinnacles of youthful aspiration, male and female. (Yes, we looked like that.)

It was a decade of something which you may recognize if we agree to call it Kipling. Ruddie came among us. He celebrated machines (eloquently, it is true); and hymned a thing called Imperialism—of which more presently. Ruddie *was* success. He *was* that word made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we had no other gods before it.

And the end of that drab-dazzling decade? A debauch of war: volunteers dying of camp-typhoid and skimp-contract beef; resounding scandal of Sampson-Schley cowardice trial; and insufferable swagger of a nation on the strut over having thrashed an adversary half its size.

Such the 1890's. Peace to their unhallowed ashes. *Pax mortis!*

We Become Men

THEN the change. All magically the whole tune and instrumentation modulates into a key so much better, and braver, and finer; something with a meaning in it, and a purpose.

The two great (and identical) stagnationist political parties burst into spontaneous combustion of insurgency. You will observe Uncle Joe Cannon, chewing a big black cigar, as he sits desperately on the lid. It is the end of a chapter.

The air is now humming with unborn thunder—there is muffled booming as of "some divine, far-off event." The church apologizes, entering into long explanations. The colleges vociferate repeated ahems! as if gathering forces for a confession in experience meeting. Newspapers glance squirmingly at the mourners' bench, and volubly protest innocence. (Methinks the lady doth protest too much.) A real American city or two goes Socialist, and the skies fail to fall. Mr. Winston Churchill gets religion, and proclaims it from a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

soap-box. Bernard Shaw the clown has become Bernard Shaw the prophet. John Galsworthy gives a pull at our "Justice," and the whole fabric ravels, having been, as Mrs. Alving observed, machine-sewn. Brieux, who found the stage playing the harlot, has made an honest woman of her. Karl Pearson succeeds in teaching us at least the negative lesson of eugenics: that the Conspiracy of Silence is a conspiracy of venereal disease. Preventive medicine sets law and theology the staggering example of a profession voluntarily abolishing itself: dangerous precedent. And now, from European watch-towers peal the bell-voices, one after another, of great names sounding tocsin to revolutionary barricades: Strindberg, Gorki, Hauptmann, Echegaray, Wells, Rolland—crashing strokes to hurl warning and summons out over remote shores, across lonely wastes, where solitary watchers hear and rejoice. Ask a radical (the only person who understands history) into what age of the world he would choose to be born, and hear his answer, quick and confident: "Today!" It is good to be alive. We hear old Omar sing:

> Before the phantom of False-morning died,
> Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
> "When all the Temple is prepared within,
> Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

without a qualm at his "methought."

It seems so certain that the Temple *is* prepared, and that all we have to do is enter.

Act One.

DEMOCRACY is seized with fierce birth-pangs.

In five terrific acts—Lawrence, Paterson, West Virginia, Calumet, Colorado—the great strikes detonate and unfold our drama of industrial liberty.

Their thunder strokes are but the overture. For now uprolls the curtain on a mightier drama, a world stage.

Like the tempestuous orchestration of some Wagnerian score, strings exult, brasses blare, drums beat, and deep answers deep . . . Russia, in 1905, in revolution, Czar ready to flee. Grand Duke Nicholas, with machine guns, upholding "law and order." But the Duma is born . . . 1910, and Portugal, spewing out a Bourbon whelp, hoists the flag of political democracy . . . 1912, and the stage begins to crowd: China, the ancient, sleeping colossus of the East, stirs, snaps the cords of a Manchu dynasty, and assumes the garb of western republicanism; German Junkerdom quakes at the tread of four million Social Democrat votes, and mutters "Now or never!" In Turkey is a coup d'etat, and Abdul Hamid II. is retired on half-pay. That is January, 1913. But now the mills of the gods grinding swiftly, and exceeding large, and Belgium, in April, mobilizes 370,000 in a general political strike of protest against unequal suffrage. . . . France, glorious mother of revolution, as ever, in ferment. . . . England, a roaring furnace of democracy white-hot for the molds—social insurance, land taxes, home rule suffragettes, and disestablishment. . . . In far South Africa, Rand miners kindling outpost fires of revolt all too soon to be stamped out. . . . India, supposed extinct crater, emitting sulfuric smoke-puffs; and Italy, the volcanic, in active eruption, town halls sacked, gunsmiths cleaned out of stock, and peasantries of two whole provinces chanting the "Internationale."

A world in labor. To bring forth what child of storm-red dawn? A choral symphony of world-brotherhood; a tempestuous music drama of social revolution?

Hark! the choiring of women's voices chanting their hymn of liberty. It is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

joined by the grave, brotherly baritone of men. Sweet voices of children carol new hope in their life's morning. Violins cry melody like wind-beaten flame. Cymbals clash to conflict. Horns blare red defiance. Trumpets blow heraldings of unborn events . . . and beneath all rumbles the great organ groundswell of proletarian revolution in vibration to set floors quaking, walls trembling. Up sweeps the mighty music, flood on flood, in fierce jubilance, in ecstasy of senses, in swoons of sound. Is it life? Is it death? Is it life everlasting? Is it Kingdom Come—on earth?

Ha! what noises are these? Crashing cannonades, yells, shrieks, shots; Hell's orchestra loosed on Heaven's: wailing of women, flight, confusion, ruin, despair, darkness, death.

"Can this be the dawn?"

Poor souls; it is conflagration glare.

"Is this the new day?"

Poor souls; it is the old night.

II. *DOOMSDAY*

IN A FAMOUS story which everybody knows and nobody reads, a scientist contrives, by mechanical processes, to create a being in the form of a man. But the scientist omitted one attribute—a soul. Science could not counterfeit that. And lacking it, the creature makes life a hideous torment for himself and his creator.

Who could guess, in 1816, that Mary Shelley, there in a lonely cottage, high among the Alps, writing, through that rainy autumn, a fantastic tale of pseudo-scientific horror, was uttering prophecy of the nineteenth century? Of that century *Frankenstein* is the perfect parable. The soul of the nineteenth century was that it had no soul.

In the beginning was a machine, and the machine was god.

Cotton-gin, spinning-jenny, locomotive, telegraph, telephone, motor, wireless, aeroplane; machines to do everything from painting portraits to writing letters. Machines to do the work of ten men. And pay the machine-tending one man ten men's wages? Absurd! His work is too easy to deserve the wage formerly paid to one. But what of the remaining nine? Let them also tend machines. And sell the ten-fold product for one-tenth the former price? Don't be silly! Find foreign markets. But if other machine-owning nations have already flooded those markets? Fight them!

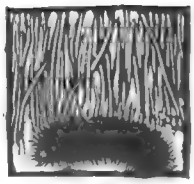
"Rich growing richer; poor growing poorer;" production multiplied by ten; yet prices soaring and wages lagging. What paradox is this? Quite simple. The machines, you see, are not publicly owned. They are privately owned. Instead of enriching a nation, they enrich a class.

But even a machine-worshiping nation discovers that it can not devour all its children without becoming childless. So it grows an imitation soul—variously styled "scientific management," "remedial legislation," or what not—by virtue of which it resolves not to bleed its own machine-tenders to the extreme of thinning the blood in its own veins. With that, of course, the cream is off the jar. Where to look for more? Cautioned against devouring its own vitals,

WHICH SHALL WE CRIPPLE, INDUSTRIES OR CHILDREN?

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in devouring the vitals, human and material, of less "civilized" lands, the machine-worshiping nation is under no equivalent compunction.



Imperialism

AND now begins that murderous dash of a dozen madmen for a single goal, on which they are foredoomed to shatter their own skulls and one another's. In the home jar only the skimmed milk of four per cent. But next door, in Asia, Africa, or South America, rich cream which has been rising for ages: forests, mines, plantations, railway concessions, and above all, a virgin slave-market of unprotected native labor. Nature abhors a vacuum. So does capital. Why marvel at this furious stampede for the richest prizes on the planet?

Belgium in the Congo; France in Morocco; Italy in Tripoli; Britain in India and Egypt; Germany in South Africa; and pretty much the whole crew, Russia included, in Asia, with Anglo-German competitive throat-cutting in South America—all under virtuous pretexts of some divine mission to civilize benighted heathen, whilst from the Congo and the Amazon the stench of tortured black flesh, and brown, penetrates to the benches of the House of Commons—these be the *Christian* nations!

But if this foreign cream is to be skimmed safely, one's investments must be secured by the only guardian of property authorized to burn the gunpowder whereby property must be guarded—the State. The State, therefore, is commandeered and armed to maintain its claims to these foreign cream-jars against rival claims of other States, similarly commandeered by finance.

Enter, then, once more, the machines; not this time, to create wealth, but to destroy men. An army to police your colonies; a navy to guard the merchant ships whereby you reach them; and both to protect your Step-Mother Country from attacks provoked by the engendering of these commercial feuds; powder-keg piled on powder-keg, atmosphere combustible with foul gases of suspicion, deceit, and fear; fervid protestations of friendship, frantic preparations for murder—this, friends and neighbors, was Europe, when somebody in Serbia struck a match. This, friends and neighbors, is the Frankenstein's monster of the Western World—Imperialism.

The Duel of Machines.

IN THAT dire word is *the central fact of modern history*. Grasp that, and you are instantly lifted clear of the fogs of nationalistic prejudice; no longer pro-this or anti-that, but pan-humanitarian. Now you perceive the common enemy to be not any single nation or group of nations, but a Thing common to them all, our own included: capitalistic Imperialism.

But, as every living organism carries in itself the seeds of death, so it carries in itself the seeds of life, also. And even the machines of a Frankenstein century did not fail to nourish that germ of mercy. For whilst Frankenstein's monster was devising instruments for human slaughter, he was also sharpening a two-edged knife for his own throat—the rotary press and the electric cable. These were spreading the news among the masses. Within each imperialistic nation was growing a body of people able to perceive that their foes were not the masses of the neighboring nations, but the profiteers of their own.

And now, need any one seek a soothsayer to interpret for him that stormy music of world-wide social revolution which we have heard so rudely shattered by the discord of war? Now, friends and neighbors, beholding with your own eyes, can you see it otherwise than as a world-race between the two kinds of machines—the machines of life and the machines of death; the machines of

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHINA SHAKING OFF ANCIENT SHACKLES—THE YOUNG TURKS' VICTORY—RUSSIA'S DUMA—WOMAN FINDING HER LIBERTY—LABOR STRIVING FOR INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM: THESE WERE ELEMENTS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY BEFORE THE WAR.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IN THE PRELIMINARY FIGHT SOCIAL REVOLUTION WAS WINNING. WAR CALLED "TIME." BUT THE STRUGGLE MUST GO ON.—THE WAY TO KINGDOM COME IS THE TOILSOME, SLOW TASK OF BETTERING THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

working-class enlightenment and the machines of man-devouring Imperialism; as a race between the rotary press and the dreadnought; between world-revolution and world-war?

Yes. I am well aware that most of us would rather take our chances in a war than in a social revolution, because in a war all we risk losing is our lives, but in a social revolution we risk losing our property.

But, before making our choice, there is one thing to consider: A creature in the shape of human-society nineteenth-century science, like Frankenstein, created out of machines. Created it without a soul. And the end of Mrs. Shelley's horror-parable was this: Frankenstein's monster destroyed not his creator only. Frankenstein's monster also destroyed *himself*.

III. *KINGDOM COME*

YOU, there, hidden in the multitudinous limbo of Everybodyhood, whoever you are who read these pages; you, lying awake nights wondering where you are coming out; you, badgered with professional cares; you, running a business as decently as the rules of the game will let you; you, washing the children's faces and packing them off to school; you, in that white house up the side street, where most of us live, or have lived, or hope to live— What has all this to do with you? Everything!

For in that white house, safe as we look, safe we never actually are. Mortgage, bankruptcy, discharge, strike, death, war—beneath it are stored a hundred sticks of dynamite. Human society rests on the use of force; force breeds injustice; injustice breeds hate; and hate breeds revenge—violence again. To one who has once seen beneath the house those injustice-stored sticks of dynamite, it is not the dynamite that looks dangerous, but the ignorant serenity of the life above it. For down there among dynamite and powder kegs, a slow match is always sputtering—now war, now social revolution; the two are compounds of the same violence and injustice. The social earthquake is a heave of the volcanic eruption of war. Our job is not to extinguish the fuse, but to remove the dynamite.

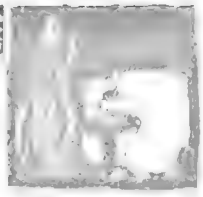
In this world there are only two kinds of people: witch-burners and witch-grass-burners; stagnationists and revolutionists. And if there is one consecrated formula which the stagnationists wheeze more persistently than another it is: "Of course, these things need to be remedied, but this is an especially expensive time to do it"—the age-old equivalent of "What you say is true, but this is no time to say it." Left to the sit-on-the-lidsters, the time to speak the truth would be doomsday—which is pretty much what has happened. For when the truth is damaging to the faction on the lid (and it always is) expect the closed season on truth to last the whole year round.

Kingdom Come and Pocket Nerve.

LET me be frank with you. Directly the war broke out, social radicals the world over exclaimed in blank dismay: "Our chance is gone for a generation!" War drove them away from their work of digging the dynamite out from under that white house the owner of which, too often, threatened them with a shot-gun in the mistaken supposition that they were digging at his foundations instead of to quit him of his dynamite. From August to November, 1914, Pharaoh could not have been more dead than radicalism. Then it revived. Previous momentum came to its rescue. That momentum will be exhausted unless we generate more. Thus the question, as eternally, becomes: "*Is* this, then, 'no time to do it'?"

Nobody, I take it, is entirely satisfied with the world he lives in. If he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



were, there would be little object in living, and—shall I say?—less in dying. We all, as the parsons would say, want the Kingdom to Come on earth; but we evidently expect it to be miraculously wished on us from above. It does not come by that heavenly route. It comes toilfully, inch by inch, along the earthly turnpike of Get-Out-And-Hustle-For-It.

You protest that everybody hates war, hates injustice, hates violence, hates political corruption, hates industrial nose-grinding—hates, in short, everything which ought to be hated, and, shown a way, would make an end of them.

That is only *partly* true. We all wish to see Kingdom Come on earth; but not out of our own pay-envelopes. We are hot for the mending of anything the mending of which does not twinge our own pocket nerve. But these things are mended only by putting all of us heavily out of pocket—only, later, to put us in pocket more heavily still, in a higher coin. You object to caterpillars? Then pull up your witch-grass. But to do so may uproot a few of my own potato plants. Very well; then expect more caterpillars, and more, until they devour your whole field of potato plants. Caterpillar . . . witch-grass: either . . . or . . .

Women and Children First.

PROHIBITION would put you out of pocket? Very well; take your caterpillars of poverty, vice, and crime. Woman suffrage would ungear your political contraption, perhaps embarrass your trade? Then the caterpillar for yours. An eight-hour law would halve your income? Then kiss your potato plants goodby. A minimum wage would put you out of business? By all that is holy, brother, what kind of business is that out of which a minimum wage would put you? The initiative, referendum, and recall would deliver a "dangerous power to the masses"? Who, pray, are "the masses" but yourselves, and what meaning is there in history but the slow wresting of power from the few by the many? To abolish child labor would cripple staple industries? Which shall we cripple, industries or children; that by which we live, or the very stuff of life itself? To stick up for such measures may cost me my clients, my job. . . . And not to stick up for them, in town or country, in court or workshop—may that not cost you your self-respect? But my wife and children? Yes; and the wives and children of thousands of men as good as you who go without, because you and your like think of *your* "women and children first."

Rheumatism in the pocket nerve, my friends, yields quickest to desperate remedies. Nurse the twinge and it cripples the whole body. Ignore it, and you walk quit of it forever. But if I ignore it and the other fellow does not, don't I penalize myself to his advantage? In cash, yes. On a spot-cash basis, such a transaction, as you should realize at the start, does not pay. Only in long-term, compound-interest-bearing bonds does it pay. And these bonds are cashed-in to you at times and in a noble currency which you least expect.

(Oh, yes. Socialist hecklers in the rear of the hall are leering reminders that the foregoing items are a "progressive movement" little more fundamental than a small tradesman revolt against big business; small capitalists

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

against large. What of it? These next-steps are the bottom rungs of the ladder to Kingdom Come. These climbed, we are ready for others.)

Golden Egg —or Brick?

AS A PROPOSITION in world history, Imperialism in Europe or elsewhere may not interest you. But as a proposition in your own bread-and-butter, heed it you must. It was in the winter of 1909 that we discovered a hole in our pay-envelopes—a "high cost of living" only exceeded by the high cost of dying and the high cost of being born. With what futile "meat strikes," "egg strikes," and "investigating commissions" we struck out blindly at empty air—said commissions reporting back the mossy wheeze that what kept our noses on the grindstone was "not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living." In conscious innocence of any such high living, the pudgy hand we detected in our trousers pocket belonged, we discovered, in large part, to the long arm of a fat corporation. "Don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs!" bawls Mr. Pickpocket. But now we knew who had been the goose, who had laid the golden eggs, and who was marked for the killing.

Then began that mid-stream hoss-swapping of the two great (and identical) stagnationist political parties (with a doughy-socialistic third) whereby we pathetically supposed ourselves to be getting to the bottom of things. In that preliminary match you were winning. War called "Time!" The second bout will be less easy. The longer delayed, the harder for you.

Down to Brass Tacks.

AT THIS point some one rises to ask just how much the Progressive movement, so-called, has accomplished. It is a fair question.

In a lively period of recent British history, Mr. Bernard Shaw remarked that "the art of politics has become the art of bringing pressure to bear on the Government." In that power lies the strength of the radical party. The party in power (which responsibility always makes conservative) is forced through dread of the militant radical minority to more or less radical measures. Similarly, the Progressive movement is less significant for anything it has done directly than it is for what it has forced the stagnationist parties to do. By Progressivism, therefore, let us understand that whole impulse toward social reform which first flamed into insurgency in the Republican party and finally enacted the progressive measures of the present Democratic administration.

Its catalogue is familiar: chiefly, for railroad legislation; tariff revision; the initiative, referendum, and recall; woman suffrage; prohibition; currency reform; and a program of social legislation such as pensions for old age, unemployment, and widows with dependent children, workmen's compensation, minimum wage, prison reform, and so on.

Of this program a measurable part is now law of the land, or on its way to be. The brewers are said to be figuring on ten years more of ill-grace for their industry as a maximum lease of life. Woman suffrage, to which the Progressives, first of the leading parties, gave the dignity of a national political movement, is now enacted in twelve states. Thirteen states have some form of the mothers' pensions, and thirty-three states have the workmen's compensation act. In a steady march from west to east, and by small degrees or great, the initiative, referendum, and recall speckles the map to the hue (and cry) of popular control.

The railroad legislation, which began the whole shindy, exhibits a curious transition phase. The consecrated formula of railroading used to be: "The public be damned!" Now it is: "Please, gentlemen of the Interstate Commerce Commission, may we have permission to do so-and-so?" From above

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

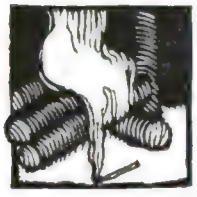
is the pressure of Government regulation. From below is the pressure of the labor unions to raise wages. Between them the railroads are in a tight squeeze. They clamor to be released. That release will probably be a welcome into the gently smiling jaws of Government ownership; and shrewd political weather prophets are remarking that the Government valuation of the railroad properties is a preliminary step.

The currency reform is another slice off the same loaf—nothing startling, perhaps, but on the whole a notch in the democratization of finance. Tariff is a troubled water at best, and a candid study of the results of the new tariff in waters muddied by European war has been peculiarly difficult. Anything more cynical than the Payne-Aldrich tariff American politics do not record, and the retribution was sudden and fearful. When a political party is put into office supposedly to revise the tariff downward and coolly proceeds to revise it in the opposite direction, that party is knelling its own funeral. The retribution, unfortunately, took the form of another tariff revision, downward this time, to be sure, but also by an old-style log-rolling method quite out of keeping with the plan of such a non-partisan tariff commission as was urged by the Progressives. That method and the end of the European war will probably precipitate another revision.

Where the Hair Is Short

AND here let me name the fundamental defect of the Progressive movement which proved its fundamental weakness. The Socialist hecklers in the rear of the hall are right: it was a middle-class crusade on behalf of the working class when you consider the laws it urged for the betterment of working conditions. Fundamentally, however, it was a revolt of small capitalists against large ones. And when hard times began to threaten, either as a supposed result of this remedial legislation or from the war in Europe, and when these crusading $1500-a-year people saw their incomes shrink to $1300-a-year, they dropped Progressivism like a hot potato and stampeded back to their fools'-refuge of stand-patdom, just as the Socialists and Syndicalists have always said they would do at the pinch. The failure of the Progressives was not in what they failed to do, for what they have done is not a little. The failure of the Progressives was in what they failed steadfastly to see: that, given the pluck to go through with the whole program, middle-class salvation might prove to be identical with the liberation of the working-class.

Against this failure the Progressive movement can set one solid success which more than atones for all its timidities: it made any complete return to the plutocratic debaucheries of our smart-age eighteen-nineties forever impossible.



Mr. George Lansbury tells how, when he was a little boy, his mother used to take him to church to pray against the plague. We no longer pray against plague. We make laws against it—chiefly by authorizing the construction of sewer systems. Prayer is supplanted by open plumbing.

EUROPE, 1914—TWO SCHOOL-BULLIES, EACH INTENT ON ROBBING THE SAME ORCHARD, MADE FACES AT EACH OTHER UNTIL ALL THE SCHOLARS HAD TO

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Preventive medicine has become a social science which shoulders some of the burdens formerly relegated to religion.

Ten years ago our people generally discussed unemployment as if it were a visitation of divine wrath. Many do still. But this winter, the intelligent political thinkers of every American city are studying what they term the "problem" of unemployment which they propose to solve in part by Federal labor bureaus, distribution of immigration, and unemployment insurance. Occupational diseases are no longer an "act of God." They are an employer's liability for which derelict employers are likely to pay, and pay through the nose.

And observe the reflex: no one pretends that the spread of prohibition sentiment is strictly a moral issue. Employers who have been made financially liable for the injuries of their workmen are able to perceive that it may be expensive to have drunken employees messing around their shops. "Efficiency," my friends. Thus, whilst one abuse breeds another, one reform assists its fellow, and whereas ten years ago the query was: How to organize charity so as to relieve the suffering of the poor and criminal classes, now the query has become: How to organize industry so as to prevent that poverty and crime which is the fruit of industrial malorganization.

Here, then, is the answer for such as suppose Progressivism or "social reform" to be an amiable diversion for hen-party uplifters. The political thinkers have taken the hint from the medical thinkers: they perceive that poverty is a preventable disease. The social science of preventive medicine has invaded the state; and the social science of politics is becoming the scientific prevention of poverty and its natural offspring, crime.

This glad awakening from the nineteenth-century Victorian nightmare in which men supposed poverty to be unpreventable was an achievement infinitely more far-reaching in its results than any amount of mere tariff-tinkering, railroad-regulation, or currency reform could possibly have been. It meant in this nation the birth of a new generation of political thinkers, thinkers who beheld man as the master of his own social destiny. And this awakening the Progressive movement, half-baked as it may have been in many respects, was largely instrumental in proclaiming to those white houses up the side streets.

And now, thanks in no small part to Progressivism, we can perhaps get a glimmer of what Mr. Edward Carpenter was driving at in that epigrammatic title of his: "Civilization—its Cause and Cure."

Civilizing Civilization.

DIRECTLY the architects had contrived the fire-proof building, the question became: How to keep it from burning? Directly the nineteenth century had contrived a machine-made civilization, the question became: How to civilize it?

Civilized we can not possibly pretend that it is. In the life and death of Wilbur Wright is uttered its whole ghastly paradox: he taught man to fly; and died of a preventable disease.

One hour's walk in the tenement zone stultifies the pious pretense of a rob-Peter-to-pay-Paul philanthropy. Marble art museums at one end of town paid for by slum-breeding industries at the other end; million-dollar university libraries financed ("donated") at a nickel per, out of lean dinner-pails, by way of a private-owned traction franchise.

If the ironic contrast between these two ends of town has lost its sting, there are other stabs sharp enough to pierce the thickest hide; for, added to preventable poverty, we have the preventable dangers of travel and the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

preventable dangers of staying at home: railroad wrecks, steamship disasters, theatre fires, factory fires, schoolhouse fires, city conflagrations, subway cave-ins, buildings collapsing, floating-coffin excursion steamers—the manifold death-traps of our slap-dash machinery of uncivilized civilization, which recks so little not alone of working-class life, but of no less lives than your own.

A parvenu nation. Year before last, the family "struck ile." But now the stream begins to thin. We must keep tabs on our stewards. The stewards protest, of course, that such tabs are an insult to their integrity—whilst, behind the pantry-door, close-shaving our timber; mill-damning our water-power into cold-storage batteries to short-circuit municipal ownership of power-plants; and poisoning our blood by the exploitation of the decent, sturdy Southern European immigrant, as to whom it becomes a question whether he was not better off in a political despotism at home than in an industrial slum-alley.

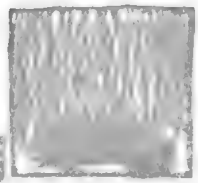
Compared to what our factory-stewards are doing under plea of "the family wage" the above-designated sublime robbing of our children's banks is nobility itself. "Henery," remarks Mr. George Ade, in a memorable fable, "robbed the cradle for farm-hands." Henery did? Well, what has Milltown done? "God sends the babies," runs M. Brieux's epigram. "Yes, but he does not feed them." What of that? Milltown has jobs for all—in cannery, or at loom, as soon as they can toddle. Indeed, to rob Milltown of its infant employees would "put us out of business." The family lives not on what the father earns, but on what the father, plus the mother, plus the children earn. Thus we perceive that "woman's place is in the home." Also, why it is sinful, penitentiariously so, to suggest family-limitation to the working class. Also, why, since the family has been moved bodily into the mill, a socialization of industry, by moving the women and children back into the cottage, would tend to "break up the home." Henery did but rob one cradle for farm-hands. For mill-hands, Milltown robs the cradle of the race.

Grinding Our Own Noses.

NOW if Milltown offered work the year round, the bargain would be sharp enough. But since low wages to machine-tenders and speeding-up of machines lower purchasing power and overstock the market; and since Dividendiana can not spend all of its money on its own person, the surplus, duly watered, flows back into an overproduction of the very means of production, with the ingenious result that those industries already running are forced to stop two months in the year—not to mention the strategic advantage that enforced idleness teaches mill-hands not to be fussy about wages. This, in journalese, is "unemployment," a misfortune supposed by middle-classdom to be, like the misfortunes of other people generally, unavoidable, and comfortably dismissed with, "They wouldn't work if you gave them a chance."

But lest all this should seem to be no cuticle off your own posteriors, let me hasten to instruct you how, on the contrary, secure as your position may seem, it is a security by no means necessarily transmissible to your children.

Public schools which equip them with unmarketable college-entrance culture or vague commercial training for clerkships already overcrowded; colleges offering a leisure-class culture borrowed a century ago from a British fox-hunting squirearchy—to which professional schools invite them to add from two to four years more before earning can begin. . . .



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[Besides, not one child in ten ever completes the high-school course.] . . . Thus is education "organized."

Meanwhile, fat as your salary or income may be, it melts into privately owned public utilities, middleman commissions, or the three-card monte of high finance. When steamers throw overboard half-cargoes of unspoiled tropical fruit; when market-gardeners within the thirty-mile radius of a metropolis dump tons of sound vegetables on dunghills; when apples rot unpicked by the carload, either because "it doesn't pay to market the stuff," or to maintain high prices by artificial scarcity, you need hardly be told for what malorganization of industry you and your children are footing the bills.

The Omnipresent School-Bully.

BUT where does all this hitch with European Imperialistic war? All too intimately. Pray observe how these meager strips of garden-hose playing social reform on your own (that is, on others') roofs may, none the less, be fire-protection against that conflagration across the water.

You must have guessed, long before now, that challenged for their ledgers, those stewards transoceanic might vastly have preferred, like Mrs. O'Leary's cow, to kick over the lantern, even at the price of burning up the town. . . . This is not to suggest that they started it deliberately, or even intentionally. Like Sir Edward Grey, they "worked hard for peace in the last eight days, after having, for the last ten years, made peace impossible." But common prudence bids American householders deftly to remove the lantern from kicking range, which is done by telling the unfaithful steward in the unmistakable language of the ballot-box that it is not the town but himself that is fired.

No one pretends that there was any real grudge between the masses of the belligerent nations. Indeed, the lack of such has more than once proved awkward. But among the classes were Imperialistic grudges enough. The two school-bullies, each intent on robbing the same orchard, made faces at each other until finally all the scholars of both schools had to fight. The scholars' only fault was that they were too stupid to band together to thrash their own bullies, which ignorance, again, was not their own fault, but the fault of their respective bullies.

And now, of course, *our* bully is whining that we must let him off because we may need him to thrash the winner in that neighboring squabble. Threatened with a thrashing at our hands, he bawls, as specified, that "this is no time to do it."

A bully can not thrash the whole school at once. But threatened with a thrashing in his own school-yard, his game is to start a free-for-all with the neighboring school, under cover of which he gets off. Our game is not to let him. Every dominant class senses this axiom of statecraft: *Threatened at home, start a foreign war.* Louis XIV got away with it. Secretary Seward, who proposed the same scheme to Lincoln in '61, to stave off Southern rebellion, did not.

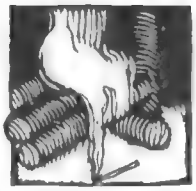
The Rat In the Arras.

TO AFFIRM that social democratization is a complete guarantee against war is nonsense. That a ground-floor social democracy (not a second-story social democracy, like Germany) is far harder to stampede into Imperialistic war is self-evident.

For our own school-yard, therefore, the lesson is loud and unmistakable: even at the price of a few black eyes, to thrash our own school-bully first, as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the likeliest picker of quarrels abroad, and, only second, as the boy certain to rub our individual noses in the dirt unless we do.



Let American women and children be killed by the hundreds, year after year, in our own land, under our own laws, by our own institutions, and no clamor to go to war (with ourselves) over *that*. But let another school-bully kill a few score of our women and children, and we are all for "a war for humanity." "National insult must be wiped out in blood!" Let me give you another: *National honor begins at home.* Odd, that industrial skeletons in the family closet are held no disgrace.

Strange, is it not? that in peace it is "each for himself," but let the bugles sound, and it is all "die for your country." Living for oneself or dying for one's country. Examine this all-or-nothing program with extreme care. To give up one's life to *live* for one's country is—precisely, to thrash the school-bully; and a precious lively scrap it can be, too. To *live* for one's country is to live for all countries. To die for one's country may prove to the detriment of all. . . . To thrash the school-bully in one country is to encourage a like performance in all countries. Now does a suspicion dawn on you why you are so strenuously exhorted to the one sacrifice, and so seldom to the other? And now do you see how we pay for our indifference to (and therefore our complicity in) the villainies of the school-bully, letting things slide until the issues grow so desperate that there seems no arguing of them except by killing one another in the fatal delusion that we are thereby settling something?

"There has been a good deal said here about abolishing war," drawled old Edward Everett Hale, one evening. "Abolish injustice, and war will abolish itself."

To abolish injustice? Thrash your school-bully!

This Way Out In Case of Fire.

BUT even if the social democratization of industry were not the sole and sure, if slow, method of preventing wars of Imperialism, the gentry who repeat "This is no time to do it" should, for their own sakes, heed the bog into which that argument steers them. However the war may end, Germany has proved once for all that the nation of socialized industry fights with two fists to the others' one: with a military fist, but with an industrial fist no less. England comico-tragically summons Mr. Lloyd George to perform in six months what German officialdom has been perfecting for forty years—appoints Mr. Lloyd George to do exactly what it had frantically struggled to prevent his doing for the last half-decade. German socialization of industry has been handed malignly from the second-story down—and a fine lot of Bismarckian-Hohenzollern-Bernhardian second-story social-workers they have been, too. Our social democratization of industry must work from the ground story up—your task and mine. Germany's was imposed from above. Ours must be organized from below by "the voluntary consent of the governed." Germany's socialization was devised to fatten cannon meat. Ours must be to avoid, if possible, just that. But on the showing of the military argument itself, to organize armament without socializing industry is to march into battle on one leg. To build a war-machine without first socializing our machinery of peace is to build a large navy and leave it unsupported by a commensurately powerful merchant marine—which is exactly what we have done. To insist that we arm and yet to ignore the chief means whereby armaments are made effective suggests the zeal of a salesman more keen on finding customers than concerned over the quality of his goods. Again,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

strange, is it not? that we hear so much about our need of armament and so little about the social organization of that peace machinery without which armaments are proving to be guns empty of ammunition. To propose armament without a ground-story social reorganization of industry first, is to propose a journey in a two-wheeled gig minus one wheel. The thing, as you can see for yourselves, simply does not go, and that the this-is-no-time-to-do-itites should fail to see it is only explainable on the unfailing principle that dominant classes are too dunderheaded to perceive the line of their own even immediate interests, and too stupid and too selfish to pursue it if they did.

Doomsday or Dawnsday.

IT IS Doomsday. So let me speak as a dying man to dying men. For now, if ever, we are all on the road to Kingdom Come or else to the Everlasting Ash-heap.

Who speaks? A Voice. One of yourselves. By what authority? By the authority of the eye that sees; the mind that comprehends; the heart that knows.

We, in America, stand the custodians of world democracy. By the sundering of seas it is thus far snatched from the flames of Imperialistic war. That war it may yet be made the instrument of quenching. Have we the steadfastness to use it? Not to use it is to confess ourselves in that deadly grip which is strangling Europe. To use it will need a stronger soul, a higher purpose than any we have yet shown. Lo! I have seen these things as from beyond the grave, and am come to utter them, if haply there be yet time. Are there ten righteous, or must this city perish also?

"Prepare," if you will, "against war." But whilst you forge that military weapon, remember the deadly risk you run should it ever become the instrument of an American Imperialism. "Prepare against war?" Prepare, also, against war-mongers generated in your own midst by that preparation. Of the two dangers, the foe from without and the quarrel-picking foe within, the second can become by far the more deadly.

Against that danger your surest, your only protection is the steady advance of social democratization, propelled by yourselves. I have said that we were not willing that the Kingdom should Come out of our own pay-envelopes. But I say to you that the only way on earth that the Kingdom can Come is by voluntary contributions out of those self-same pay-envelopes. Your instrument is forged. It was welded in the fires of 1776. It was tempered in 1861. Rust is on its metal, but the temper is true. Not war now, but a higher, finer struggle; the struggle to overcome *ourselves*. Not to offer ourselves to take life, but to save life. Does it occur to you that, with the same will to give your life to live for the sake of your country, the taking of life for the good of your country might not need to be? Does it occur to you to enlist for life in that war against social injustice at home which is, in the end, the surest preventer of wars from without—or from within?

This Way to Kingdom Come.

IN ONE way or another it must prove that the masses in Europe, blindly it is true, blunderingly it may well be, have been fighting the battles of democracy. It may not show next year. It will show in the final court of years. History shows, and will show nothing else. When, therefore, they turn their wan, scarred faces to us—to us, fortunate stewards of that ark of the covenant: world-democracy—to ask: "And ye: have ye kept the faith?" with what countenance then should we reply: "Nay; we would, but it seemed too full of risk, too expensive; it seemed as if *this was no time to do it*"?

Besides, there is this to remember: eyes that are prophetic, straining

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

through murk of cannon-smoke, believe they begin to see something. What do they see? This: That the last act of the European drama is yet to begin.

That strange, abrupt sense of having been in exactly this same spot, in these same circumstances, uttering these same words, somewhere, some time long ago, is a sensation familiar to us all. Well, in this same spot we have stood before, many, many times. After Socrates drained the bowl of hemlock; after Golgotha; at the restoration of King Charles II.; when France of the Revolution became France of the Empire; when the Prussians crushed the German revolution of '48; after Lincoln's assassination; when Grand Duke Nicholas sprayed lead on the peaceable workingmen of St. Petersburg in 1906. Democracy never stands anywhere else than under this angry storm-wrack. Its whole journey is a struggle, a decision, a dangerous choice of turnings, a desperate venture, a fierce courage in the face of overwhelming odds, always, in the end, to emerge victorious.

The Prophet climbs Sinai, and descends bringing the tablets of the law. Now, surely, the people will hear him gladly. Now, surely, comes the dawn, begins the new day. The people are bowing down to the Golden Calf. In agony of wrath the Prophet shatters the tablets. But his faith and his purpose are too strong for him. Again, wearily this time, with no illusion about the nearness of that new day, he climbs Sinai; once more to receive the tables of the law; once more to descend amongst men to begin the toilsome mending of their ways. Not now a day's task, but a life's.

Men and women: we—you and I—are that Prophet and those people; revolutionist and stagnationist in one and the same person. Sinai, in those young years of the twentieth century, we had climbed. The laws we had received. Of the new day we thought we smelled the morning air. That dawn was false. And the nations are bowing down to the two Golden Calves which are one: Mammon and Mars.

But now for the second ascent into the mountain: the second writing of the tables of the law; and then down again amongst men, not for a year's task of mending our ways, but for a life's.

Two ways there are to Kingdom Come. One is the way we are taking. It leads to that Kingdom Come which is the Everlasting Bonfire. The other is the toilsome, "expensive," slow task of bettering the world we live in. For milleniums are not made while we wait. They are made while we work.

And now for the secret.

To those who get out and hustle for Kingdom Come on earth, the Kingdom does come—on earth. For to them is revealed the final mystery of it all: that Kingdom Come is not an ideal society; it is the struggle for an ideal society. It is not a place; it is an effort. It lives not in some vague hereafter, but in the living here and now of those brave hearts and free minds with the pluck to shoulder the burdens of helping it on.

Here is a radiant Kingdom Come of the dusty, every-day world. Ours for the price. And the price?

A struggle everlasting.

WHAT ABOUT BRYAN?

What is his political strength—now—and how is he using it? And why?

In the April EVERYBODY'S William Hard answers these questions we have all been asking.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

OUR SQUARE

THE BONNIE LASSIE TOOK OUR SMALLEST HOUSE—A NESTLY LITTLE DWELLING WITH A QUAINT OLD DOOR.

OUR SQUARE lies broad and green and busy, far on the flank of the great city. By day it is bright with the laughter of children and shrill with the bickering of neighbors. By night the voice of the spellbinder is strident on its corners, but from the remoter benches float murmurs where the young couples sit, and sighs where the old folk relax their weariness. New York knows little of Our Square, submerged as we are in a circle of slums. The pen of the romancer has passed us over. Yet for us, as for more Elysian fields, the crocus springs in the happy grass, the flash and song of the birds stir our trees, and Romance fans us with the wind of its imperishable wing.

The first robin was singing in our one lone lilac when the Bonnie Lassie came out of the Somewhere Else into Our Square and possessed herself of the ground floor of our smallest house, the nestly little dwelling with the quaint old door and the broad friendly vestibule, next but one to the Greek church. Before she had been there a month she had established eminent domain over all of us. Even MacLachan, the dour tailor on the corner, used to burst into song when she passed. It was he who had dubbed her the Bonnie Lassie, and as it was the first decent word he'd ever spoken of living being within the memory of Our Square, the name stuck. Apart from that, it was eminently appropriate. She was a small girl who might have been perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four if she hadn't (more probably) been twenty, and looked a good deal like a thoughtful kitten when she wasn't twinkling at or with somebody. When she twinkled—and she did it with eyes, voice, heart, and soul all at once—the cart-pedlers stopped business to look and listen. You can't go farther than that, not in Our Square at least.

How long Cyrus the Gaunt had been there before she discovered him is a matter of conjecture. He slipped in from the Outer Darkness quite unobtrusively and sat about looking thoughtful and lonely. He was exaggeratedly long and loose and mussed up and melancholy looking, and first attracted local attention on a bench which several other people wanted more than he did. So he got up and gave it to them. Later, when the huskiest of them met him and explained, by way of putting him in his proper place, what would have happened to him if he hadn't been so obliging, Cyrus absent-mindedly said, "Oh, yes," threw the belligerent one into our fountain, held him under water quite as long as was safe, dragged him out, hauled him over to Schwartz's, and bought him a drink. Thereafter Cyrus was still considered an outlander, but nobody actively objected to his sitting around Our Square, looking as melancholy and queer as he chose. Nobody, that is, until the Bonnie Lassie took him in hand.

Original from

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

With illustrations by J. Scott Williams

AUTHOR OF "THE CLARION," "THE SECRET OF LONESOME COVE," "THE FLYING DEATH."

Nothing could have been more correct than their first meeting, sanctioned as it was by the majesty of the law. The young policeman who presides over the destinies of Our Square led the Bonnie Lassie to Cyrus's bench and said: "Miss, this is the young feller you asked me about. Make you two acquainted."

Thereupon the young man got up and said, "How-d'ye-do?" wonderingly, and the young woman nodded and said, "How-d'ye-do?" non-committally, and the young policeman strolled away, serene in the consciousness of a social duty well performed.

The Bonnie Lassie regarded her new acquaintance with soft, studious eyes. There was something discomfortingly dehumanizing in that intent appraisal. He wriggled. "Yes, I think you'll do," she ruminated slowly.

"Thanks," murmured Cyrus, wondering for what.

"Suppose we sit down and talk it over," said she.

Studying her unobtrusively from his characteristically drooping position, Cyrus wondered what this half-fairy, half-flower, with the decisive manner of a mistress of destiny, was doing in so grubby an environment. On her part, she reflected that she had seldom encountered so homely a face, and speculated as to whether that was its sole claim to interest. Then he lifted his head; his eyes met hers, and she sharply modified her estimate, substituting for "homely," first "queer," then "quaint," and finally "unusual." Also there was something impersonally but hauntingly reminiscent about him; something baffling and disconcerting, too. The face wasn't *right*.

"Do you mind answering some questions?" she asked. "Depends," he replied guardedly.

"Well, I'll try. Do you live here?" "Just around the corner."

"What do you do?" "Nothing much."

"How long have you been doing it?" "Too long."

"Why don't you stop?"

For the second time Cyrus the Gaunt lifted his long, thin face and looked her in the eye. "Beautiful Incognita," he drawled with mild impertinence, "did you write the Shorter Catechism or are you merely plagiarizing?"

"OH!" SHE said. Surprise and the slightest touch of dismay were in the monosyllable. "I'm afraid I've made a mistake. I thought—the policeman said you were a down-and-outer."

"I'm the First Honorary Vice-President of the Life Branch of the Organization."

He slumped back into his former attitude. Again she studied him. "No, I don't understand," she said slowly. But the dehumanizing tone had gone from the soft voice. Cyrus began to rescue his personality from her impersonal ignoring of it. He also felt suddenly a livelier interest in life. Then, unexpectedly, she turned his flank. "You lurk and stare at my house in the dark," she accused.

"Which house?" he asked, startled.

"You know quite well. You shouldn't stare at strange houses. It embarrasses them."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Is that the miniature mansion with the little bronzes of dancing street-children in the windows?" She nodded. "Why shouldn't I stare? There's a secret in that house!"

"A secret? What secret?"

"The secret of happiness. Those dancing kiddies have got it. I want it. I want to know what makes 'em so happy."

"I do," said the girl promptly.

"Yes. I shouldn't be surprised," he assented, lifting his head to contemplate her with his direct and grave regard. "Do you live there with them?"

"THEY'RE mine. I model them. I'm a sculptor."

"Good Lord! You! But you're a very good one, aren't you?—if you did those."

"I've been a very bad one. Now I'm trying to be a very good one."

A gleam of comprehension lit his eye. "Oh, then it's as a subject that you thought I'd do. You wanted to sculp me."

"Yes, I do. For my collection. You see, I've adopted this Square."

"And now you're sculping it. I see." He raised himself to peer across at the windows where the blithe figures danced, tiny mænads of the gutter, Bacchæ of the asphalt. "But I don't see why on earth you want me. Do you think you could make *me* happy?"

"I shouldn't try."

"Hopeless job, you think? As a sculptor you ought to be a better judge of character. You ought to pierce through the externals and perceive with your artistic eye that beneath this austere mask I'm as merry a little cricket as ever had his chirp smothered by the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune."

It was then that she twinkled at him, and the twinkle grew into a laugh, such golden laughter as brightened life to the limits of its farthest echo. Cyrus had the feeling that the gray April sky had momentarily opened up and sent down a sun-ray to illumine the proceedings.

"How wonderfully you mix them!" she cried. "Shall I sculp you in cap and bells?"

CYRUS THE GAUNT THREW THE BELLIGERENT ONE TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"Why should I let you sculp me at all?"

She stopped laughing abruptly and looked up at him with wondering eyes and parted lips, drooping just the tiniest bit at the corners. "Everybody does," she said.

At once he understood why everybody did that or anything else she wished. "All right," he yielded. "What am I to sit for?"

"Fifty cents an hour."

Then the Bonnie Lassie got her second surprise from him. His face changed abruptly. An almost animal eagerness shone in his eyes. "Fif-tif-tif—" he began, then recovered himself. "Pardon my performing like a deranged steam-whistle, but do I understand that you offer to pay me for sitting about doing nothing while you work? Did all those cheerful dancers in the window collect pay at that rate?"

"Some of them did. Others are my friends."

"Ah, you draw social distinctions, I perceive."

"I think we needn't fence," said the girl spiritedly. "When I came to you I thought you were of Our Square. If you will tell me just what variety of masquerader you are, we shall get on faster."

"Do you think I don't belong quite as much to Our Square as you do?"

"Oh, I! This is my workshop. This is my

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

life. But you—I should have suspected you from the first word you spoke. What are you? Don't tell me that you are here Settlementing or Sociologizing or Improving the Condition of Somebody Else! Because I really do need your face," she concluded with convincing earnestness.

"It's yours at fifty cents an hour."

"And you're not an Improver?"

"Absolutely not. Do I look as if I'd improved myself?"

"You wouldn't do at all for my present purpose, improved," she observed. "When can you come to me?"

"Any time!"

"Haven't you anything else to do?"

"Nothing but look out for odd jobs. That's why I'm so grateful for regular employment."

"But this isn't regular employment." His face fell. "It's most irregular, and there's very little of it."

"Oh, well, it's fifty cents an hour. And that's more than I've ever earned in my life, Miss Sculptor."

"I am Miss Willard."

"Then, Miss Willard, you're employing Cyrus Murphy. Do you think I'll sculp up like a Murphy?"

"I don't think you'll sculp up like a Murphy at all, and I've too many friends who are Murphys to believe that you are one. In fact, I could do you much better if I knew what you are."

"That's quite simple. I'm a suicide. I walked right spang over the edge of life and disappeared. Splash! Bubble-bubble! There goes nothing. The only difference between me and a real suicide is that I have to eat. At times it's difficult."

"Haven't you any trade? Can't you do *anything?*" With a sweep of her little hand she indicated the bustling activities with which the outer streets whirred. "Isn't there any place for you in all this?"

He contemplated the world's work as exemplified around Our Square. His gaze came to rest upon a steam-roller, ponderously clanking over a railed-off portion of the street. "I suppose I could run that."

"Could you? That's a man's job, at least. Have you ever run one?"

"No, but I know I could. Any kind of machinery just eats out of my hand."

"Well, that's something. It's better than being a model. Be at my house to-morrow at nine, please."

FOR an hour thereafter Cyrus the Gaunt sat on the bench musing upon a small, flower-like, almost absurdly efficient young person who had contracted, as he viewed it, to inject light and color into life at fifty cents an hour, and who had plainly intimated that, in her view, he was not a man. It was that precise opinion expressed by another and a very unlike person which was responsible for his being where he was. At that time it had made him furious. Now it made him thoughtful.

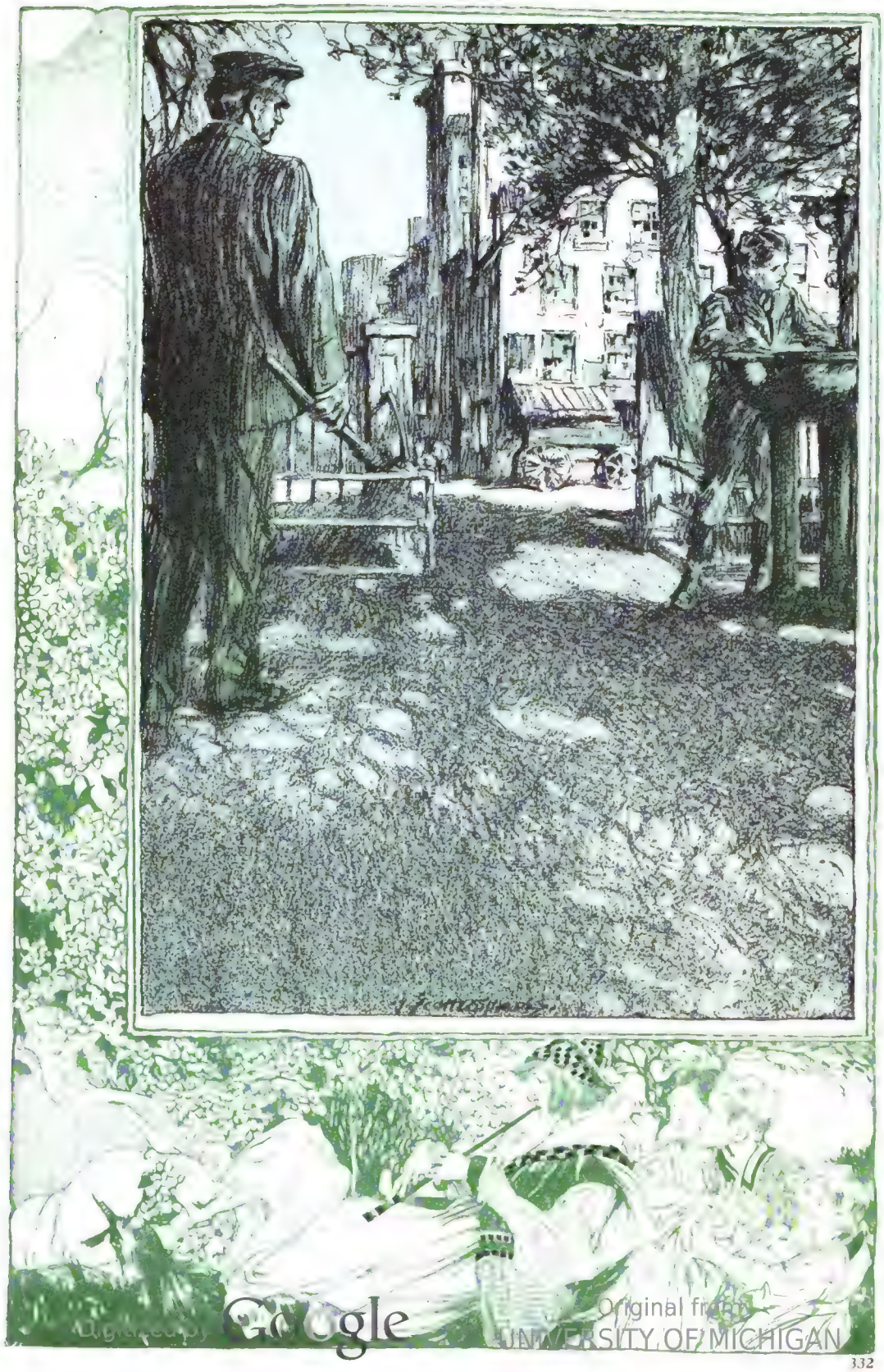
Presently he went through his pockets, reckoned his assets, rose up from the bench, and made a trip to MacLachan's "Home of Fashion," where he left his clothes to be pressed overnight. In the morning he reappeared again, shaved to the closest limit of human endurance, and thus addressed the Scot:

"Have you got my clothes pressed?" "Aye."

"Well, unpress 'em again." "Eh?"

"Unpress 'em. Sit on 'em. Roll 'em on the floor. Muss 'em up. Put all the wrinkles back, just as they were."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

STUDYING HER UNOBTRUSIVELY, CYRUS WONDERED WHAT THIS HALF-FAIRY, HALF-FLOWER, WITH THE MANNER OF A MISTRESS OF DESTINY, WAS DOING IN SO GRUBBY AN ENVIRONMENT.

Digitized by Google

"Mon, ye shud leave the whisky be," advised the tailor.

Thereupon Cyrus caught up his neatly creased suit and proceeded to play football with it, after which he put it on and viewed himself with satisfaction.

"And I almost forgot that she wouldn't have any use for me, improved," he muttered as he wended his way to the little, old friendly house. "Lord, I might have lost my job!"

Any expectation of social diversion at fifty cents an hour which Cyrus the Gaunt may have cherished was promptly quashed on his arrival. It was a very businesslike little sculptor who took him in hand. "Sit here, please—the right knee farther forward—let the chin drop a little—" and all that sort of thing. He might not even watch the soft, strong little hands as they patted and kneaded, nor the vivid face as plastic as the material from which the hands worked their wonders, for when he attempted it: "I don't wish you to look at me. I wish you to look at nothing, as you do when you sit on the bench. Make your eyes tired again."

The difficulty was that his eyes, tired so long with that weariness which lies at the very roots of being, didn't feel tired at all in the little studio. For one thing, there was an absurd, fluffed-up whirlwind of a kitten who performed miracles of obstacle-racing all over the place. Then, in the most unexpected crannies and corners lurked tiny bronzes, instinct with life: a wistful dog submitting an injured paw to a boy hardly as large as himself; "Androcles" this one was labeled. Then there was "Mystery," a young ill-clad girl, looking down at a dead sparrow; "Remnants," a withered and bent old woman, staggering under her load of builder's refuse; "The Knight," a small boy astride across the body of his drunken father, brandishing a cudgel against a circle of unseen tormentors; and many others, all vivid with that feeling for the human struggle which alone can make metal live.

"Recess!" cried the worker presently. "You're doing quite well!"

Thus encouraged, Cyrus ventured a question: "Where are the dancers?"

"They're all in the window."

"But this in here is quite as big work, isn't it? Why isn't some of it on display?"

"IT'S for outsiders. It isn't for my people." She put a world of protectiveness in the final words.

"I can't see why not."

"Because the people of Our Square don't need to be told of the tragedy of life. Joy and play and laughter is what they need. So I give it to them."

A light came into his tired, old-young eyes. "Do you know, I begin to think you're a very wonderful person."

"Time to work again," said she.

Whereby, being an understanding young man, he perceived that there would be no safe divergence from the strict relations of employer and employed, for the present at least. Half a dozen times he sat for her, sometimes collecting a dollar, sometimes only fifty cents, the money being invariably handed over with a demure and determined air of business procedure, and duly entered in a tiny book, which was a never-failing source of suppressed amusement to him. Then one day the basis abruptly changed, for a reason he did not learn about until long after.

It had to do with a process which I must regretfully term eavesdropping, on the part of the little sculptor. The subjects were two-on-a-bench, in Our Square. One was Cyrus the Gaunt; the other an inconsiderable and hopeless lounger, grim and wan. Silver passed between them, and something else, less

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tangible, something which lighted a sudden flame of hope in the hopeless face.

"A real job?" the lurking sculptor overheard him say, hoarsely.

Cyrus nodded. "Nine o'clock to-morrow morning, here," said he.

Slipping quietly away, the girl almost ran into the grim and wan lounger, no longer so grim and several degrees less wan, as he rounded the opposite curve of the circle and passed out on the street in front of her. The next instant Cyrus shot by her at a long-legged gallop and caught the man by the shoulder.

"Here! Wait! Not nine o'clock," he cried breathlessly. "I forgot. I've got an engagement, a—a very important business engagement."

The other's jaw dropped. "What the——" he began, when there appeared before them both a trim and twinkling vision of femininity.

"I'm glad I saw you," said the vision to Cyrus, "because I sha'n't want you until ten-thirty to-morrow." Then she passed on, so deep in thought that she hardly responded to the greetings which accosted her on all sides. "I don't understand it at *all*," she murmured.

Promptly upon the morrow's hour Cyrus appeared at the studio, rumpled and mussed as usual. "How do you do?" the artist greeted him. "Before we go to work I want you to meet Fluff."

Cyrus glanced at the kitten, who was chasing a phantom mouse up the swaying curtain. "But I already know Fluff," said he.

"Oh, no, you don't," she corrected gently. "That is, Fluff doesn't know you. She doesn't know that you are alive. Fluff is a person of fine distinctions. Come here, Mischief." The kitten gave over the chase, after one last lightning swipe, and trotted across the room. "Fluff," said her mistress, "this is our friend, Cyrus." The kitten purred and nosed Cyrus's foot.

"Thank you," said the young man gratefully. "I also am not wholly insensible to fine distinctions. Fluff, do you know how those ancient barbarian parties looked and acted when they were called 'friend of the state of Rome'? Well, regard me."

His employer twinkled at him with her eyes. "I've sold you," she remarked.

"At a good price?"

"Yes. You were really very good."

"It would have been kind to let me see myself before you bartered me away into eternal captivity."

"Kinder not."

"You mean I shouldn't have liked your idea of me?"

"Didn't I say that it was *good?*" she returned with composed pride. "My idea of you wouldn't be good as modeling. This is the real *you*, the man underneath."

"HAVE YOU GOT MY CLOTHES PRESSED? WELL, UNPRESS 'EM AGAIN."

Digitized by Google from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IN UNEXPECTED CORNERS LURKED TINY BRONZES

"That's worse. You think I oughtn't to like myself as I am."

She looked up at him with intimate and sympathetic friendliness. "Well, *do* you?" was all she said.

"Whether I do or not, it's pretty evident what you think of me."

"It ought to be. I've introduced you to Fluff. One can't be too careful as to whom one introduces to one's young and guileless daughter."

"Thank you." For the first time in their acquaintance he smiled. The smile changed his face luminously.

She tossed the tiny iron with which she was working into the far corner of the studio. "That settles it," she said. "I'm through."

"For the day?"

"Wrong! All wrong!" she cried vehemently, disregarding his question. "Why did you have to go and smile that way? I haven't done you at all. Do you know what I've been sculping you as?"

"You wouldn't tell me, you know. Nothing very flattering, I judged."

"As a disenchanted, uncontrolled drifter."

"And now you think perhaps I'm not?"

"I don't know what you are, but I think I might as well be clicking the shutter of a camera, for all I've done with you. The point is, that I've come to the end of you for the present."

"You don't want me any more?" he cried, aghast.

"If I did, you wouldn't have time. I've got you a real man's job."

"What kind of slavery have you sold me into this time?"

"The steam-roller. I've used my influence—you don't know what a pull I've got around here—and I can name my man for the late night-shift. Will you take it?"

His face was elate. "Will I take it! Will a duck eat pie?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Will it?"

"It will if it can't get anything else to eat. How long is this job good for?"

"All summer and more. How long are you?"

"Till released."

"You have made a promise. I'll enter it in my ledger." Which she did, writing it down in her absurd little booklet with a delicious solemnity of importance.

"But can't I come and sit for you afternoons?" he pleaded.

"How many wages do you want to earn? No; not at present. But Miss Fluff and I are at home to honest working friends on Friday evenings. Come here, Miss Fluff, and tell the new engineer that we'll be glad to have him come and tell us about the job when he's learned it." But the kitten paid no heed, being at that moment engaged in treacherously and scientifically stalking an imaginary butterfly along the window-sill.

"Before I'm banished," said Cyrus, "may I ask a question?"

"You might try it."

"DO YOU mind telling me your given name? Not for use," he added, as she looked up at him with her grave, speculative gaze, "but just as a guarantee of good faith. I set great store by other people's names, having been cursed since birth with my own Persian abomination."

"I don't think Cyrus is bad at all," she said. "Mine is Carol."

"Oh," said he blankly.

"Don't you like it?"

"It's a very nice name, for some people," he said guardedly.

"You don't like it. Why?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There was no evading the directness of that demand. "I never knew but one girl named Carol," he said. "She squinted."

"What of it? I don't squint. Do I? *Do* I? DO I?"

With each repetition of her defiance she took one step nearer him, until at the last she was fairly standing on tiptoe under his nose. Cyrus the Gaunt looked down into those radiant eyes that grew wider and deeper and deeper and wider, until his heart, which had been slipping perilously of late, fell into them and was hopelessly lost. "Do I?" she demanded once more.

Cyrus responded with a loud yell. Inappropriate as the outcry was, it saved a situation becoming potentially dangerous, for not far below those luminous eyes was a dimple that flickered at the corner of a challenging mouth; unconsciously challenging, doubtless, yet— And then Fluff, opportunely descrying her imaginary butterfly on the side of Cyrus's trouser-leg, made a flying leap and drove ten keen claws through the fabric into the skin beneath. Her mistress dislodged the too ardent entomologist, and apologized with a twitching mouth.

"I DON'T WISH YOU TO LOOK AT ME. MAKE YOUR EYES TIRED AGAIN."

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You see," said she sweetly, "you've become an intimate of the household. When you're too busy to come and see us, Fluff and I will peek out and admire you as you go plunging past on your irresistible course."

"It's going to be a lonely job," said Cyrus the Gaunt wistfully, "compared to this one."

"Nonsense!" she retorted briskly, as she handed him a dollar bill. "Here's your pay. You'll be too busy to be lonely. Good luck, Mr. Engineer."

II

THUS Cyrus the Gaunt became a toiler in, and by slow degrees a citizen of, Our Square. We are a doubtful people where strangers are concerned. The ritual of invitation for Cyrus was, at first, chance-words and offhand nods, then an occasional bidding to sit in at Schwartz's, and finally consultations and confidences on matters of import, political, social, or private. Thus was Cyrus the Gaunt adopted as one of us. Quite from the outset of his job he became a notable pictorial asset of the place, standing out, lank and black, in the intermittent gleam of his own engine, as he rolled on his appointed course amidst firmamental thunderings. Acting as chauffeur to ten tons of ill-balanced metal, he promptly discovered, is an occupation to which the tyro must pay explicit heed if he would keep within the bounds of his precinct. About the time when he was beginning to feel at ease with his charger, he came to a stop, one misty night, directly opposite the window of a taxicab, and met a pair of eyes which straightway became fixed in a paralysis of amazed doubt.

"No; it isn't. It can't be," said the owner of the eyes presently.

"Yes, it is," contradicted Cyrus.

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

"That's all that the pious young Presbyterian boss of a fashionable church has a right to be."

"*What* are you doing up there?"

"Piloting a submarine under Governor's Island."

"So I see." The taxi-door opened, and some six feet of well-tailored manhood mounted nimbly to Cyrus's side. "What's the fare? And why? Is it a bet?"

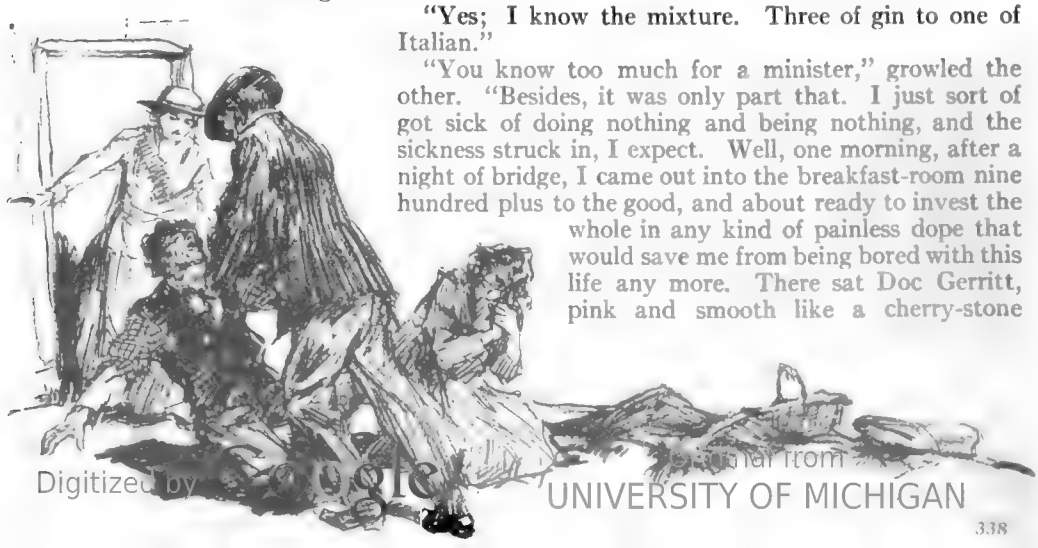
Cyrus the Gaunt grinned amiably in the face of the Rev. Morris Cartwright, whose appearance in that quarter did not greatly surprise him. "How did you know? It's leaked out at the club, has it?"

"Not that I know of. I guessed it."

"Thought nothing short of a bet would account for such a reversal of form, eh? Keep it to yourself, and I'll tell you the rest."

"You've hired an ear," observed the young cleric.

"Maybe you heard that I had a nervous breakdown last spring. Kind of a mixture of things."



"Yes; I know the mixture. Three of gin to one of Italian."

"You know too much for a minister," growled the other. "Besides, it was only part that. I just sort of got sick of doing nothing and being nothing, and the sickness struck in, I expect. Well, one morning, after a night of bridge, I came out into the breakfast-room nine hundred plus to the good, and about ready to invest the whole in any kind of painless dope that would save me from being bored with this life any more. There sat Doc Gerritt, pink and smooth like a cherry-stone

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

clam. I stuck out my hand, and it was shaking. I dare say my voice was shaking too, for Gerry looked up pretty sharp when I said, 'Doc, can you do anything for me?' 'No,' says he. 'Is it as bad as that?' I asked. 'It's worse,' says he. 'I'm a busy man with no time to waste on sure losses. Flat down, Cyrus, you aren't worth it.' 'This is all I've got of me,' I said. 'I'm worth it to myself.' 'Then do it for yourself,' he snapped. 'You're the only one that can.' 'Will you tell me how?' 'I will,' says he. 'But you won't do it. You aren't man enough.' 'Gerry,' I said, 'you may be a good doctor, but you're a damn liar.' 'Am I?' says he. 'Prove it. Cut the booze and go to work.' 'Work won't do me any good,' I said. 'I've tried it, and it bored me worse than the other thing. When I'm bored, I naturally reach for a drink.' (There's a great truth in that, you know, Carty, if the temperance people would only grab it: boredom and booze—cause and effect.) 'That's a hot line of advice, Doc.' I said. 'Maybe you'll think better of it when you get my bill for fifty,' says he. (I got it too. I've still got it.) 'I don't mean Wall Street, Cyrus,' says he. 'I mean work. You've never tried work. You've just played at it. I'll bet you a thousand,' he went on (he was playing me up to this all the time, Carty), 'that you'd starve in six months if you tried to make your living where nobody knows you.' Well, Carty, you know how I am with a bet. It comes just as natural to me to say 'You're on,' as 'Here's how,' or 'Have another.' I said it, and here I am. I'll bet Doc Gerritt's laughing yet," he concluded with a wry face.

"They say he's the best diagnostician going, in his own line." The young clergyman studied Cyrus out of the corner of his eye. "I wouldn't wonder if it were true. How do you like the prescription so far?"

"Interesting," said Cyrus the Gaunt. "I've been hungry, and I've been lonely, and I've been scared, and I've even been near-yellow, but I haven't been bored for a minute. You never get bored, Carty, when you have the probabilities of your next meal to speculate on, pro and con. Odd jobs have been my stay mostly, before I landed this. And when there wasn't anything in my own line, I kept up my nerve by catching 'em on the way down and shoving 'em into jobs on Jink Hereford's Canadian preserve."

"Good man!" approved the Rev.

THEN AN ARM ENCIRCLED THE BONNIE LASSIE, AND SUPPORTED HER THROUGH A REELING WORLD.

Digitized by Google

Morris Cartwright. "What'll you have?" he added.

"Frankfurters and a glass of milk, if it's an open order. But you'll have to fetch it to me from Schwartz's. I can't leave this here skittish little pet of mine."

Then and there some Sunday supplement missed a "throbbing human-interest story" in that no reporter was present to witness one of New York's fashionable young pastors emerging from an obscure saloon bearing food and drink to the grimy driver of an all-night thunder-wagon.

"And now," said Cyrus the Gaunt, handing down the empty glass, "if it isn't one of your disgraceful secrets, what are *you* doing in this galley? Heading off some poor unfortunate who wants to go to the devil peacefully, in his own way."

"No, I leave that to the doctors," retorted the other mildly.

"Quite so," chuckled Cyrus. "Throw some water in my face and drag me to my corner, will you?"

"This is an errand of diplomacy," continued Cartwright. "I'm an envoy. Do you happen to know which house——" His ranging vision fell upon the row of figures joyously dancing in the window. "Never mind," he said, "I've found it." He disappeared between the portals of the old-fashioned, hospitable door.

Quite a considerable part of his week's wages would Cyrus the Gaunt have forfeited to interpret the visitor's expression when he came out, a long hour later. He looked at once harassed, regretful, and yet triumphant, as one might look who had achieved the object of a thankless errand.

The Bonnie Lassie came to the door with him and stood gazing out across the flaring lights and quivering shadows of Our Square. It seemed to Cyrus that that flower-face drooped a little.

And indeed the Bonnie Lassie was not feeling very happy. When one's adopted world goes well, the claims which draw one back become irksome ties. The messenger from the world which she had temporarily foregone was far from welcome. But at least she had claimed and won some months of respite and freedom for her work.

SO engrossed did she become with that work that she saw little or nothing of Cyrus the Gaunt until Chance brought them together in the climactic fashion so dear to that Protean arbiter of destinies. Returning one evening from a call upon a small invalid friend in a tenement quite remote from Our Square, the Bonnie Lassie essayed a cross-cut which skirted the mouth of a blind alley. From within there sounded a woman's scream of pain and fear. The Bonnie Lassie hesitated. It was a forbidding alley, and the scream was not inspiriting. It was repeated. Not for nothing is one undisputed empress of Our Square. The Bonnie Lassie had the courage of one who rules. She swooped into that black byway like a swallow entering a cave. Now the screams were muffled, with a grisly, choked sound. They led her flying feet toward a narrow side passage. But before she reached the turn, a towering bulk sped by her, almost filling the thin slit between the walls.

ON HIS THUNDER WAGON, CYRUS BECAME A PICTORIAL ASSET OF THE PLACE.

When she came within view, the matter was apparently settled. A swarthy, vividly clad woman cringed against one wall. Against the other Cyrus had pinned an even swarthier man. The man, helpless, seemed to be wheedling and promising. With a final shake and a growl—the girl likened it in her mind to that of a great, magnanimous dog—the gaunt one released the Sicilian and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stopped to pick up his hat, which had fallen in the struggle. Then the girl's heart leaped and clogged her throat with terror, for, as Cyrus turned, the pretense fell from the face of his opponent and it changed to a mask of murder. His hand darted to his breast and came forth clutching the thin, terrible, homemade stiletto of the rag-picking tribe, a file ground to a rounded needle-point. The girl strove to cry out; it seemed to her only the whisper of a nightmare. But it was enough.

Cyrus whirled and leaped back. His arm went out stiff as a bar. At the end of it was a formidable something which flashed with an ugly glint of metal in the Sicilian's face. Whether or not she heard a report, the terror-stricken onlooker could not have said. But the would-be murderer screamed, tottered, withered. His weapon tinkled upon the coping. Then an arm of inordinate size and strength encircled the Bonnie Lassie, whirled her up out of a pit of blackness, and supported her through a reeling world. At her ear a quietly urgent voice kept insisting that she must walk—walk—walk, and not let herself lapse. A shock jolted her brain. It was the smell of ammonia. The darkness dissipated, became an almost intolerable light, and she found herself seated opposite Cyrus the Gaunt at a polished metal table in an ice-cream parlor.

"Don't let go of my hand," she whispered faintly.

His big, reassuring clasp tightened. "We got away before the crowd came," he said. "You have wonderful nerve. I thought you were gone."

"Don't speak of it," she shuddered. "I can't stand it."

Not until, after a slow, silent walk, they were seated on a bench in Our Square could she gather her resolution for the dreadful question. "Did you kill him?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"But—but—you shot him!"

"Yes, with this." He thrust his hand in his pocket, and again, as she closed her eyes against the sight, she caught faintly the pungent stimulus that had brought her to.

"What is it?"

"Ammonia-pop. Model of my own."

Her eyes flew open, the color flooded into her cheeks, but receded again. "He might have killed you!" she exclaimed. "I thought when you turned away and I saw the dagger that— Oh, how could you take such a desperate chance?"

"Just fool-in-the-head, I guess. I thought he was through. Don't know that breed, you see. But for you, he'd have got me."

"BUT for *you*," she retorted, "I don't know what might have happened to me. How came you to be down in that slum?"

"Oh," said he carelessly, "I prowl."

"As far away as that?" She looked at him, sidelong.

"All around. I know that neighborhood like a book."

"What's the name of that alley?"

"Alley? Er—what alley?"

"Mr. Cyrus Murphy, how long have you been following me about?"

He turned an unpicturesque, dull red. "Well, that's no place for a girl alone," he growled.

"You know, one evening I thought I saw you, down near Avenue C, but I couldn't be sure. Was it?"

"It might have been," he grudged. "Avenue C is a public throughfare."

"And you've been guarding me," she murmured. Her eyes brooded on him, and the color was rising in her face to match his. But, while Cyrus blushed like a brick, the Bonnie Lassie blushed like the hue of flying clouds after sunset.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Why don't you take a policeman?" he blurted. "If anything happened to you— It isn't safe," he concluded lamely.

"Not even when I'm chaperoned with an ammonia popgun?" she smiled. "Why do you carry that?"

"For dogs. Dogs don't always like me. It's my clothes, I suppose."

"Any dog who wouldn't like and trust you on sight," she pronounced with intense conviction, "is an imbecile." He smiled his acknowledgment. At that her face altered.

"There you go, smiling once more," she said fretfully. "You do it very seldom, but——"

"I'm always smiling, deep inside me, at you," he said quietly.

"But when you smile outside, it makes you so different. And I find I've done you all wrong."

"Are you still sculping me?" he asked in surprise.

"I—I have been, but I stopped." She paused, trying again to think of him as merely a model, and found, to her discomfiture, that it caused a queer, inexplicable little pang deep inside her heart. Nevertheless, the artist rose overpoweringly within her at his next question.

"Do you want me to sit for you again?"

"Oh, would you? Now?"

He glanced at the church clock. "I've forty-seven minutes," he said.

Much may be accomplished in forty-seven minutes. In the studio she sprang to her work with a sort of contained fury. And as the eager, intent eyes regarded him with an ever-increasing impersonality, a pain was born in his heart and grew and burned, because to this woman who had clung to him in the abandonment of mortal weakness but an hour before, whose pulses had leaped and fluttered for his peril, he had become only a subject for exploitation, something to further her talent, wax to her deft hand. Perhaps he had been that since the first. Well, what right had he to expect anything more?

NOTHING of this reached the absorbed worker. She was intent upon her model's mouth and chin, whereon she had caught the sense of significant changes. Had she but once come forth from her absorption to see and interpret the man's eyes, she might have known. For it is only in the eyes that the suffering of a brave man shows; the rest of his face he may control beyond betrayal. Something happily restrained her from offering the payment as usual, when she finally threw the cloth over the unfinished sketch.

"You spoke of dogs not liking your clothes," she said lightly. "Do you always sleep in them?"

"Oh, no, they sleep on the floor at the foot of my bed and keep watch. May I have them pressed?"

"It would be an interesting change. But why ask my permission?"

"Because you told me once to come 'as is'."

"So I did," she laughed. "But that was before you were an honest working man. Go and get pressed out."

"No more use for me as a model?"

"Oh, I don't say that."

"But I'm to see you sometimes?" he persisted.

"How could it be otherwise, with you doing patrol duty in front of my door?" she twinkled.

With unnecessary emphasis she shut the door upon the retiring form of Cyrus the Gaunt. But his double, already inalienable, returned to the studio with her and formed a severely

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

accusative third party to her dual self-communion. Said the woman within her, woefully: "I mustn't see him again. I mustn't! I mustn't!" Said the sculptor within her, exultantly: "I've got him. I've got what I wanted. It's there and I've fixed it forever." Which was a mistake of the sculptor's, however nearly right or wrong the woman may have been.

Thenceforward, it appeared to Cyrus the Gaunt, the Bonnie Lassie exhibited an increasing tendency toward invisibility. When he did see her, there were sure to be other people about, and she seemed subdued and distrait. Presently the suspicion dawned upon Cyrus that she was avoiding him. Being a simple, direct person, he laid his theory before her. She denied it with unnecessary heat; but that didn't go far toward rehabilitating the old cheerful and friendly status. Cyrus the Gaunt, despite a wage which assured three excellent meals per day, began to look gaunter. Our Square commented upon it with concern.

"LIFE HAS BEEN CARVING THAT FACE OUT BEFORE YOUR EYES. YOU NEED BUT FOLLOW."

There came a time when, for ten consecutive days, Cyrus the Gaunt never set eyes upon the Bonnie Lassie, nor did his ear so much as catch a single lilt of her laughter. At the end of that period, strolling moodily past his now flavorless job full two hours early, he beheld mounting the steps of the funny little mansion a heavy male figure, clad from head to foot in what had a grisly suggestion of professional black. The sight sent a chill to Cyrus's heart. The chill froze solid when on a nearer approach to the house he heard the sound of voices within, joined in a slow chant. Half-blind and shaking, he made his way to the rail and clung there. Slowly the words took form and meaning, and this was their solemn message:

The Good Man,
When-he-falleth-in-Love
And-getteth-Snubbed,
Breaketh Forth In-to
Tears:
But-the-Ungawdly Careth Notta
Damn!
For *Woman*,
She-is-but-*Vanity*,
Ay, Verily, and-False-*Curls*.
And-the-Wooing Thereof Is
Bitterness.
For-he-Wasteth-his-Substance-Upon-Her,
Taking-her-Pic-nics and
Balls.
And she Danceth with some
Oth-ther Feller.
Oh-hh SLUSH!!!

A window-shade floated sideways, revealing to the peerer's gaze a gnome with blue ears beating out the tempo with the fire-tongs for a quartet consisting of an aeroplane, a Salvation Army captain, a white rabbit, and an Apache, while a motley crowd circulated around them. In the intensity of his relief, Cyrus the

Digitized by Google
Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Gaunt took a great resolve: "Invited or not invited, I'm going to that party."

MacLachan's "Home of Fashion" on the corner was long since dark, but Cyrus's pedal fantasia on the panels brought forth the indignant proprietor.

"What have you got for me to go to a fancy party in, Mac?" demanded his disturber.

"Turnverein or Pansy Social Circle?" inquired the practical tailor.

"Neither. A dead swell party."

"Go as ye are-rr, ye fule!" said the Scot, and slammed the door.

"Perfectly simple," said Cyrus the Gaunt. "I'll do it."

He hastened around to Schwartz's to wash his hands and smut his face artistically.

UPON the reiterated testimony of the Oldest Inhabitant, Our Square had never before witnessed such scenes or heard such sounds of revelry by night as the Bonnie Lassie's surprise party, given for her by her friends of the faraway world. None of us was bidden in at first, as the Bonnie Lassie had not the inviting in her hands. But to her—little loyalist that she is!—a celebration without our own neighbors was unthinkable; so she sent her messengers forth and gathered us in from our beds, from Schwartz's, from Lavansky's Pinochle Parlors, from the late shift of the *Socialist Weekly Battlecry*, and even from the Semi-annual Soirée and Ball of the Sons of Gentlemen of Goerck Street, far out on our boundaries of influence; and though we wore no fancier garb than our best, we made a respectable showing indeed.

Along with the early comers, and while Cyrus the Gaunt was still putting the final touches to his preparation, there appeared at the hospitable door an unexpected guest, a woman of sixty with a strong, bent figure, and a square face lighted by gleaming eyes with fixed lines about them. The black-hued undertaker who had constituted himself master of ceremonies met her at the door, and immediately hustled her within.

"While I have not the privilege of this lady's personal acquaintance," he announced, "I have the honor of presenting, ladies and gentlemen, the eminent and professional chaperon, Mrs. Sparkles."

The newcomer paused, blinking and irresolute. "But I did not know," she began, in a faintly foreignized accent.

From a far corner the Bonnie Lassie spied her, and flew across the floor, flushed, radiant, and confused. "You!" she cried—and there was something in her voice that drew upon the pair curious looks from the other guests. "Oh, Madame! Why didn't you let me know?"

OUR SQUARE HAD NEVER HEARD SUCH SOUNDS OF REVELRY BY NIGHT.

The newcomer set her finger to her lips. "I am incognita. What is it the somber person called me? Mrs. Sparkles? Yes." The Bonnie Lassie nodded her comprehension. "If I had known that you were making fête this evening—I can not see your work now."

"Indeed you can. I'll shut just us two into the studio. They won't miss me." She gently pushed the new guest through a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

side door, which she closed after them. Confronted with the little sculptor's work, the visitor moved about with a swift certainty of judgment, praising this bit with a brief word, shrugging her shoulders over that, indicating by a single touch of the finger the salient defect of another, while her hostess followed her with anxious eyes. "Not bad," murmured the critic. "You have learned much. What is under that sheet?"

"Experiments," answered the girl reluctantly.

The woman swept the covering aside. Beneath were huddled a number of studies, some finished, others in the rough, ungrouped. "All the same subject, *n'est-ce-pas?*" "Yes."

THE visitor examined them carefully. "Very interesting. Any more of this?"

"Some notes in pencil."

"Let me see them." The Bonnie Lassie drew out a sheaf of papers. "You have done very badly with this," was the verdict, after concentrated study. "Or else—you have worked hard and honestly upon it?"

"Harder than on anything I've done."

"There are signs of that, too. What is it you are aiming at? What is the subject? Inside, I mean?" She tapped her forehead and regarded with her luminous stare the eager girl-face before her.

"Why, I hardly know. At first it was one thing, then it changed. I had thought of doing him as 'The Pioneer.' 'Something lost beyond the ranges,' you know." The woman nodded. "Then later, I wanted to do 'The Last American,' and I modeled him for that."

"Good!" The older woman's endorsement was emphatic. "How Lincoln-like the formation of the face is, here." She touched one of the unfinished bits. "That's the American of it. Or *is* it? Albrecht Dürer did the same thing in his ideal Knight four centuries ago. You know it? It's like a portrait of Lincoln. Did you consciously mold that line in?"

"Ah!" The girl contemplated her own work with glowing eyes. "That's the haunting resemblance I felt but couldn't catch when I first saw my model."

"It isn't in most of these."

"My fault. It must have been there, underneath, all the time."

"Hm! You consider those pretty faithful studies?"

"As faithful as I could make them. But I haven't been able to catch and fix the face. It's most provoking," she added fretfully, "but I'm constantly having to remodel."

Before she had finished, the elderly woman's swift hands were busy with the figures, manipulating them here and there, until they were presently set out in a single row with the sketches interspersed. "Read from left to right," she said curtly. "Is not that the order of time in which the work was done?"

"Pure magic!" breathed the girl. "How could you know?"

THE BONNIE LASSIE TRIPPED OVER TO HER NEWEST GUEST, LEAVING HER NEXT-TO-NEWEST QUITE BUSY WITH THOUGHT.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"How could I help but know? Child, child! Can't you see you have the biggest subject ready to your hand that any artist could pray for?" The girl looked her question mutely. "The man is making himself. How? God knows—the God that helps all real work. Look! See how the lines of grossness *there*"—she touched the first figure in her marshaled line—"have planed out *here*." The swift finger found a later study. "How could you miss it! The upbuilding of character, resolve, manhood, and with it all something gentler and finer softening it. You have half-done it, but only half, because you have not understood. *Why* have you not understood?"

"Because I'm not a genius."

"Who knows? To have half-done it is much. The master-genius, Life, has been carving that face out before your eyes. You need but follow."

"Tell me what to do."

"Leave it alone for six months. Come back and take the face as it will be then."

"'Then' will be too late," said the girl in a low voice.

"What!" cried the critic, startled. "Your model isn't dying, is he?"

"Oh, no. I—I had something else in mind."

"Dismiss it. Have nothing else in mind but to finish this." She paused. "I have seen all I need to. Let us return to your friends."

Hardly had the hostess seated her guest in the most comfortable corner of the big divan when there was a stir at the door, and a rangy, big-boned figure, clad in the unmistakable garb of honest labor, appeared, blinking a little at the lights. Instantly the Undertaker, in his rôle of official announcer, dashed forward to greet him. "Gentlemen *and* ladies," he proclaimed, "introducing Mr. Casey Jones, late of the Salt Lake Line."

"SING it, you Son of Toil!" shouted somebody, and Cyrus the Gaunt promptly obliged, in a clear and robust baritone, leading the chorus which came in jubilantly.

The elderly "Mrs. Sparkles" was not interested in the harmony; but she was interested in the face of her hostess, which had flushed a startled pink. She asked a question under cover of the music.

"That is your model, is it not?"

"Yes."

"What is he in real life?"

"As you see him."

"In—deed! What is he doing it for?"

"Two and a half a day, I believe."

"Quite enough. But why?"

"I never asked him," and the Bonnie Lassie tripped over to her newest guest, leaving her next-to-newest quite busy with thought.

Owing to the demands upon a hostess, Cyrus the Gaunt saw very little of her in the brief hour remaining to him. One dance he succeeded in claiming.

"You see," he remarked, "I came to your party anyway, although uninvited."

"I didn't give it. It was a surprise," she explained. "But the job!"

"They've put me on an hour later."

"You still like it?"

"It limits one socially more than being a model," he replied solemnly.

"But you are sticking to it?" she persisted.

"Oh, yes, I'm sticking to it, all right."

"Even if— No matter what happens?"

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What is going to happen?" he asked gravely.

"Nothing," she said hurriedly. "But it's the job for the job's sake with you now, isn't it?"

"I like the feel of it, if that's what you mean. The feel of being competent to hold it down."

She nodded with content in her eyes. But he was troubled. "You had something in mind," he began, when another partner claimed her, while he was dragged off to assist in an improvised glee-club. His time was up all too soon, and without chance of a further word from her, other than a formal farewell. In the little rear hallway whither he had made his way through his protesting fellow revelers, he reached up for his coat, and felt something lightly brush the top of his head. He looked up. It was a sprig of mistletoe. At the same moment two firm hands closed over his eyes, and light, swift lips just grazed his cheek.

Cyrus the Gaunt fell a-trembling. He turned slowly, and found himself confronting a total stranger. The stranger had gray hair and a tired face lighted by crinkly eyes. "Oh!" said Cyrus the Gaunt with an irrepressible bitterness of disappointment.

"FRANKNESS," observed his salutant, "may or may not be a compliment to the object of it." Cyrus remained mute. "Who did you *hope* it was?" Silence seemed still the best policy. "If you are offended" —the eyes twinkled with added keenness—"I will apologize honorably."

"Let me do it for you," said Cyrus the Gaunt politely, and kissed the unknown square upon the lips.

She drew back. "Well!" she began, then she laughed. "The *entente cordiale* having been established, *what* are you doing here, Cyrus Staten?"

He gasped and gaped. "Do I know you?"

"Having neither memory nor manners, you do not. But I spent weeks at your country place when you were a boy, painting your father. Permit me to introduce myself." And she gave a name so great that even Cyrus's comprehensive carelessness of art was not ignorant of it.

"Great snakes!" he ejaculated. "I—I'm sorry I kissed you."

"Oh, I'm human. I rather liked it," she chuckled, "even though I am old and stately. But how have you contrived to preserve your incognito?"

"Easy enough. This is another world. Look out!" he added as the curtain behind them moved. "Somebody's coming."

The hanging swung aside and the Bonnie Lassie emerged. "Oh!" she said in surprise. "Do you know each other?"

"We were becoming acquainted when you interrupted," replied the very great woman. She turned a disconcerting gaze upon her hostess. "Where did you get him?" she demanded, exactly as if Cyrus weren't there.

"Oh, please!" cried the girl.

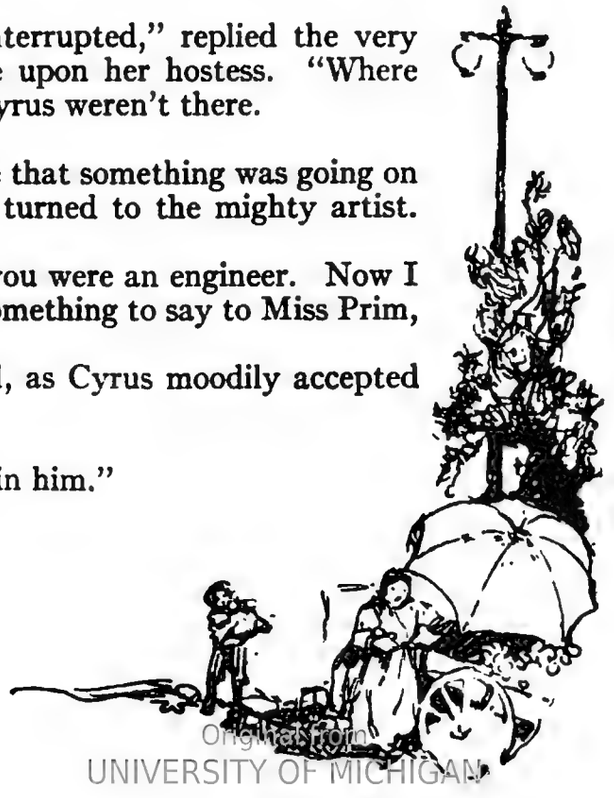
"Don't mind me," said Cyrus politely, sensible that something was going on which he didn't grasp. "I'm used to it." He turned to the mighty artist. "You see, in real life I'm a studio model."

"Are you?" retorted the genius. "I thought you were an engineer. Now I begin to suspect you are a fraud. Well, I have something to say to Miss Prim, here. Run you away and play with your job."

"So that's your young Lincoln," she observed, as Cyrus moodily accepted his dismissal, and passed out.

"He doesn't know it."

"You have missed even more than I thought, in him."



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I've done my best," said the girl dispiritedly. "He's too big for little me."

"Hm! You haven't told me yet where you got him."

" 'The wild wind blew him to my close-barred door,' " quoted the girl.

"A good many wild winds have blown about Cyrus Staten from time to time."

"Who?"

"Cyrus Staten; don't you *know* him?"

"No, I picked him up from the bench in Our Square."

"Which the Statens used to own, by the way. Well, the *facilis descensus* of an idle waster from the world of white lights and black shadows to a park-bench is nothing new."

"Does he look to you like an idle waster, Madame?"

"He does *not*. Therein lies a miracle. What is he doing now?"

"Running the steam-roller, outside." The face of the girl melted into lovely and irrepressible mirth.

"Ah! That explains much. But not all. What is your part in this?"

"You have seen it." She nodded backward toward the studio.

"Not that. As a woman? What have you been doing to that boy to make him what he is?"

The girl took her soft lip grievously between her teeth for a moment before answering. "I've been playing my child's tricks with a real man—and now I'm being sorry."

"And paying for it!" The Bonnie Lassie's head drooped.

"Is he paying for it, too?"

"No."

"No? Well, when I played a little surprise on him and kissed him under the mistletoe, I thought that tall and massive youth was going to faint away like a school-miss in my supporting arms, until he saw who it was. What do you suppose his expectations——"

"You had no right to take such an advantage," flashed the girl, turning crimson.

"So?" The great woman smiled. "But I think my own thoughts. When one pays, or the other pays, that is well. It is the chance of the play. But when both pay—oh, that is wrong, wrong, wrong as wrong can be!"

"I can't help it," said the girl very low. "There is a previous debt." And she turned aside a face so woebegone that her interrogator forebore further pressure.

"At least," she said, "the artist must complete the work, at whatever cost to the woman. You will finish *that?*" She jerked her head toward the studio.

"I—I suppose so. If I can."

On the way home the genius caught a glimpse of Cyrus the Gaunt upon his triumphal chariot, and halted her auto the better to laugh. As the lumbering, clamoring monster drew opposite, she signaled. Cyrus did something abstruse to the mechanism, which groaned and clanked itself into stillness.

"Young man," she hailed, "I have a message for you."

"From whom?" said Cyrus hopefully.

"From myself. This is it: Be careful."

"I am," said Cyrus with conviction, "the carefulest captain that ever plowed the stormy pave."

"Be careful," she repeated, disregarding his interpretation, "or she'll make a man of you yet. The process is sometimes painful—like most creative processes. Home, Joseph."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Many of the Bonnie Lassie's outlander guests passed Cyrus the Gaunt that night, but none other identified or noticed him. The latest departures were two heavily swathed youths who paused to light cigarettes in the lee of Cyrus's iron steed.

"Some little farewell party, wasn't it?" the engineer overheard them say. "Why wasn't the happy Bascom there?"

"Not back from Europe yet. I understand Morrie Cartwright fixed things up, and the engagement is to be formally announced on his return."

"It's a shame," growled the first speaker. "Bascom's all right, but he's old enough to be her father. Wasn't she a dream and a vision to-night!"

"It was one of those legacy engagements, I believe. Dead-father's-wish sort of thing. All right, I suppose, so long as there's no one else. Who was the engineer guy? He seemed to be a reg'lar feller."

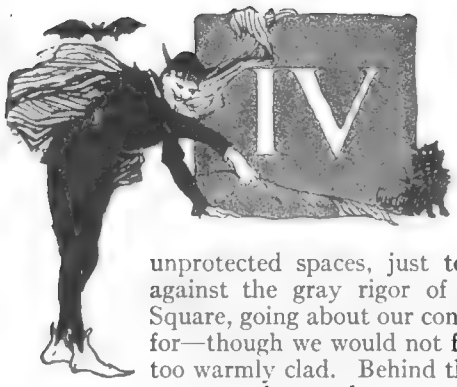
The twain passed on, leaving Cyrus the Gaunt stiff and stricken in his seat. How he got through the next hour he hardly knew. He remembered vaguely a protest from sundry citizens who resented being charged off the cross-walks by a zigzagging juggernaut, a query from the friendly young policeman whether he was off his feed, and the startled face of old man Sittser, who paused to pass the time of night on his way home from the late shift on the linotype and was incontinently cursed for his pains. Full consciousness of the practical world was brought back to Cyrus by the purring of a sleek auto close at hand as he squared away at the corner on his straightaway course. He was just gathering momentum when he caught sight of the Bonnie Lassie's face, white and wistful, soft-eyed and miserable, confronting darkness and vacancy from within the luxurious limousine.

Well, nobody can catch a sixty-horse-power motor-car with a ten-ton steam-roller.

Cyrus, to do him justice, tried his best. They stopped one dollar and forty cents out of his Saturday's envelope for what he and the roller did to the barriers and lanterns. By the time he had swung into the cross-street, trailing wreckage, the Bonnie Lassie was out of sight and out of his world.

THE TWAIN PASSED ON, LEAVING CYRUS THE GAUNT STIFF AND STRICKEN IN HIS SEAT.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



WINTER comes, stern and sharp, like an unpaid landlord, to Our Square, with sleet and gale for its agents of eviction. No longer are the benches blithe with the voice of love or play or gossip. The wind has blown them all away. A few tenacious leaves still cling, withered, brown, and clattering, to the trees, "bare, ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang," and a few hardy stragglers beat across the unprotected spaces, just to maintain, as it were, the human right of way against the gray rigor of the skies. But, for the most part, we of Our Square, going about our concerns, huddle as close as may be to the lee of walls, for—though we would not for the world have it known—many of us are none too warmly clad. Behind the blank opaqueness of the bordering windows one may surmise much want and penury and cold—which we also keep to ourselves. Our Square has its pride. We do not publish our trials.

Perhaps Cyrus the Gaunt knew as much of them as any. For, by imperceptible gradations, he had become the confidant, the judge, the arbiter of our difficulties; and the friend of the shyest, the hardest, and the proudest of us alike. His engine-seat was become a throne, from whence he dispensed every good thing but charity. That word and all that follows in its train he hated. Which shows that he had learned Our Square. After hours he would "drop in" almost secretly, on some friend; and it was a curious coincidence that Cyrus's friends were chosen apparently on the basis of need and distress. He had that rare knack of helping out without involving the aided one in the coils of obligation. There is nothing Our Square wouldn't have done for Cyrus the Gaunt. I believe he could even have been elected alderman.

Winter drove Cyrus from his perch and put a brake on the thunder-wagon before the job was quite finished. There still remained some final repairs which must now wait for the spring, on the side where the Bonnie Lassie's little house stood, bleak and desolate. Not wholly deserted, however, for one brave and happy dancer still stuck to her post in the window, lifting a thrilled face to the sky. Other employment claimed Cyrus the Gaunt, until his iron steed should come out of the stable; a day job on a stationary engine around in Pike Street. Our Square remarked with concern that the indoor employment didn't seem to suit Cyrus the Gaunt. He became gaunter and thinner and more melancholy looking, and more than once he was seen on wild nights when nobody was supposed to be out late, staring at the now quite unembarrassed house with the quaint little door and the broad vestibule. But though the light and cheer that Our Square had seen grow in Cyrus's face in the early days of his job, was graying over, there increased the new understanding and sympathy and determination, in lines that he had put there himself in the building of his new manhood. Thus, only, in this perplexing world, does a man lift himself by his own boot-straps.

Though Cyrus the Gaunt could boast a thousand friends, he had accepted but one intimate. That was MacLachan, the tailor. Every day they lunched on frankfurters and kohlrabi at Schwartz's. Thither Cyrus was wont to have his scanty mail sent from the house where he lodged. One blustery December day the tailor arrived late, to find his friend fingering a pink slip of paper, of suggestive appearance.

"Ye'll have been airnin' a bit ootside?" commented MacLachan. Cyrus flipped the paper over to him. "Save us!" cried the awe-stricken Scot. "It's a thousan' dollars. All in the one piece!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Two months overdue. He didn't have my address, I suppose."

"Ha'e ye been drawin' a lottery?"

"No. It's a bet. Also my release. I'd almost forgotten. My time's up."

"Ye'll not be leavin' us?" said the tailor.

Cyrus avoided his eyes. "I'm through, Mac," he said dully. "It's no use. It's not worth while. Nothing's worth while."

There was a long pause. "Mon," said MacLachan finally, "ha'e ye tho't what this'll mean to Our Square?"

Cyrus the Gaunt thought. Behind the curtain of his impenetrable face there passed a panorama of recent memories; events which had, for the first time in his career, made him one with the fabric of life. Faces appealed to him; hands were outstretched to him confidently for the friendly help that he could give so well; the voices of the children hailed him as a fellow; the baseball team which did most of its practise at noon on the asphalt claimed a corner of his memory; his ears rang with the every-day greetings of his own people, and another panorama, summoned up by the pink slip, faded away. Cyrus folded the check and put it carefully in the pocket of his overalls.

"YE'LL be stayin' here," said MacLachan contentedly, having read his expression.

Cyrus nodded. Then the tailor's dourness fell from him for the moment. He laid a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Laddie," he said, "the little bronze dancer is in the window yet."

Cyrus turned a haggard face to him. "I know," he said.

"Do ye make nothin' o' that?"

"Nothing. You know why—what she went away for."

"I ha'e haird."

"Well, I'm learning to forget."

"The little bronze dancer is in the window yet," repeated the obstinate Scot.

How Cyrus won through that long winter is his own affair. Our Square respects other people's troubles. It asked no questions. Finally winter broke and fled before a southeast wind full of fragrance, and the trees began to whisper important tidings to each other; and a pioneer butterfly of the deepest, most luminous purple-black, with buff edges to its wings, arrived and led the whole juvenile populace such a chase as surely never was since the Pied Piper fluted his seductions long ago; and the benches came out of their long retreat fresh-painted to stand sturdy and stiff in their old places; and so did Cyrus's thunder-wagon, whereon he perched nightly once more, and was even more than before the taciturn, humorous, kindly, secret, friendly adviser to all and sundry.

Then, one crisp March evening he became aware of a strong, bent, feminine figure beckoning him from the curbstone. Clanging to a halt, he heard a voice, unforgettable through its tinge of foreign accent, say: "How do you do? I have been seeing your face all through my travels." Cyrus took off his working cap and shook hands. "So I have come back to look at it. It's thin. Would you like to be painted?"

"I don't think so, thank you. I've been sculped within an inch of my life."

"So I have understood," said the Very Great Woman with a smile not devoid of sympathy. "You are not done with it yet. She is coming."

The face of Cyrus the Gaunt lighted marvelously. "Coming back to Our Square?" he cried. Then the light faded. "But——"

"But me no buts. She is coming. I did it. I found that she had never finished you. So I told her that if she did not come back and finish, I would take

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the bust away from her and finish it myself. And, oh, I am as bad a sculptor as I am a good painter—almost!" Her laughter rang in the chill air. "So she comes. And I have traveled all the way to this impossible spot to play traitor. The question is: Are you a man? You look it, at last!"

"The question is— Will you answer me one?"

"No! No! No! No! No! Put your questions where they belong. Farewell, my Phaethon of the Slums."

The world was mad with the wine of the wind the night the Bonnie Lassie came back to Our Square. All our trees waved their lean arms in welcome and sent down little buds as messengers of joy over her return. Of living welcomers there was none, for the gale had swept all humans before it, except the new young policeman, and he didn't know her. That must have cost her a pang. Unnoticed she crept into the little, old, quaint, friendly house, and its doors closed behind her like the reassurance of a friendly arm. She set herself in the dark window where the blithe dancer still tripped it, faithful and lonely, and waited for Cyrus the Gaunt. But when she saw his face, the Bonnie Lassie didn't sculp. She cried.

Cyrus mounted to his seat and pulled the lever over. The engine was running badly that night, and the wind almost blew him from his perch. Aside from the improbability that the little sculptor would brave such weather, the charioteer was presently so immersed in his own immediate concerns that he all but forgot the prospective visit. When he had brought his charge to its senses and reduced it to some control, he was interrupted by the plight of a belated push-cart woman, who was dragging anchor and drifting fast to leeward under the furious impulsion of the nor'easter. Cyrus had just dragged her almost from under his ponderous wheels, when a beam flashed in his eyes, and he looked up to see a truck close upon them. His yell split the darkness. The truck-driver, with a mighty wrench, swung his vehicle sharp to the left, and up on the sidewalk.

The uptilted lights shone full into the lower window of the little, old, friendly house. Pressed against that window Cyrus saw the apparition of a tear-softened, desolate visage. Reason, prudence, and propriety deserted their posts in his brain simultaneously. A dozen long-legged leaps carried him as far as the vestibule of the little house. There his knees basely weakened. Perhaps her heart divined his step and sent her forth to meet him; or perhaps it was his old ally, Chance, that brought her into the vestibule as he stood there shaking.

"Oh!" she cried, and shrank back into a corner, with a deprecatory movement which to him was infinitely pathetic.

"I'm sorry," said Cyrus. "I saw your face and thought you were in trouble. If—if you wanted me to sit for you again," he said composedly, "I should be very glad to, until you've finished your sketch."

"Oh, no. I couldn't ask you. I couldn't think of—after—what—what—" her voice waned into silence.

"Don't feel that way at all," he encouraged her with resolved cheerfulness. "I can be a model and nothing more, again, I assure you."

Her upturned eyes implored him. "Don't be cruel," she said.

"Cruel?" he repeated wonderingly. "Not at all. I'll be polite. It isn't too late to offer my best wishes. Though I'm not sure I know the name."

"What name?"

"Your—your married name."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Then you don't know?" she gasped.

The brain of Cyrus the Gaunt suddenly went numb. "I know you went away from us to get married."

"I did," she quavered. "But I couldn't. I—I—I tried to make myself go through with it. I couldn't. No woman could when—when—" Her voice trembled into silence.

A boisterous back-draft of the tempest thrust its way through the door and puffed out the little vestibule light. With a sense of irreparable loss impending he felt, rather than heard, her moving from him into the blackness of the outer world. Yet his mind seemed clogged and chained as he strove to grasp the meaning of what she had said—or was it what she had left unsaid? And in a moment she would be gone forever.

Suddenly—miracle of miracles!—he felt those soft, strong hands on his arm, and heard her sobbing appeal: "Oh, Cyrus! Aren't you *ever* going to smile at me inside again?" His arms went out. The Bonnie Lassie's hands slipped up to his shoulder. The flower-face pressed, close and cold and sweet, against his.

"Love of my heart!" he cried, "I'll never do anything else all my life long."

"OH, CYRUS! AREN'T YOU *EVER* GOING TO SMILE AT ME INSIDE AGAIN?"

SUMMER is tyrant in Our Square now. The leaves droop, flaccid and dusty, on the trees, and the sun gives a shrewish welcome to the faithful who still cling to the benches. Gone is Cyrus's chariot of flame and thunder. The work is done. Gone too is Cyrus, and with him the Bonnie Lassie, after a wedding duly set forth with much pomp and splendor in the public prints. Among those present was Our Square.

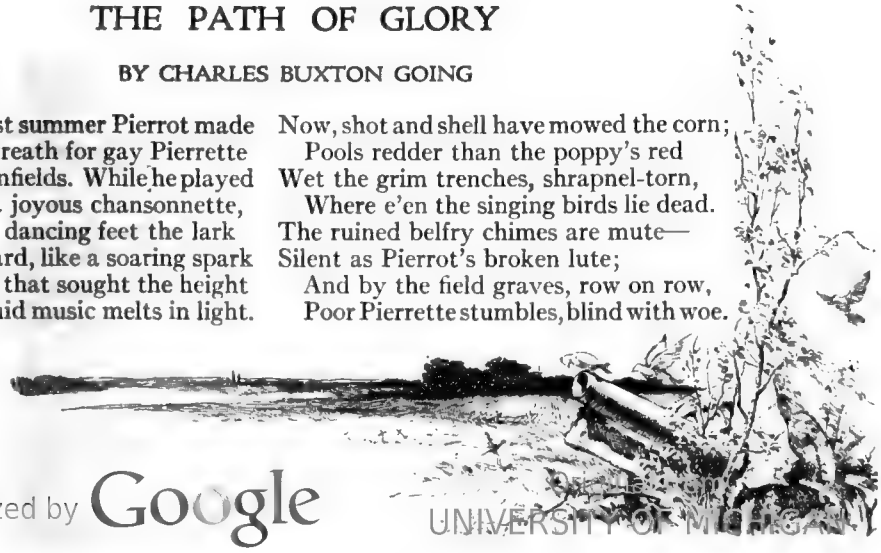
So now the little, quaint, old, friendly house stands vacant, with eager sunbeams darting about it in search of entry. Vacant but not cheerless, for behind the panes, where the Bonnie Lassie once pressed her sorrowful face, troop the elfin company of her dream-children, the dancing figurines. Cyrus the Gaunt would have it so. He deeded her the house as a wedding-gift, that the happy dancers might remain with us lonely and unforgetting folk. They are the promise that one day Our Bonnie Lassie will come back to Our Square.

THE PATH OF GLORY

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

'Twas but last summer Pierrot made
A poppy wreath for gay Pierrette
Amid the cornfields. While he played
She sang a joyous chansonnette,
And at their dancing feet the lark
Leaped upward, like a soaring spark
Of melody that sought the height
Where liquid music melts in light.

Now, shot and shell have mowed the corn;
Pools redder than the poppy's red
Wet the grim trenches, shrapnel-torn,
Where e'en the singing birds lie dead.
The ruined belfry chimes are mute—
Silent as Pierrot's broken lute;
And by the field graves, row on row,
Poor Pierrette stumbles, blind with woe.



Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

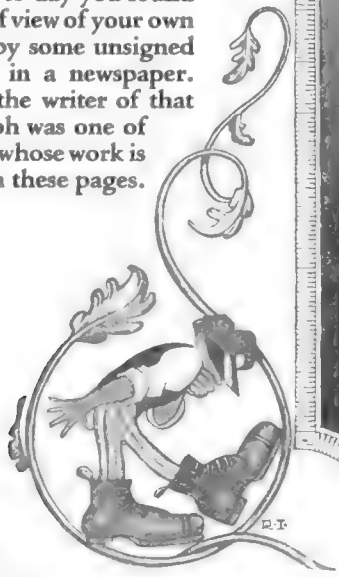
SEVEN SUPER-PENS

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
EDITOR OF THE EMPORIA (KANSAS) *GAZETTE*

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S great passion is folks. He looks out on the world from kind, twinkly eyes, and the manifold weaknesses and inconsistencies of its inhabitants only make him love them the more. And so in everything he writes, whether it be the obituary of the town drunkard or an editorial setting forth the qualifications of his choice for governor, is reflected a marvelous understanding and appreciation of the genus man. He sits in the *Gazette* office every day he is at home typing editorials, and the town drops in on its way to the post-office and pours its joys and sorrows into his ever-receptive ear. Mr. White is a native Kansan. He was born in Emporia in 1868, the son of a doctor. He received his education in the public schools and in the University of Kansas. He learned the newspaper business in the office of the El Dorado *Republican*. Several years of brilliant work on the Kansas City *Star*, and then he borrowed money and bought the *Gazette*. That was about twenty years ago. A few years later a political editorial by Mr. White—"What's the Matter With Kansas?"—attracted national attention. Its author has held that attention ever since, for in everything he writes there is the insight and authority of a keen intellect, expressed in the style of a master of prose. As much time as he can snatch from his paper and politics, Mr. White devotes to magazine stories and novels. The former are done in the den of Red Rocks, his home on Exchange Street. But to compose his novels, he flees far from the madding crowd to a camp in Colorado, where no politician pursueth.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THOUGH his paper may be often quoted, the name of the editorial writer is seldom heard in discussions of public affairs. Yet the man who gives the voice to the American daily newspaper exerts an influence which even he can not begin to reckon. Perhaps to-day you found a point of view of your own shifted by some unsigned editorial in a newspaper. Maybe the writer of that paragraph was one of the men whose work is told of in these pages.



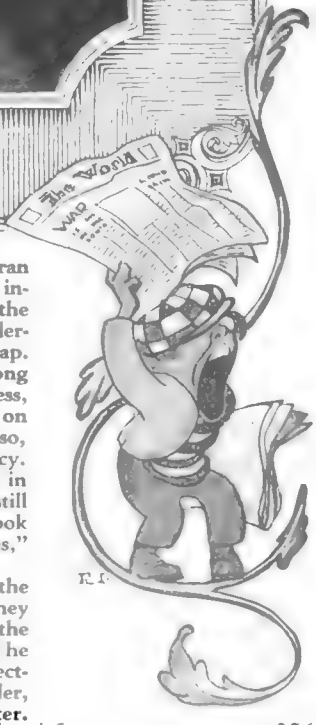
CLARK HOWELL, publisher and editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, is a warning to those cubs who turn down editorships deliberately in order to crowd around the bottom of the journalistic ladder. For all we know, Howell may have been willing enough to begin at the bottom; but Fate prevented. His father was president and editor-in-chief of the *Constitution*. Young Clark trod about in his father's slippers from 1884, when he was twenty-one, until he stepped right into the brogans in 1897. At twenty-two he was night editor; at twenty-three he took a fly at politics as a member of the State Legislature; from twenty-seven to thirty-three he was a member and president of the Georgia Senate; at twenty-six he took over the title of managing editor of the *Constitution;* and at thirty-four he was editor-in-chief.

Howell got his special newspaper education under Henry W. Grady, when Grady was managing editor of the *Constitution*. If the track to a great editorship appears to have been a greased one for Howell, that isn't saying that he is not a big-caliber editor. He is! You and I know that when big affairs are occupying the public attention, somehow or other a reference is always made to what the Atlanta *Constitution* has to say about it. By many the *Constitution* is considered to be the South's greatest newspaper. Whether it is or not, this much is certain—that it reflects very accurately the big characteristics of its editor-in-chief broad vision, straight thinking, and hard hitting. Howell is fifty-two years old.

CLARK HOWELL
EDITOR OF
THE ATLANTA
CONSTITUTION

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FRANK COBB
CHIEF EDITORIAL WRITER OF THE NEW YORK *WORLD*.



WHEN Joseph Pulitzer, that blind, eccentric, restless genius who ran the New York *World*, wanted an editorial writer, he had his innumerable secretaries read the interior newspapers and find the man by his works. The last time he did this, Frank Cobb, leader-writer of the Detroit *Free Press*, led the field by a wide gap. Many of Pulitzer's candidates failed to "stick"; for getting along with that genius, whose eccentricity was exaggerated by blindness, amounted to an art. Cobb developed that art. He knew how to yield on unimportant points, and just where to put his foot down hard. In a year or so, he was indispensable to the *World*, and now he is sole guide of its editorial policy. Cobb began as a six-dollar-a-week reporter, became a political correspondent in Michigan, and was graduated to the editorial desk. His working method still savors of reporting. He believes that the editorial writer who gets his outlook on life from books and newspapers alone goes stale on the job. So he "mixes," getting information and views from all kinds of men.

Cobb resembles more than any other American the "leader-writers" of the London dailies—and as much as we excel the British in news, so much do they excel us in editorials. Cobb has the same sanity, the same sound method, the same quiet brilliance. Above all, he is sincere, believing in the attitude which he embodies in his editorials—liberalism which leads toward radicalism made effective by common sense. In the opinion of the present anonymous chronicler, Frank Cobb has more real influence than any other American editorial writer.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ARTHUR
BRISBANE
EDITOR OF THE
NEW YORK
EVENING JOURNAL

IT IS not improbable that something like four million sturdy middle-class Americans, including hundreds of writers, believe that Arthur Brisbane is the champion editorial writer of the world. For Brisbane has clarity, brevity, and euphony domesticated so they'll eat out of his hand. He can take the most complex material and translate it into a kindergarten epic. If he wanted to "put over" a dissertation on hygiene and dietetics, he would entitle it, "Pity Poor Moses—He Had No Ice-Box."

Brisbane was born in Buffalo, New York fifty-one years ago. He attended the public schools and accumulated an extra five years of education in France and Germany. In 1882 he got a job as reporter on the New York *Sun*. He became London correspondent of the *Sun*, and finally editor of the *Evening Sun*. In 1890 he went over to the New York *World*, as managing editor. In 1897 Brisbane quarreled with the Pulitzer paper. At that time Hearst's *Evening Journal* needed a doctor; Brisbane had an idea—evening daily yellow journalism. "Give me five thousand a year and a dollar a week for every thousand I add to your circulation," he said. Hearst took him up. His salary for the first year was $70,000. And Park Row has it that there followed a ten-year contract at $900 a week, $500 paid and $400 to pile up for ten years, the pile to be paid if Brisbane stayed; that he stayed and collected $208,000 in one chunk. It is also Park Row rumor that Brisbane's present salary is $2000 a week.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ROBERT F. PAINE
CHIEF EDITORIAL WRITER OF THE N. E. A.

'MOST any time during the past thirty-five years, when E. W. Scripps, the newspaper publisher, wanted something done requiring loyalty to orders and superb gall, he got out in the middle of the lot, swung his hat, and yelled, "Where's Bob?" Then there issued from behind some desk in the Scripps concern Robert F. Paine, who took up the hod, carried the bricks and mortar, and wielded the trowel in building according to Scripps specifications. Paine broke into journalism in 1878, when he was just out of college, because just then there did not seem to be anything else easily broken into. He had been schooled by his mother for the ministry, and by his father for law. Personally he wanted to be a doctor. His entry into journalism saved the family ambitions from serious complications. In 1879 he got a real job on the Cleveland *Press*. Four years later he was its editor. Besides guiding the destinies of the Cleveland *Press* for twenty years, Paine was the editorial engineer in charge of laying the foundations of the United Press Association and the Newspaper Enterprise Association. The past few years, Paine has been chief editorial writer of the Newspaper Enterprise Association. His daily audience is well over five million. The characteristics of his writings have always been force, pungency, and homeliness. He puts his ideas in plain words for plain people, conscientiously avoiding anything like scholarly presentation, and, sometimes, anything like grammar or rhetoric. Paine is everlastingly for what he calls "the under dog."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FREMONT OLDER
EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO *BULLETIN*

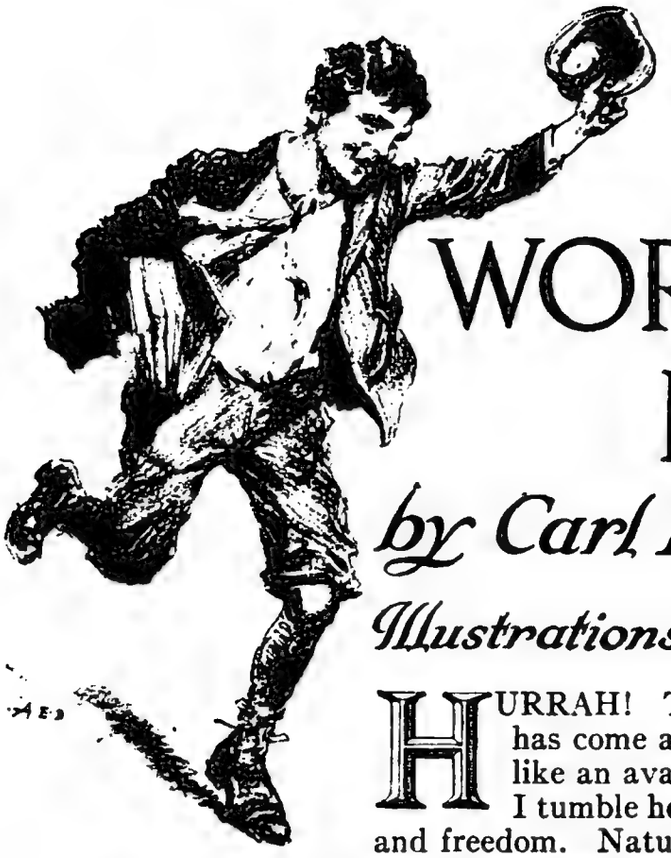
DURING the tempestuous years of the San Francisco graft prosecution, the name of Fremont Older was at once a terror to grafters and a promise of better things to those who were making the fight for civic decency. Older's paper was constantly in the forefront of the struggle. The rugged honesty, the ability to hang on and fight against odds which at times seemed overwhelming—the whole spirit displayed daily by Older and his paper during that particular fight came from a seasoning dating back to boyhood. Older was born in the woods of northern Wisconsin in 1856. His father left for the war in 1861, and was killed. Older went to public school and worked during his vacations to support his mother. At thirteen, he was a devil in a Wisconsin country weekly. There he learned the printer's trade. He stuck to it until he was twenty-three, when he became the editor of a weekly in California. He has been reporter, legislative correspondent, editorial writer, dramatic critic, city editor, and managing editor. Older's tendency to keep his eyes fixed on the main issue when standing for a principle, his knack of straightforward expression, and his fundamental honesty of purpose, account for his influence. He has never hesitated to change his ground when conviction led him to shift his view-point. The files of his paper show that he believes there are other virtues more important than consistency. He has been editor of the *Bulletin* for twenty years. At fifty-nine he is as fearless, as aggressive, and as powerful as ever.

Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FRANK P. GLASS
EDITOR OF THE
BIRMINGHAM *NEWS*

IF, ONE of these evenings, just to make a little personal study of the political line-up for 1916, you draw up a list of out-and-out Woodrow Wilson Democrats, you may as well jot down first the name of Frank P. Glass. In the lively campaign months to come, what Glass has to say about things political will have a lot to do with what goes on south of the Mason and Dixon line. Though fundamentally a man of peace, at several times during his career he has demonstrated the effectiveness of the fist. Maybe that is why he is widely known as "the fighting editor." His newspaper experience began when he founded the *Bibb Blade* in 1880. He ran the press, set the type, and addressed the wrappers in addition to his editorial duties. After two years, he sold this paper and bought the Selma (Alabama) *Times*, and removed to that city. Next, he bought a half-interest in the Montgomery *Advertiser*. Presently the paper began to experience hard times because of Glass's fight for his political ideals, and more than once the sheriff stood across the street awaiting his chance to close it down. Glass won out, and only recently sold his interest in the *Advertiser*. When you read one of Glass's editorials, your first—and last—impression is that it is written because Mr. Glass had something to say. Editor Glass does not know the rudiments of beating about the bush. His style is simple, rugged, and direct. His fearlessness has made him some powerful enemies—and friends.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



WORKING IN BOYTIME

by Carl I. Henrikson

Illustrations by Arthur E. Becher

HURRAH! The long-awaited summer vacation has come at last. The long carnival of play, like an avalanche, sweeps me off my feet, and I tumble headlong into a whirlpool of laughter and freedom. Nature jerks me back to her bosom and kindles my soul with a mad, reckless desire to live the life of a boy.

The last day of school is over. With my books under my arm I run all the way home. Mother looks at me in astonishment as I rush past her into the house, throw my books into a corner, throw my coat after them, and then drink a dipperful of lukewarm water out of the kitchen water-pail.

"School is over," I say, panting for breath, and then rush out into the back yard like a wild Indian.

I turn somersaults and handsprings. I sail my hat into the top of our apple-tree and nearly break my neck getting it down. I am here, there, everywhere. I dance and shout. When finally every vestige of school atmosphere has been shaken off, I throw myself down on the grass in the shade of our woodshed, and, surrounded by all the good angels of childhood, I take the first degree in the Ancient Perennial Order of the Happy Kid.

Monday morning comes, the first real day of vacation. I am up bright and early, before any one else. At half-past eight I listen for the first bell; but there is none. At nine o'clock I listen again; but the bell is silent. Vacation is indeed a fact.

BEAUTIFUL visions rise before me. Exquisite structures made of old boxes, pieces of board and lath, veritable palaces for my family of rabbits, rise in my mind, and fire my ambitious hands with the tingle of enterprise. All day long I hammer and saw, nail boards together and then tear them apart, while my rabbits push their noses through the bars of their cage, impatient at the delay. Slivers, scratches, bumps, and blows conspire to overthrow me, but I am invincible. Even after supper, after father goes out on the porch to smoke, I return to my labors.

I am busy making hinges out of an old shoe when father calls me. He tells me to sit down on the porch beside him, and he seems very serious.

"Tom," he says, "how would you like to—like to earn some money?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?" ASKS MR. BARKER.

Money? I am not enthusiastic. I hadn't thought of money. I have an iron bank nearly full of all kinds of money. When mother sends me to the grocery to buy anything, I never use money; I always say, "Charge it." As far as I can see, there is no crying need for money; so I answer: "Do I need money?" and then falteringly, as the truth flashes through my mind, "Would I have to go to work?"

"Yes," father says, "work like a man; sweep out a store; learn something."

I am dazed at first, but I soon recover. The manliness in father's tones finds a quick response in me, and I sit more erect and shove my hands into my pockets. Instantly I see visions of money stacked away up to the ceiling, and I can feel my pockets stuffed with marbles and candy.

Father puffs and pulls at his pipe. Occasionally he says something, but in the distant roar of tumbling air-castles I can hardly hear him. He tells me over and over again that I will like Mr. Barker, that Mr. Barker is a nice man to work for. I try to enthuse over the angelic qualities of Mr. Barker, but they create at most only a ripple on the great tidal wave that on the morrow will throw me headlong into the maelstrom of toil. As far as I am concerned, I would just as gladly work at Smith's or Solar's.

When all has been said, I slip down from the porch and walk slowly, like a man, to the back yard, where a riot of boards and boxes, tools, and unfinished architectural creations awaits me. My rabbits rush eagerly toward me and push their noses out between the bars. I stoop down and gaze on them with an awful yearning in my breast. I open their door, reach in, and pet them fondly. "I'll finish your house some other day," I tell them consolingly; "this one will do for a while."

With heavy footsteps I walk back into the house. Mother is nowhere to be found. It has grown very dark, and a feeling that I need her now above all things takes possession of me.

I find her sitting in the darkest corner of the parlor. She reaches out, clasps my wrist, and draws me toward her. There is a handkerchief in her lap, and I know that she has been crying, for she always sits in that corner when she feels bad. She squeezes my hand, but she doesn't say a word. Poor mother! She has so much work looking after father and me, and gets so tired. But I'm going to be a man now and earn lots of money and buy her nice things and make her happy and proud of me.

"Mother," I say in a tone so low it hardly breaks the silence, "did you know I'm going to work to-morrow?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I lie awake a long time that night. I watch mother through the open doorway mending the clothes that I am to wear at Barker's. The lamplight is dim, but I can see tears glistening in her eyes. Visions of brooms for sweeping out stores, and rabbits, and money, and Mr. Barker chase each other past me in reckless confusion until I finally fall asleep.

The next morning father wakes me early. We eat our breakfast in silence. Mother's eyes are red. She shows me a big bunch of cabbage-leaves that my rabbits are going to have for their breakfast, and says she will give them some lettuce later on. With my lunch wrapped up in a newspaper I start out with father. Mother kisses me good-by and pats me on the shoulder. She slips some cookies into my pocket, too, but I don't discover them until later. She stands at the gate and watches us until we turn the corner.

WE ARRIVE in due time at a dingy little office, with a vacant lot on either side of it. A great big sign bearing the cabalistic word "LUMBER" rests heavily on it and threatens to crush it to earth. Father opens the door quite boldly, pushes me in gently ahead of him, and says, "Good morning, Mr. Barker," to an old gentleman sitting at a desk. Mr. Barker rises, shakes hands with both of us, and, surveying me with a proprietary air, says:

"So this is Tommy Torrison, is it? Quite a boy. Quite a boy." Then he quickly adds: "So you'd like to come to work, would you?"

Although I am very shy, I feel for a moment that here is the opportunity to get on record with my true sentiments; but when I look up at father, I instinctively absorb from him the only possible answer to make, and I say bravely, "Yes, sir."

The tears well up in my eyes when father bids me good-by, and when he has gone I feel that I am the loneliest mortal in all the world.

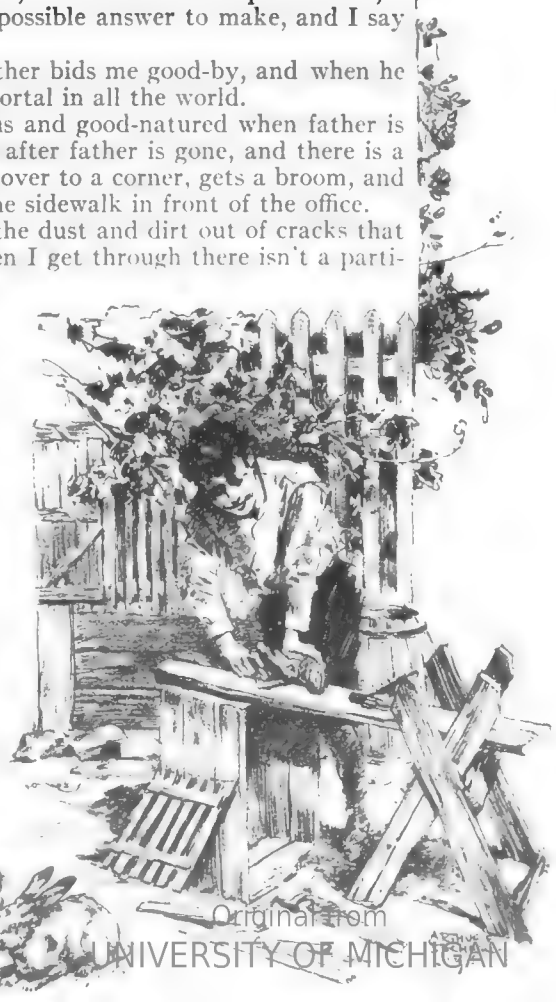
Although Mr. Barker is very solicitous and good-natured when father is there, he becomes very serious and cold after father is gone, and there is a world of distance between us. He steps over to a corner, gets a broom, and hands it to me. He tells me to sweep the sidewalk in front of the office.

I tackle the job with vigor. I sweep the dust and dirt out of cracks that have been stopped up for months. When I get through there isn't a particle of dust in front of Barker's, nor on the walks adjoining. I have a confused idea that I must sweep until he tells me to stop; so, after I have completed the job, I go over it lightly again. Finally Mr. Barker calls me and says: "That's good enough;" and in my mind's eye I can see the pleased expression on father's face as Mr. Barker tells him I am a good sweeper.

"Can you copy letters?" asks Mr. Barker after a while, so busy with some papers that he hasn't time to look up.

I believe I can and I tell him so. He hands me a letter and a great big copy-book. As he does so, one of the teamsters comes to the door and calls Mr. Barker away, and I am left alone in the office.

Of course I can copy letters. I climb



BEAUTIFUL VISIONS RISE BEFORE ME: PALACES FOR MY FAMILY OF RABBITS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I MERELY HOLD UP MY HAND WITH FOUR FINGERS OUTSPREAD AND CONTINUE MY CHAT WITH THE DRIVER.

up on a high chair, open the copy-book, and spread the letter out before me. I notice that whoever copied the letters in that book before my time did not do a very good job, for the ink is blurred all over it. With a huge pen, with nibs spread apart, but the best one I can find, I proceed to copy the letter.

The leaves are of tissue, and they are so thin my pen catches in the fibers repeatedly. I realize that I have a hard job ahead of me, and I wonder how father ever learned that Mr. Barker needed a boy. Why didn't Mr. Barker have his own boy do this work for him?

But I finally finish the job, and, remembering my mother's caution to do everything right, I proceed to compare the copy with the original to see if there are any mistakes. I fancy I see some mistakes in the original, but I see none in the copy. I now fully realize with a great sense of responsibility the confidence that Mr. Barker is reposing in me to leave me alone in his office and let me read his letters and copy them.

I am swinging around on my high stool, admiring the work I have done and wondering if it will please Mr. Barker, when the telephone-bell rings. Never in my life have I answered a telephone or used one in any way. I do know that the receiver must be placed to the ear, so I go boldly at it, fully expecting to receive a terrible charge of electricity the moment I touch it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"HOW MANY RABBITS HAVE YOU GOT?" THE WINTHROP BOYS SHOUT AT ME.

There is a high-pitched, snappy, snarly voice in the 'phone, saying, "Hello! Hello!" repeatedly. I fear there is some woman in distress. She begins to say: "Who is this? Who is this?" I haven't the slightest idea who it is, and before she gives me time to guess, she begins asking: "Who are you? Who are you?" I give her my name, but she doesn't seem to understand. "Is this the lumber office? Is this the lumber office?" she calls excitedly. I answer in the affirmative.

Then she continues: "This is Mrs. Winthrop. Will you please send over two bundles of lath? My boys are building a new rabbit-house, and I must have the lath right away. Will you see that I get them right away, Mr. Barker? Is this Mr. Barker? Who is this?"

I give her my name again, but it does not seem to satisfy. Finally in desperation I say: "I'm the bookkeeper."

"Well, see that I get the lath right away," is her parting command.

I keep the receiver at my ear for a moment longer until I begin to hear all sorts of clicks and buzzes, and then I carefully hang it up. I am so excited I don't know what to do. I run out of the office to get Mr. Barker, but he is nowhere to be found, and all the while Mrs. Winthrop is waiting for the lath. I run into one of the sheds where moldings, shingles, and lath are piled up to the ceiling. Then I rush out again and ask an innocent passer-by if he has seen Mr. Barker.

"Who's Mr. Barker?" he snarls back at me with a look of contempt.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"He's my boss," I answer quickly, and then run around to the other side of the building. And all this while Mrs. Winthrop is waiting for her lath.

I run around here and there and begin to think that Mr. Barker has died or got killed or sold out his business, when I finally find myself back in the shed with the shingles and the lath. And all the while Mrs. Winthrop is waiting, anxiously waiting. I see there is only one thing to do, and that is to deliver the lath myself. I balance a bundle on its end, grab it around the middle with both arms, and then lift it up off the floor. It is fearfully heavy. I stagger forward and backward a few steps, endeavoring to keep my feet and balance the load, when I stumble on another bundle lying on the floor back of me, and down I go with the lath on top of me.

I am all out of breath, but business is business and duty is duty. I see the end of a rope protruding from a pile of moldings in the corner, and it gives me an idea. I will tie the rope around the ends of the bundles and drag them on to victory. I reach for the rope and start to pull it when four or five innocent-looking pillars piled up near the wall start rolling and disturbing things generally. But I tie a noose around each bundle, and, winding the rope around my neck and shoulders, I become a regular pony and start out, dragging the double load after me.

Oh, such lath! Innocent-looking sticks they appear to be, but when tied into bundles they are heavy as lead. Yet I drag them for half a block without a breakdown.

A big boy comes along and frightens me by saying: "Where did you steal those lath?"

I catch my breath after a bit and reply: "I didn't steal them; I'm working." And the Lord knows I am telling the truth.

I proceed with the tug-of-war a few steps farther, when Mr. Barker himself steps up to me and puts his hand on my shoulder. "What in the world are you trying to do? Who's looking after the office? Where are you going with these lath?" he asks in quick succession.

STIFLING the tears that are ready to humiliate me, I briefly recount to Mr. Barker the events of the past ten minutes, and then sit down on the curb in a state of collapse.

Fortunately one of Mr. Barker's teams comes along. He hails it and instructs the driver to haul the two bundles of lath to Winthrops'.

"You'd better go along and show Joe where the Winthrops live," says Mr. Barker, smiling, and I climb up into the seat and off we go.

The Winthrop boys spy us two blocks away and come running to meet us. They hitch on behind while I sit proudly in the seat with the driver. "How many rabbits have you got?" they shout at me. I do not turn around. I merely hold up my hand with four fingers outspread and continue my chat with the driver. Something pulls at my heart when I see the crowd of boys that are waiting for us so they can commence work on the rabbit-house; but I bite my lip and try to feel the importance of my new job.

Mr. Barker sends me to the post-office several times during the day, and I run other errands for him. I meet some of my schoolmates, who gaze on me with a sort of awe when I tell them I am working at Barker's.

But in the afternoon I become homesick. Mr. Barker goes off on an errand, and leaves the office in my charge. The only instructions he gives me are to say that Mr. Barker will be back at three-thirty.

The day is warm, and I sit back of the high desk and gaze out of the two dirt-begrimed windows. Whenever I hear some one pass the door, I think

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of what I must say: Mr. Barker will be back at three-thirty. I have forgotten how mother looks, it is so long since I have seen her. And I wonder how my rabbits are getting along.

A great big bluebottle buzzes intermittently near the ceiling. I make several attempts to capture him, but he is an artful dodger and too quick for me. I watch him crawl up the window and then down again. He flies over to the screen-door and crawls all over it. Then he comes back to the window and bumps his head against it. The truth finally flashes over me: he is trying to get out. He has been trapped in a little dingy, dirty office, while the great outside, teasing him, coaxing him with a thousand allurements, is his rightful domain. I lower the top window a trifle, and with the aid of my broom I chase him over it. With a graceful sweep and a loud buzz he soars through the crevice and is gone.

Promptly at three-thirty Mr. Barker returns, and for the next hour he coaches me on letter-filing. I decide that if I have time in the morning, I will take all the letters out again, shuffle them, and refile them; but when I announce my plan to Mr. Barker he says: "No, that would never do."

The sun is slowly sinking in the west. The whistles announcing the closing hour of the shops and factories have all blown, and I begin to wonder if Mr. Barker expects me to work evenings too. He is standing over his waste-basket sharpening a lead-pencil and musing silently, when I step up to him, and hesitatingly ask: "Am I doing all right?"

IN THE AFTERNOON I BECOME HOMESICK I HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW MY MOTHER LOOKS, IT IS SO LONG SINCE I HAVE SEEN HER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Fine, fine," he answers; "you'll do first-rate." Then he looks about the room and adds: "I guess you can go now."

Ah, now I know how the bluebottle felt when I opened the window for him. I put on my hat, and, choking down a scream of joy, I sing out a cheerful "Good night," and march out of the office like a soldier.

I walk a few steps and then I start to run, but at the first corner I stop. There is something I have forgotten. I have worked all day, and for what? I must go back and see Mr. Barker at once.

When I enter the office he looks up at me in astonishment. I twirl my hat in my hand before me. I have just about concluded not to ask him the question that bothers me, when he relieves the strain by saying:

"You ain't going to quit me, are you?"

"No," I answer, "but when is pay-day?"

"Saturday"—and before he can say another word, I am off again.

On my return I find father and mother at supper, and a generous portion of cup-custard—my favorite dish—lies quivering on my plate. I swallow it down in great gulps. I inquire about my rabbits as though I had not seen them for years. I excitedly relate how I took an order over the telephone, that I copied a letter, that filing letters is easy, and pay-day is Saturday.

Soon after supper, mother insists that I am tired and that I must go to bed early. I don't agree with her, but she plies me with so many questions, and I answer them with so much enthusiasm, that the first thing I know she has me undressed and in bed. She hovers about, smooths out my clothes, and tells me all the happenings of the day, until I finally give up to the sleep that comes to the weary son of toil.

Yes, there is a day's wages awaiting me at Barker's; but there are playthings that are waiting, too. And the rust and the dust that creep over the toys that are doomed to exile creeps farther on until the fountain of youth has been poisoned and the springs of life have been clogged. For when the Lord grows weary of his angels, He does not close His eyes and ask for rest, but turns to the spirit on His right hand and says:

"Let Me see little children at play."

MOTHER INSISTS THAT I AM TIRED, AND THAT I MUST GO TO BED EARLY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

POSTSCRIPT.
FIVE O'CLOCK A. M.
THE REJOICINGS IN WASHINGTON
A SERENADE TO THE PRESIDENT
CHEERS FOR OUR HEROIC ARMIES
THE PRESIDENT CALLED FOR A SPEECH
He Responds in a Stirring Address.
Speeches by Secretary Stanton, Gen. Halleck, Secretary Seward, and Others.
CRUSHING REBELLIO
Battle Ever Fou
Is Continent.
KNOW NO SUCH WORD AS FAI
Rebel Army o
Admirable Maneuvering.
Recaptured and Bro
to This Port.
CAMERON KILLED.
THE GREAT VICTORY.
The Rebel Army Totally Defeated.
ITS REMAINS DRIVEN INTO THE MOUNTAINS.
It is There Surrounded and Hemmed in.
Its Retreat Across the Potomac River Cut Off.
TWENTY THOUSAND PRISONERS CAPTURED
One Hundred and Eighteen Guns Taken.
The Rebel General Longstreet Killed
DETAILS OF THE THREE DAYS' FIGHTING.
The Most Terrific Combat on Record
STILL THE UNION ARMY STAND FIRM.
The Rebels Pause—Waver—Break and Scatter.
A great and Glorious Victory for the Potomac Army.
Official Dispatches.
FIRST DISPATCH

YESTERDAY

LETTERS sent by patriotic men and women to the editors of EVERYBODY'S in response to the series of articles on Preparedness indicate impressively that stanchest among those who are standing for a military policy that will mean real security for this country are those whose recollection reaches back to the days of the Civil War. Fifty-two years ago the message and despatch reprinted in the following pages were being read at New York breakfast-tables. Perhaps the old files of our newspapers contain the strongest indictment of the indolence and smugness that have left us to-day in a state of unreadiness to fight for our institutions should that necessity come.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE COUNTRY!

THE President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac up to 10 P. M. of the 3rd is such as to cover that army with the highest honor—to promise a great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen, and that for this, he especially desires that on this day, He whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and reverenced with the profoundest gratitude.

July 4, 1863. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

COMPARE THESE HEADLINES FROM THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE SIXTIES, REPORTING BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR, WITH TO-DAY'S HEADLINES ABOUT THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE DRAFT.
The Riot in the Ninth Congressional District.
Headquarters of the Provost-Marshal Burned.
The Draft Slips Destroyed.
SEVERAL OTHER BUILDINGS FIRED.
Telegraph Wires Cut and Fire Bells Not Allowed to Ring.
Firemen Obstructed in their Duty.
Pavements and Railroad Tracks Torn Up.
Police Superintendent Kennedy and Several Policemen Badly Injured.
SOLDIERS MOBBED.
PRIVATE HOUSES SACKED.
New-York Daily Tri
A GREAT BATTLE FOUGHT.
THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.
More Glorious News.
Gen. Pemberton Begs for Conditions.
LEE'S ARMY OVERTAKEN
Great Fight on the Banks of the Potomac.
ANOTHER DEFEAT AND ROUT.
Desperate Effort to Cross the River with his Shattered Army.
The Utter Demolition of his Army Almost Certain.
HE IS ATTACKED ON ALL SIDES.
THE HOWLING DEVILS SPITTED.

ALL OF THE HEADINGS REPRODUCED HERE—REPORTING NORTHERN VICTORIES AND DRAFT RIOTS—APPEARED WITHIN TWO WEEKS.

THE GREAT VICTORY ON FRIDAY

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. *Tribune.*
Westminster, Md., *via* Baltimore.
Saturday, July 4, 1863.

YESTERDAY, the third day's struggle of the Army of the Potomac, brought another triumph to our army, and last night another sun set over a victorious but bloody-fought battlefield. The flower of the Southern army threw itself in one gigantic death-struggle upon our army, its generals swearing to pierce our center or go down before the valor of our troops. The onset was fierce and bloody, and cost us many brave men, but the repulse of the invaders was complete, and thousands of slaughtered Rebels lay strewn along the ground, while thousands fell into our hands as prisoners. Many battle flags have been taken. Four thousand Rebels captured yesterday are on their way to Baltimore, and several thousand are in camp guarded by our men.

Gen. Meade has now the admiration of the whole army. His daring acts and military strategy in placing in position his victorious army increase confidence in his generalship. He has fought as no one ever fought the Potomac Army before.

Among our wounded yesterday were Gen. Gibbon and Gen. Webb.

Gen. Cauldwell, Gen. Hancock, and Gen. Doubleday were seriously wounded, besides other officers in great numbers. Several members of Gen. Meade's staff were wounded, so close was the encounter. Many Rebel Generals have also fallen. Gen. Hancock estimates the number of Rebel prisoners taken at 12,000.

The following details of the battle were taken by your correspondent from Gen. Hancock, who commanded the Second Corps during the fight till evening, when a Rebel bullet compelled him to fall to the rear.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

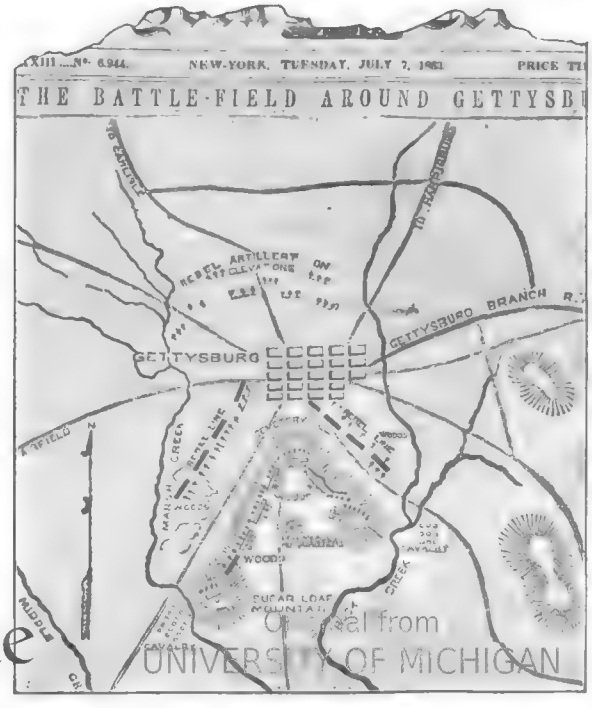
As the firing ceased on Thursday night and our army, flushed with victory, covered the enemy's ground, it held command of the bloody battlefield.

The Rebel flag of truce was denied, and Friday morning found our army reenforced by the reserves of the Sixth Corps, Gen. Sedgwick, and Twelfth Corps, Gen. Slocum, holding the field. Our army was in line of battle along the Emmettsburg Turnpike and along the Taneytown Road. Several rifle pits on the extreme right were left in possession of the enemy on Thursday night.

ON FRIDAY morning the ball was opened by Gen. Geary, who moved upon the enemy to retake these rifle pits. Firing now became general, and continued without damage to us until eleven o'clock, the rifle pits falling into our possession. From eleven till one o'clock the firing slackened, but as one o'clock arrived there were indications of another clash of arms more bloody than the historian of the war has yet recorded. The Rebels under Gen. Elwell opened a terrible artillery fire upon our left center. Battery after battery roared, shaking the surrounding hills, and shot and shell rained death and destruction upon our lines. . . The enemy followed their artillery with a tremendous infantry assault under the Rebel Gen. Anderson, coming up in masses, sometimes in close column by divisions. . . Our men stood like serried hosts, and on came the enemy, crowding, shouting, and rushing toward our guns like infuriated demons. There was no waver in our lines. On came the Rebels, while the canister from batteries told fearfully among the dying ranks. Now they are within twenty yards of our guns, and volley after volley of shot and shell and whizzing bullets came crashing down among them, dealing death and scattering the motley ranks to die or surrender.

The slaughter was fearful, and there were a few men of the enemy who did not find even a grave near our guns. The Third and Fifth Corps now joined in the fight. Gen. Hill's division alone took ten battle flags as this last move of the enemy burst upon our center. A panic seemed to seize them. Men laid down on the ground to escape our fire and lying there half-supplicatingly held up white pieces of paper in token of surrender. In this repulse we took several thousand prisoners, and crowds of Rebel stragglers came into our lines, giving themselves up in despair. Gen. Hancock's corps now flanked the field, when crowds of disorganized Rebels threw up their arms and surrendered, while the field, strewn with Rebel wounded, battle flags and arms, fell into our possession.

A DIAGRAM OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD —PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, 1863.



The result amounted to a rout. Cavalry has been sent out to harvest the stragglers. Gen. Hayes is said to have covered himself with glory. Gen. Doubleday fell fighting gallantly, saying, as a ball pierced his head, "I'm killed! I'm killed!" Gen. Hancock thinks he is not killed, but seriously wounded. And thus night has drawn her mantle over another bloody day, but a day so bright with deeds of heroism and grand results, with patriotic devotion and sublime death, that the page of History shall glitter with that light.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NAN of MUSIC

by Frank H. Spearman

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," ETC.

LEEPY CAT is headquarters of the Thief River stage-line, of which Henry de Spain is general manager. His real job is to subdue the outlaw clan of Morgan's Gap, some twenty miles away in the mountains, who have had their own way with the valley for years. He clashes sharply with the Morgans, who make repeated attempts to "get" him. But meantime he is growing deeply interested in Nan Morgan, niece of the Morgan chief. One day he is trapped in the Calabasas Inn by four of the Morgan gang. There is a terrible fight, in which de Spain, despite the terrific odds, kills two of his assailants and wounds the others. He himself is seriously hurt, but jumps through a window, throws himself on a horse, and escapes. A day or so later Nan Morgan finds him in a cavern on a ledge of Music Mountain. He is in desperate condition, and though Nan is bitterly distrustful of him, eventually she brings him food; and after he defends her against her drunken cousin, Gale Morgan, she helps him to make his way home.

A week or so later, Duke Morgan is hurt and is taken to the Sleepy Cat hospital, where Nan comes to nurse him. De Spain finds her there and one night coaxes her out into the park, where he tells her of his love and wins her promise to marry him if ever her uncle's consent can be gained. After that the lovers meet repeatedly in secret on the desert, until they are discovered. Nan's cousin Gale, who wants her himself, accuses her before her uncle; she admits her engagement, denounces Gale, and pleads with her uncle to be friends with de Spain. He refuses furiously. The two men meet at Sleepy Cat, and Duke, repulsing the younger man's friendly overtures, orders him to leave Nan alone. Then he tells Nan she is to marry Gale and forbids her to leave the Gap. De Spain, waiting at Calabasas, sends in a messenger, who brings back a plea from Nan for patience—she still hopes to win her uncle over.

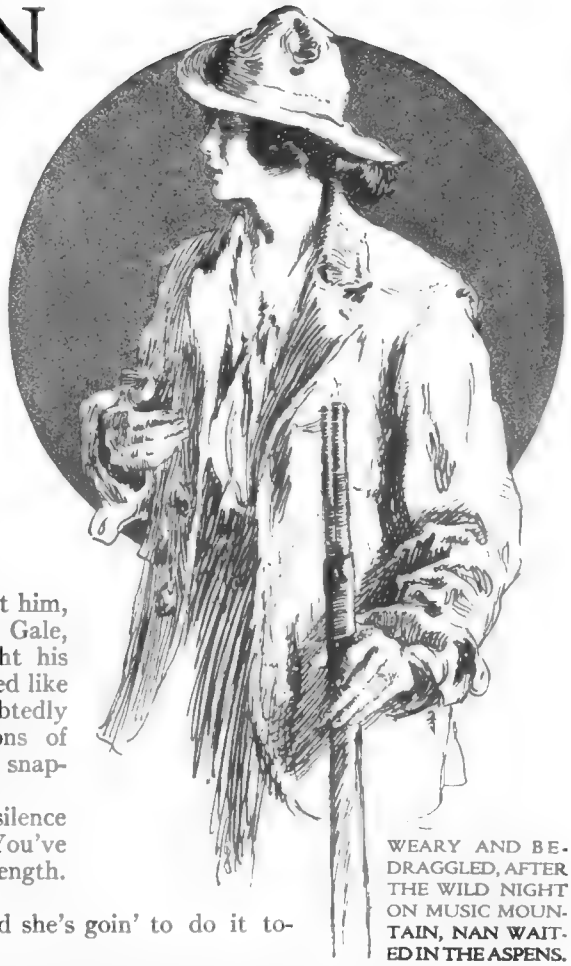
A little later de Spain gets a mysterious telephone message, apparently from Nan, summoning him to help her. Leaving a party of friends outside, he penetrates alone at night into the Gap. Through Duke's windows, he sees Duke, Gale, and a lawyer, Druel, and, stealing into the house, he hears them arranging for Gale's marriage to Nan. "Who will be the second witness?" the lawyer asks. De Spain, stepping into the room, astounds them by announcing that he will.

A DYNAMITE explosion could not have stirred the room more. With a common roar the Morgans bounded to their feet. They were not unused to sudden onslaughts, nor was either of them a man to shrink from a fight at short quarters, if it came to that. But blank astonishment for a moment overwhelmed both. De Spain, standing slightly sidewise, his coat lapels flapping wide open, his arms akimbo, and his hands on his hips, faced the three in an attitude of readiness only. He had reckoned on the instant of indecision which at times, when coupled with apprehension, paralyzes the will of two men acting together. Under the circumstances, either of the Morgans alone would have whipped a gun on de Spain at sight. Together, each waited for the other, and that fraction of a second unsettled their purpose. Instead of bullets, each launched curses at the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MOUNTAIN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA



WEARY AND BEDRAGGLED, AFTER THE WILD NIGHT ON MUSIC MOUNTAIN, NAN WAITED IN THE ASPENS.

intruder, and every second that passed led away from a fight.

De Spain took their oaths, demands, and abuse without batting an eye. "I'm here for the second witness," was all he repeated, covering both men with short glances. Druel, his face muddily white as the whisky bloat deserted it, shrank inside his shabby clothes. He seemed, every time de Spain darted a look at him, to grow visibly smaller, until his loose bulk had shriveled inside an armchair not normally half large enough to contain it.

De Spain, with each phrase hurled at him, took a dreaded forward step toward Gale, and Druel, in the line of fire, brought his knees up and his head down till he looked like a porcupine. Gale, game as he undoubtedly was, cornered, perhaps had recollections of Calabasas and close quarters with the snapping brown eyes and the burning face.

Nor did de Spain break his obstinate silence until their burst of rage had blown: "You've arranged your marriage," he said at length. "Now let's have it!"

"My cousin's ready to marry me, and she's goin' to do it to-night," cried Gale violently.

Duke, towering with rage, looked at de Spain and pointed to the hall door. "You hear that! Get out of my house," he ordered, launching a terrifying epithet with the words.

"This isn't your house," retorted de Spain angrily. "This house is Nan's, not yours. When she orders me out, I'll go. Bring her down," he thundered, raising his voice to shut off Duke, who had redoubled his abuse. "Bring her into this room," he repeated, "and we will see whether she wants to get married. If she does, I'll marry her. If she doesn't, and you've been putting this up to force her into marrying, so help me God, you'll be carried out of this room to-night, or I will." He whirled on her uncle with an accusing finger. "You used to be a man, Duke. I've taken from you here to-night what I would take from no man on earth, but for the sake of Nan Morgan. I took it because she asked me never to touch you. But if you've gone into this thing to trap your dead brother's girl, living under your own protection, you don't deserve mercy, and to-night you shall have what's coming to you. I've fought you both fair, too fair. Now—it's my girl or both of you, before I leave this house." He was standing near Druel. Without taking his eyes off the other men, he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"STAND WHERE YOU ARE," DE SPAIN ORDERED. "I LEAVE THIS ROOM FIRST. NAN, ARE YOU READY?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DUKE'S FACE WHITENED. "DON'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE TO-NIGHT, NAN," HE SAID.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

caught Druel with his left hand, by the coat collar, and threw him half-way across the room. "Get up-stairs, you old carrion, and tell Nan Morgan Henry de Spain is here, and wants to speak to her."

Druel scrambled into the hall, and turned on de Spain. "I am an officer of the law. I arrest you for trespass and assault," he shouted.

"Arrest *me?*" echoed de Spain contemptuously. "You scoundrel, if you don't climb those stairs I'll send you to the penitentiary as soon as I get back to town. Up-stairs, with your message!"

"IT ISN'T necessary," said a low voice in the hall. Nan herself appeared in the open doorway. Her slender face was white; but there was no panic in it.

De Spain spoke to her, holding his left hand out with his plea: "Nan, these men were getting ready to marry you to Gale Morgan. No matter how you feel toward me now, you know me well enough to know that all I want is the truth. Was this with your consent?"

She stepped into the line of fire between her cousin and de Spain as she answered: "No! You know I shall never marry any man but you. This vile bully—" she turned a little to look at her angry cousin—"has influenced Uncle Duke into joining him in this thing. They never could have dragged me into it alive. And they've kept me locked for three days in a room up-stairs, hoping to break me down." She was looking at de Spain. "Nita heard you just now and came up to let me out."

"Stand back, Nan," exclaimed de Spain.

"No," she said resolutely, "if anybody here is to be shot, I'll be first. Uncle Duke, you've always protected me from Gale Morgan; now you join hands with him. You drive me from this roof because I don't know how I can protect myself longer under it."

Gale looked steadily at her. "You promised to marry me," he said truculently. "I'll find a way to make you keep your word."

A loud knocking interrupted him, and without waiting to be admitted Pardaloe, the cowboy, opened the front door and walked boldly in from the hall.

If the situation in the room surprised him he gave no evidence of it. And as he walked in, Nan disappeared. Pardaloe was drenched with rain, and, taking off his hat as he crossed the room to the fire, he shook it hard into the blazing wood.

"What do you want here, Pardaloe?" snapped Duke.

Pardaloe shook his hat once more and turned a few steps so that he stood between the uncurtained window and the light. "The creek's up," he said to Duke in his peculiarly slow, steady tone. "Some of Satt's boys are trying to get the cattle out of the lower corral." He fingered his hat, looked first at Duke, then at Gale, then at de Spain. "Guess they'll need a little help, so I asked Sassoon to come over—" Pardaloe jerked his head indicatively toward the front. "He's outside with some of the boys now."

"Tell Sassoon to come in here," thundered Gale.

De Spain's left arm shot out. "Hold on, Pardaloe: Pull down that curtain behind you!"

"Don't touch that curtain, Pardaloe!" shouted Gale Morgan.

"THERE IS SOMEBODY IN THAT PINE," HE WHISPERED.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Pardaloe," said de Spain, his left arm pointing menacingly, "pull that curtain or pull your gun, quick."

At that moment Nan, in hat and coat, reappeared in the archway behind de Spain. Pardaloe jerked down the curtain. He then started for the door. De Spain had backed up again. "Stop, Pardaloe!" he called. "My men are outside that door. Stand where you are," he ordered, still enforcing his commands with his right hand covering the holster at his hip. "I leave this room first. Nan, are you ready?" he asked, without looking at her.

"Yes!"

Her uncle's face whitened. "Don't leave this house to-night, Nan," he said menacingly.

"You've forced me to, Uncle Duke."

"Don't leave this house to-night!"

"I can't protect myself in it any longer."

"Don't leave this house—most of all, with that man!" He pointed at de Spain with a frenzy of hatred. Without answering, the two were retreating into the semi-darkness of the dining-room. "Nan," came her uncle's voice, hoarse with feeling, "you're saying good-by to me forever."

"No, uncle," she cried, "I am only doing what I have to do."

"I tell you I don't want to drive you from this roof, girl."

A rush of wind from an opening door was the only answer from the dark dining-room. The two Morgans started toward it together. The sudden gust sucked the flame of the living-room lamp up into the chimney, and after a brief, sharp struggle, extinguished it. In the confusion it was a moment before a match could be found. When the lamp was relighted, the Morgans ran together into the dining-room. The wind and rain poured in through the open north door. But the room was empty.

Duke turned on his nephew with a choking curse. "This," he cried, beside himself with fury, "is your work!"

A PISTOL-SHOT ANSWERED FROM THE DIRECTION IN WHICH HE HAD FIRED.

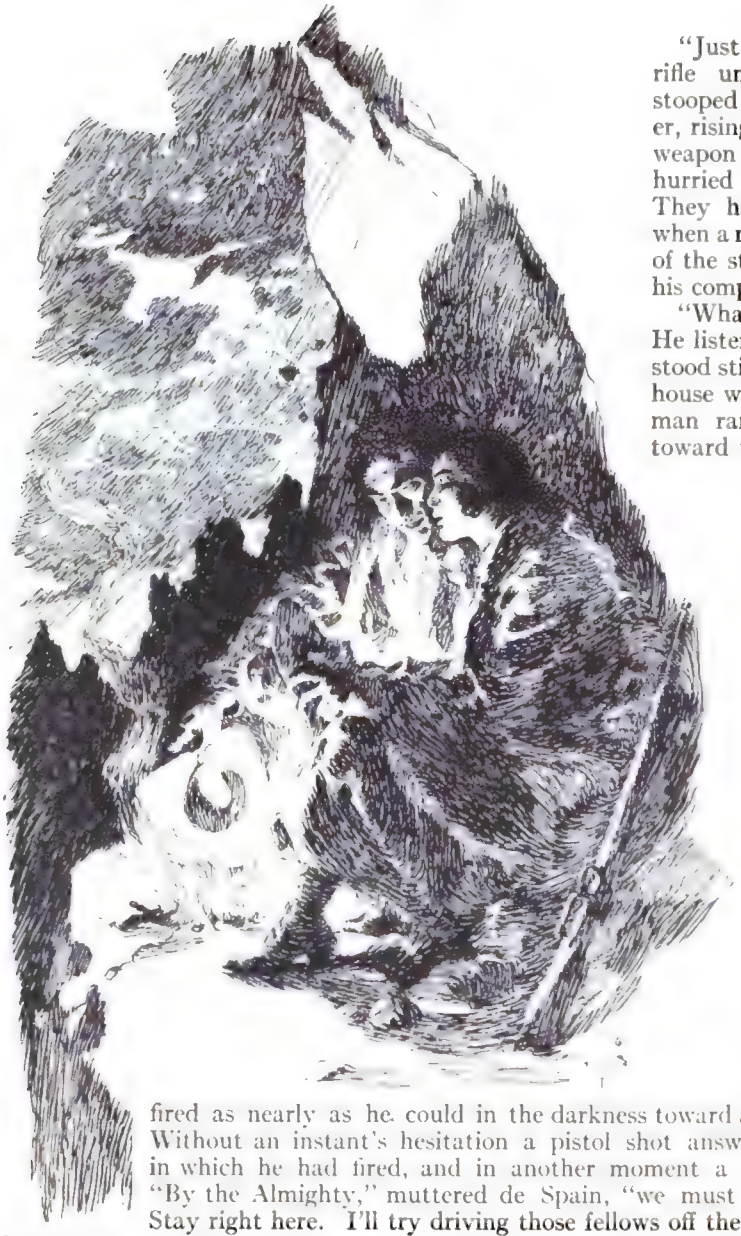
IT WAS a forbidding night. The moisture-laden clouds drifting over the Superstition range, now emptied their fulness against the face of the mountains in an unceasing downpour, and buried the Gap in impenetrable darkness. De Spain, catching Nan in his arms, spoke hurriedly as they hastened toward the kitchen: "We must get away quick," he said, as she buttoned her coat. And, knowing how she suffered in what she was doing, he drew her into the shelter of the porch and caught her up close to him. "It had to come, Nan. Don't shed a tear. I'll take you straight to Mrs. Jeffries. When you are ready, you'll marry me. We'll make our peace with your Uncle Duke together. Great God, what a night! This way, dearie!"

"No, to the stable, Henry! Where's your horse?"

"Under the pine, and yours, too. I found the pony, but I couldn't find your saddle, Nan."

"I know where it's hidden. Let's get the horses."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



DE SPAIN APPARENTLY THOUGHT OF NOTHING BEYOND THE JOY OF THE MOMENT.

"Just a minute. I stuck my rifle under this porch." He stooped and felt below the stringer, rising in a moment with the weapon on his arm, then the two hurried toward the pine-tree. They had almost reached this, when a murmur unlike the sounds of the storm made de Spain halt his companion.

"What is it?" she whispered. He listened intently. While they stood still, the front door of the house was opened hurriedly. A man ran out along the porch toward the stable. Neither Nan nor de Spain could make out who it was, but de Spain heard again the suspicious sound that had checked him. Without speaking, he took Nan and retreated to the corner of the house. "There is somebody in that pine," he whispered, "waiting for me to come after the horses. Sassoon may have found them. I'll try it out, anyway, before I take a chance. Stand back here, Nan."

He put her behind the corner of the house, threw his rifle to his shoulder, and fired as nearly as he could in the darkness toward and just above the pine. Without an instant's hesitation a pistol shot answered from the direction in which he had fired, and in another moment a small fusillade followed. "By the Almighty," muttered de Spain, "we must have our horses, Nan. Stay right here. I'll try driving those fellows off their perch."

She caught his arm. "What are you going to do?"

"Run in on them from cover, wherever I can find it, Nan, and push them back. We've got to have those horses."

"Henry, we can get others from the stable."

"There may be more men waiting there for us."

"If we could only get away without a fight!"

"This is Sassoon and his gang, Nan. You heard Pardaloe. These are not your people. I've got to drive 'em, or we're gone, Nan."

Digitized by Google

"Then I go with you. · I can use a rifle. Better both of us be killed than one. Help me up on this roof. I've climbed it a hundred times. My rifle is in my room. Quick, Henry!"

Overruling his continued objections, she lifted her foot to his hand, caught hold of the corner post and, springing upward, got her hands on the low end of the roof-boards. With the agility of a cat she put her second foot on de Spain's shoulder, gained the sloping roof, and scrambled on her hands and knees up toward the window of her room. The heavy rain and the slippery boards made progress difficult, but with scarcely any delay she reached her window and pushed open the casement sash. A far-off peal of thunder echoed down from the mountains, but no flash had preceded it, and Nan, rifle in hand, slid safely down to the end of the lean-to, where de Spain, waiting, caught one foot on his shoulder, and helped her to the ground. He tried again to make her stay behind the house. Finding his efforts vain, he directed her how to make a zig-zag advance, how to utilize for cover every rock and tree she could find in the line toward the pine, and above all, to throw herself flat and sidewise after every shot—and not to fire often.

In this way, amid the falling of rain and the uncharted dangers of the darkness they advanced on the pine-tree. Surprisingly little effort seemed necessary to drive off whoever held it. De Spain made his way slowly but safely to the disputed point, and then understood—the horses were gone.

He had hardly rejoined Nan, who waited at a safe distance, and told her the bad news, when a fresh discharge of shots came from two directions—seemingly from the house and the stable. A moment later they heard sharp firing from down the Gap. This was their sole avenue of escape. It was bad enough, under the circumstances, to negotiate the trail on horseback—but to expose Nan, who had just put herself under his protection, to death from a chance bullet while stumbling along on foot, surrounded by enemies—who could follow the flash of their shots if they were forced to use their rifles, and close in on them at will—was an undertaking not to be faced.

THEY withdrew to the shelter of a large rock, familiar to Nan even in the dark. While de Spain was debating in his mind how to meet the emergency, she stood at his side, his equal, he knew, in courage, daring, and resource, and answered his rapid questions as to possible gateways of escape. The rain, which had been abating, now ceased, but from every fissure in the mountain came the roar of rushing water, and little openings of rock and waterway that might have offered a chance when dry, were out of the question. In fact, it was Nan's belief that before morning water would be running over the main trail itself.

"Yet," said de Spain finally, "before morning we must be a long way from this particular spot, Nan. Lefever is down there—I haven't the slightest doubt of that. Sassoon has posted men at the neck of the Gap—that's the first thing he would do. And if John heard my rifle when I first shot, he would be for breaking in here, and his men, if they've come up, would bump into Sassoon's. It would be insane for us to try to get over the trail with Sassoon holding it against Lefever—we might easily be hit by our friends instead of our enemies. I'll tell you," he said suddenly, "retreat is the thing for us, Nan. Let's make for Music Mountain, and crawl into our cave till morning. Lefever will get in here some time to-morrow. Then we can connect with him."

They discussed the move a little further, but there seemed no escape from the necessity of it, despite the hardship involved in reaching the refuge; and, realizing that no time was to be lost, they set out together on the long journey.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Every foot of the troublesome way offered difficulties. Water impeded them continually. It lay in shallow pools under foot and slipped in running sheets over the sloping rocks that lay in their obscure path.

Even before they succeeded in reaching the mountain, their ears warned them of a more serious obstacle ahead. When they got to the mountain trail itself, they heard the roar of the stream that made the waterfall above the ledge they were trying to reach. Climbing hardly a dozen steps, they found their way swept by a mad rush of falling water, its deafening roar punctuated by fragments of loosened rock, which, swept downward from ledge to ledge by the sudden torrent, split and thundered as they dashed themselves against the mountainside. On a protected floor, the two stood for a moment listening to the roar of the cataract that had cut them completely off from their refuge.

"No use, Nan," said de Spain. "There isn't any other trail, is there?"

She told him there was no other. "And this will run all night," she added. I ought to have known there would be a flood here. Henry," she said, turning to him, as if thinking of a question she wanted to ask, "how did you happen to come to me tonight when I wanted you so?"

"Why, what do you mean, Nan?" he demanded. "I got your message on the telephone to come to you at once and take you away."

"Henry! What are you talking about, dear? I didn't send any message—when did you get one?"

"Last night, in my office, from a man that refused to give his name."

"I never sent any message to you," she insisted in growing wonderment. "I have been locked in father's old room for three days, dear. The Lord knows I wanted to send word to you. Who ever telephoned word like that? Was it a trap to get you in here?"

He told her the whole story.

"No matter," said Nan at last. "It couldn't have been a trap. It must have been a friend, surely; not an enemy. Henry"—every time she repeated his name,

THE FIGURE RUNNING FROM THE RANCH-HOUSE STUMBLED AS IF STRICKEN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THROWING THE LEVER AGAIN LIKE LIGHTNING, DE SPAIN HELD THE RIFLE TO HIS CHEEK.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and her voice fell on his ear, de Spain cared less for what should happen in the rest of the world—"what are we going to do? We can't stay here all night—and take what they will greet us with in the morning."

He answered her question with another: "What about trying to get out by El Capitan?" She started in spite of herself. "I mean," he added, "to have a look over there, you know, Nan."

"How could you even have a look a night like this?" she asked, dumfounded at thought of the dizzy cliff. "It would be certain death, Henry!"

"Dearie, I don't mean at the worst to try to cross it till we get a glimpse of daylight. But it's quite a way over there. I remember some good hiding-places along that trail. We may find one where I can build a little fire and dry you out. I'm more worried over your being wet all night than all the rest of it. The question is, can we find a trail up to where we want to go?"

"I know two or three," she answered, "if they are only not flooded."

The storm seemed to have passed, but the darkness was intense, and from above the northern Superstitions came low mutterings of thunder. Compelled to strike out over the rocks to get up to any of the trails toward El Capitan, Nan, helped by de Spain when he could help, led the ascent toward the first ledge they could hope to follow on their dangerous course.

The point at which the two climbed almost five hundred feet that night up Music Mountain, is still pointed out in the Gap. No person looking at that confused wall willingly believes it could ever have been scaled in the dead of night.

Torn, bruised, and exhausted, Nan, handed up by her lover, threw herself at last prostrate on the ledge at the real beginning of their trail, and from that vantage point they made their way along the eastern side of Music Mountain for two miles before they stopped again to rest.

It was already well after midnight. A favoring spot was seized on by de Spain for the resting place he wanted. A dry recess beneath an overhanging wall made a shelter for the fire that he insisted on building to warm Nan in her soaked clothing. He found cedar roots in the dark, and soon had a blaze going. It was dangerous, both realized, to start a fire, but they concealed the blaze as best they could, and took the chance—a chance that more nearly cost them their lives than any that had gone before. But what still lay ahead of the two justified in de Spain's mind what he was doing. He acted deliberately in risking the exposure of their position to unfriendly eyes far distant.

The mutterings above the mountains now grew rapidly louder, and while the two hovered over the fire a thunder-squall, careening wildly down the eastern slope, burst over the Gap. The sudden fury of it put aside all question of moving for a time, and Nan's face took on a grave expression as she looked in the firelight at her companion, thinking of how far a storm might imperil their situation, how far cut off their already narrow chance of escape.

De Spain, reclining close beside her, looking into the depths of her eyes as the flickering blaze revealed them, apparently thought of nothing beyond the joy of the moment. The wind drove the storm against the west side of the huge granite peak under which they were sheltered, and gave them no present trouble in their slender recess. But Nan knew even better than her companion the fickle fury of a range storm, and understood uncomfortably well how a sudden shift might at

NAN SAW A LIGHT-STEPPING FAT MAN ADVANCING TO GREET HER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

any moment lay their entire path open to its fierceness. She warned de Spain they must be moving, and, freshened by the brief rest, they set out again toward El Capitan.

Their trail lay along granite levels of comparatively good going, and, fleeing from the squall behind, they had covered more than half the distance that separated them from the cliff when a second thunder-storm, seeming to rush in from the desert, burst above their heads. Drenched with rain, they were forced to draw back under a projecting rock. In another moment the two storms crashed together. Bolt upon bolt of lightning split the falling sheets of water, and thunder exploding in their faces stunned and deafened them.

MOUNTAIN peaks, played on by the wild light, leaped like specters out of the black, and granite crags, searched by blazing shafts, printed themselves in ghostly flames on the retina. Thunder careening down unnumbered gorges, echoed beneath the sharper crashes in one long, unending roll. Far out beyond the mountains the flooded desert tossed into the glare like a madcap sea, rippled and flashed in countless sheets of blinding facets. As if an unseen hand had touched a thousand granite springs above the Gap, every slender crevice spouted a stream that shot foaming out from the mountain sides. The sound of moving waters rose in a full, vast roar, broken by the unseen boom of distant falls launching huge masses of water into caverns below. The storm-laden wind tore and swirled among the crowded peaks, and above all, the angry sky moaned and quivered in the rage of the elements.

Nan leaned within de Spain's arm. "If this keeps up," he said after they had halted some time, "our best play is to give up crossing to-night. We might hide somewhere on the mountain to-morrow, and try it toward evening."

"Yes, if we have to," she answered. But he perceived her reluctant assent. "What I am afraid of, Henry, is—if they were to find us. You know what I mean."

"Then we won't hide," he replied. "The minute we get the chance we will run for it. This is too fierce to last long. It won't last all night, anyway."

Despite his confidence, however, it did last all night, and it was only the lulls between the sharp squalls that enabled them to cover the trail before daylight. When they paused before El Capitan the fury of the night seemed largely to have exhausted itself, but the overcharged air hung above the mountains, trembling and moaning like a bruised and stricken thing. Lightning, playing across the inky heavens, blazed in constant sheets from end to end of the horizon. Thunder, hoarse with invective, and hurled mercilessly back and forth by the fitful wind, drew farther and farther into the recess of the mountain, only to launch its anger against its own imprisoned echoes. Under it all the two refugees, high on the mountainside, looked down on the flooding Gap.

Their flight was almost ended. Only the sheer cliff ahead blocked their descent to the aspen grove. De Spain himself had already crossed El Capitan once, and he had done it at night—but it was not, he was compelled to remind himself, on a night like this. It seemed, now, a madman's venture, and he watched Nan's face as the lightning played over it, to read, if he could, unsuspected, whether she still had courage for the undertaking. She regarded him so collectedly, whether answering a question or asking one, that he marveled at her strength and purpose. Hardly a moment passed after they had started until the eastern sky lightened before the retreating storm, and with the first glimmer of daylight the two were at the beginning of the narrow foothold which lay for half a mile between them and safety.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Here the El Capitan trail follows the face of the almost vertical wall which, rising two thousand feet in the air, fronts the gateway of Morgan's Gap.

They started forward, de Spain ahead. There was nothing now to hurry them unduly, and everything to invite caution. The footholds were slippery, rivulets still crossed the uncertain path, and fragments of rock that had washed down on the trail made almost every step a new hazard. The face of El Capitan presents, midway, a sharp convex. Just where it is thrown forward in this keen angle, the trail runs out almost to a knife-edge, and the mountain is so nearly vertical that it appears to overhang the floor of the valley.

THEY made half the stretch of this angle with hardly a misstep, but the advance for a part of the way was a climb, and de Spain, turning once to speak to Nan, asked her for her rifle, that he might carry it with his own. What their story might have been had she given it to him, none can tell. But Nan, holding it back, refused to let him relieve her. The dreaded angle, which had haunted de Spain all night, was safely turned on hands and knees, and, as they rounded it toward the east, clouds scudding over the open desert, broke and shot the light of dawn against the beetling arête.

De Spain turned in some relief to point to the coming day. As he did so, a gust of wind sweeping against the sheer wall caught him off his guard. He regained his balance, but a stone slipping under foot tipped him sidewise, and he threw himself on his knees to avoid the dizzy edge. As he fell forward, he threw up his hand to save his hat, and in doing so, released his rifle, which lay under his hand on the rock. Before he could recover it, the rifle slipped from his reach. In the next instant he heard it bounding from rock to rock, five hundred feet below.

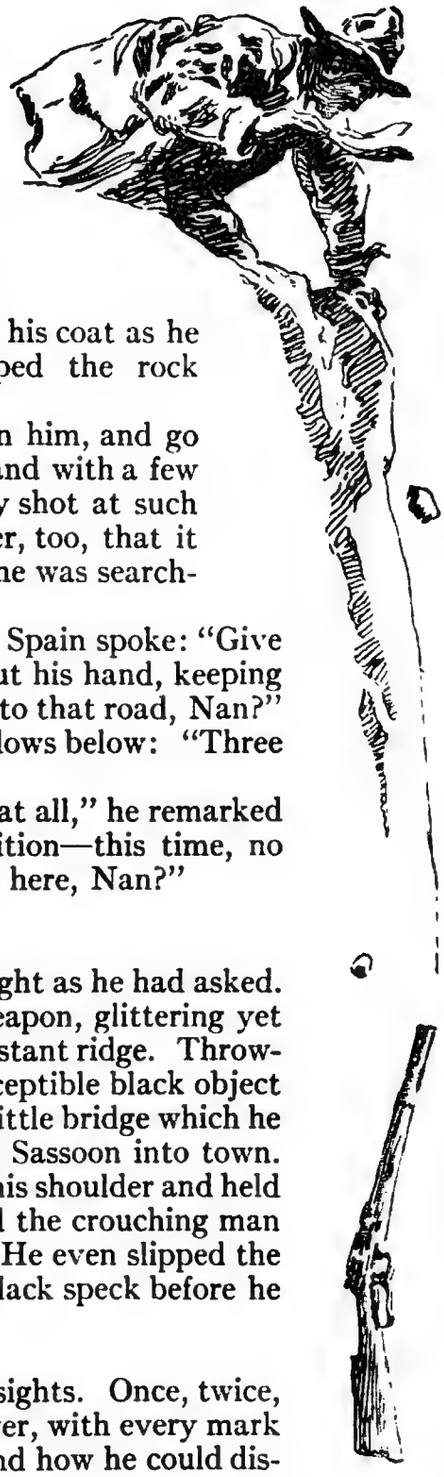
Greatly annoyed and humiliated, he regained his feet, and spoke with a laugh, to reassure Nan. Just as she bade him not worry, a little singing scream struck their ears; something splashed close at hand against the rock wall; chips scattered between them. From below, the sound of a rifle report cracked against the face of the cliff. De Spain looked down and over the uneven floor of the Gap. The ranch-houses, spread like toys in the long perspective, lay peacefully revealed in the gray of the morning. Among the dark pine-trees he could discern Nan's own home. Striving with the utmost keenness of his vision to detect where the shot had come from, de Spain could discover no sign of life around any of the houses. But in another moment the little singing scream came again, the blow of the heavy slug against the splintering rock was repeated, the distant report of the rifle followed.

"Under fire," muttered de Spain. He looked questioningly at Nan. She herself, gazing across the dizzy depths, was searching for the danger point. A third shot followed at a seemingly regular interval—the deliberate interval needed by a painstaking marksman, working out his range and taking his time to find it. De Spain watched Nan's search anxiously. "We'd better keep moving," he said. "Come! Whoever is shooting can follow us a hundred yards either way." In front of de Spain a fourth bullet struck the rock. "Nan," he muttered, "I've got you in a fix. If we can't stop that fellow he is liable to stop us. Can you see anything?" he asked, waiting for her to come up.

"Henry!" She was looking straight down into the valley, and laid her hand on de Spain's shoulder. "Is there anything moving on the ridge just east of Sassoon's ranch-house?"

De Spain, his eyes bent on the point Nan indicated, drew her forward to a dip in the trail which, to one stretched flat, afforded a slight protection. He made her lie down, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



just beyond her refuge chose a point where the path, broadening a little, and rising instead of sloping toward the outer edge, gave him a chance to brace himself between two rocks. Flattened there like a target in mid-air, he threw his hat down to Nan, and, resting on one knee, waited for the shot that would tumble him down El Capitan or betray the man bent on killing him. Squalls of wind sweeping into the Gap and sucked upward on the huge expanse of rock below, tossed his hair and ballooned his coat as he buttoned it. Another bullet, deliberately aimed, chipped the rock above him.

Nan, agonizing in her suspense, cried out she must join him, and go with him if he must go. He steadied her apprehension, and with a few words reminded her, as a rifle-woman, what a gamble every shot at such a height and with such a wind must be. He reminded her, too, that it was much easier to shoot down than up. But all the time he was searching for the revealing flash.

A bullet struck again viciously close between them. De Spain spoke: "Give me your rifle, Nan." Without turning his head he held out his hand, keeping his eyes on the suspicious spot on the ridge. "How far is it to that road, Nan?"

She looked toward the faint line that lay in the deep shadows below: "Three hundred yards."

"Nan, if it wasn't for you I couldn't travel this country at all," he remarked with studious unconcern. "Last time I had no ammunition—this time, no rifle—you always have what's needed. How high are we here, Nan?"

"Seven hundred feet."

"Elevate for me, Nan, will you?"

"Remember the wind," she faltered, adjusting the rifle sight as he had asked.

With the cautioning words she passed the burnished weapon, glittering yet with the rain-drops, into his hand. A flash came from the distant ridge. Throwing the rifle to his shoulder, de Spain covered a hardly perceptible black object on the trail, midway between Sassoon's ranch-house and a little bridge which he well remembered—he had crossed it the night he dragged Sassoon into town. It seemed a long time that he pressed the rifle back against his shoulder and held his eye along the barrel. He was wondering as he covered the crouching man with the deadly sight which of his enemies this might be. He even slipped the rifle from his shoulder and looked long and silently at the black speck before he drew the weapon back into place.

HE FIRED before Nan could believe he had lined the sights. Once, twice, three times, his hand fell and rose sharply on the lever, with every mark of precision, yet so rapidly Nan could not understand how he could discover what his shots were doing.

The fire came steadily back, and deliberately, without the least intimation of being affected by de Spain's return. It was a duel shorn of every element of equality, with an assassin at one end of the range, and a man flattened half-way up the clouds against El Capitan at the other.

Far above, an eagle, in early morning flight, soared majestically out from a jutting crag and circled in front of El Capitan, while the air sung with the whining dice that two gamblers against death threw across the gulf. Nan, half hidden in her trough of rock, watched the great bird poise and wheel above the deadly firing, and tried to close her eyes to the figure of de Spain above her, fighting for her life and his own.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She had never before seen a man shooting to kill another. The very horror of watching de Spain, at bay among the rocks, fascinated her. Since the first day they met she had hardly seen a rifle in his hands. Realizing how slightly she had given thought to him or to his skill at that time, she saw now, spellbound, how a challenge to death, benumbing her with fear, had transformed him into a silent, pitiless foeman, fighting with a lightning-like decision that seemed to charge every motion with fatality for his treacherous enemy. Her rifle, at his shoulder, no longer a mere mechanism, seemed in his hands something sensible, alive, a deadly part of his arm and eye and brain. There seemed no question, no thought of adjusting or handling or haste in his fire, but only an incredible swiftness and sureness that sent across the thin-aired chasm a stream of deadly messengers to seek a human life. She could only hope and pray, without even forming the words, that none of her blood was behind that other rifle, for she felt whoever was could never escape.

She tried not to look. The butt of the heating rifle lay close against the red-marked cheek that she knew so well, and to the tips of the fingers every particle of the man's being seemed alive with strength and resource. She wanted to climb closer, to throw herself between him and the bullets meant for him. She clasped her hands toward him in an act of love and devotion.

Then, while she looked, breathlessly, he took his eyes an instant from the sight. "He's running!" exclaimed de Spain, as the rifle-butt went instantly back to his cheek. "Whoever he is, God help him now!"

The words to Nan were more fearful than an imprecation. He had driven his enemy from the scant cover of a rut in the trail, and the man was fleeing for new cover and for his life. The speck of black in the field of intense vision was moving rapidly toward the ranch-house. Bullet after bullet pitilessly sung before the escaping wretch. Death dogged every eager footfall. Suddenly, de Spain jerked the rifle from his cheek, threw back his head, and swept his left hand across his straining eyes. Once more the rifle came up to place; flame shot again in the gray morning light from the hot muzzle. The rifle fell away from his shoulder. The black speck running toward the ranch-house stumbled, as if stricken, and sprawled headlong on the trail. Throwing the lever again like lightning, de Spain held the rifle back to his cheek.

He did not fire. Second after second he waited. Nan, lying very still, watched, mute, the dull red mark above the wet rifle-butt. No one had need to tell her what had happened. Too well she read the story in de Spain's face, and in what she saw, as he knelt, perfectly still, only waiting to be sure there was no ruse. She watched the rifle come slowly down, unfired, and saw his drawn face slowly relax. Without taking his eyes off the sprawling speck, he rose stiffly to his feet. As if in a dream she saw his hand stretched toward her, and heard, as he looked across the far gulf, one word: "Come!"

They reached the end of the trail. De Spain, rifle in hand, looked back. The sun, bursting in splendor across the great desert, splashed the valley and the low-lying ridge with ribboned gold. Farther up the Gap, horsemen, stirred by the firing, were riding rapidly down toward Sassoon's ranch-house.

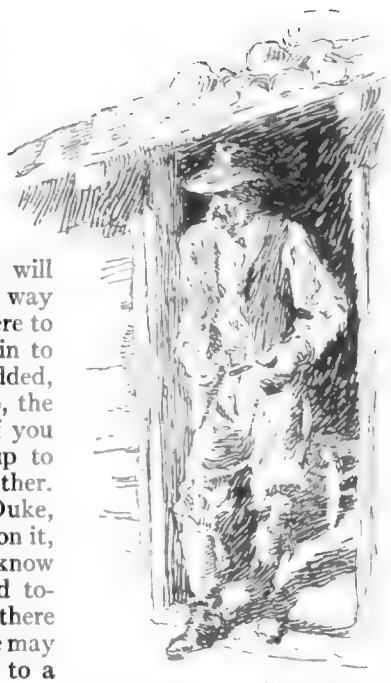
But the black thing, sprawling in the sunshine, lay quite still.

"CAN YOU TELL US ANYTHING ABOUT DE SPAIN?" HE SAID.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LEFEVER, chafing in the aspen grove under the restraint of waiting in the storm, was ready long before daylight to break orders and ride in to find de Spain. With the first peep of dawn, and with his men facing him in their saddles, he made a short explanation:

"I don't want any man to go into the Gap with me this morning under any misunderstanding or any false pretense," he began cheerfully. "Bob Scott and Bull will stay right here. If by any chance de Spain makes his way out while the rest of us are hunting for him, you'll be here to signal us—three shots, Bob—or to ride in with de Spain to help carry the rest of us out. Now, it's like this," he added, addressing the others—Farrell Kennedy, Frank Elpaso, the Texan, Wickwire, and Tommie Meggeson: "You all of you know that de Spain and Nan Morgan have fastened up to each other for the long ride down the dusty trail together. That, I take it, is their business. But her uncle, old Duke, and Gale and the whole bunch, I hear, turned dead sore on it, and have fixed it up to beat them somehow. You all know the Morgans. They're some bunch—and they all hold together in a fight. So I don't want any man to ride in there with me thinking he's going to a wedding. He isn't. He may or may not be going to a funeral, but he's *not* going to a chivaree.



"DUKE AND GALE ARE PRETTY SORE ON DE SPAIN. YOU'D BETTER KEEP AWAY FROM THEM."

"Henry's orders were to wait here till ten o'clock this morning. There's been firing inside twice since twelve o'clock last night. He told me to pay no attention to that. But if the whole place hadn't been under water all night, I'd 've gone in anyway. This last time it was two high-powered guns, picking at long range, and if I'm any judge of rifles and the men probably behind them, some one must have got hurt. It's all a guess—but I'm going in there, peaceably if I can, to look for Henry de Spain; if we are fired on—we'll fight for it."

Leaving Scott in the trees, the little party trotted smartly up the road, picking their way through the pools and across the brawling streams that tore over the trail toward Duke Morgan's place. Half-way to Duke's house they found a small bridge had gone out. It cut off the direct road, and at Elpaso's suggestion, they crossed over to follow the ridge up the valley. Swimming their horses through the backwater that covered the depression to the south, they gained the ridge and proceeded unmolested on their way. As they approached Sassoon's place, Elpaso, riding ahead, drew up his horse, and sat a moment studying the trail and casting an occasional glance in the direction of the ranch-house which lay under the brow of a hill ahead.

When Lefever rode up to him, he saw the story that Elpaso was reading in the roadway. It told of a man shot in his tracks as he was running toward the house—and, in the judgment of these men, fatally shot. While his companions spread like a fan in front of him, Lefever got off his horse and, bending intently over the sudden page torn out of a man's life, recast the scene that had taken place, half an hour earlier, where he stood. Some little time Lefever spent patiently deciphering the story printed in the rutted road, and marked by a wide crimson splash in the middle of it. He rose from his study at length and followed back the trail of the running feet stricken at the pool. He stopped in front of a fragment of rock jutting up beside the road, studied it a while, and, looking about, picked up a number of empty cartridge-shells, examined them,

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and tossed them away. Then he straightened up and looked searchingly across the Gap. Only the great, silent face of El Capitan confronted him.

"If this was Henry de Spain," muttered Elpaso, when Lefever rejoined his companions, "he won't care whether you join him now, or never."

"That is not Henry," asserted Lefever with his usual cheer. "Not within forty rows of apple-trees. It's not Henry's gun, not Henry's heels, not Henry's hair, and thereby not Henry's head that was hit that time. But it was to a finish—and blamed if at first it didn't scare me: I thought it *might* be Henry. Hang it, get down and see for yourselves, boys."

Elpaso answered his invitation with an inquiry: "Who was this fellow fighting with?"

"That, also, is a question. Certainly not with Henry de Spain, because the other fellow, I think, was using soft-nose bullets. No white man does that, much less de Spain."

"Unless he used another rifle," suggested Kennedy.

"Tell me how they could get his own rifle away from him if he could fire a gun at all. I don't put Henry quite as high with a rifle as with a revolver—if you want to split hairs—mind, I say, if you want to split hairs. But no man that's ever seen him handle either would want to try to take any kind of a gun from him. Whoever it was—" Lefever got up into his saddle again—"threw some ounces of lead into that piece of rock back there, though I don't understand how any one could see a man lying behind it. Anyway, whoever was hit here has been carried down the road. We'll try Sassoon's ranch-house for news."

In the sunshine a man in shirt-sleeves stood in the open doorway of Sassoon's shack, watching the invaders as they rode around the hill and gingerly approached. Lefever recognized Satt Morgan. He flung a greeting to him from the saddle. Satt answered in kind, but he eyed the horsemen with reserve when they drew up, and he seemed to Lefever altogether less responsive than usual. John sparred with him for information, and Satterlee gave back words without any.

"Can't tell us anything about de Spain, eh?" echoed Lefever at length. "All right, Satt, we'll find somebody that can. Is there a bridge over to Duke's on this trail?"

SATT'S nose wrinkled into his normal smile. "There is a bridge—" The report of three shots fired in the distance, seemingly from the mouth of the Gap, interrupted him. He paused in his utterance. There were no further shots, and he resumed: "There is a bridge that way, yes, but it was washed out last night. They're blockaded. Duke and Gale are over there. They're pretty sore on your man de Spain. You'd better keep away from 'em this morning unless you're looking for trouble."

Lefever, having all needed information from Scott's signal, raised his hand quickly. "Not at all," he exclaimed, leaning forward to emphasize his words. "Not at all, Satt. This is all friendly. But," he coughed slightly, as if in apology, "if Henry shouldn't turn up all right, we'll—ahem—be back."

None of his companions needed to be told how to get prudently away. At a nod from Lefever, Tommie Meggeson, Elpaso, and Wickwire wheeled their

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

horses, rode rapidly back to the turn near the hill, and, facing about, halted with their rifles across their arms. Lefever and Kennedy followed leisurely, and the party withdrew, leaving Satterlee, unmoved, in the sunny doorway. Once out of sight, Lefever led the way rapidly down the Gap to the rendezvous.

OF ALL the confused impressions that crowded Nan's memory after the wild night on Music Mountain, the most vivid was that of a noticeably light-stepping and not ungraceful fat man advancing, hat in hand, to greet her as she stood, with de Spain, weary and bedraggled, in the aspen grove.

A smile flamed from her eyes, when, turning at once, he rebuked de Spain with dignity for not introducing him to Nan, and while de Spain made apologies, Lefever introduced himself.

"And is this," murmured Nan, looking at him quizzically, "really Mr. John Lefever, whom I've heard so many stories about?"

She was conscious of his pleasing eyes and even teeth as he smiled again. "If they have come from Mr. de Spain—I warn you," said John, "take them with all reserve."

"But they haven't all come from Mr. de Spain."

"If they come from any of my friends, discredit them in advance. You could believe what my enemies say," he ran on; then added, "if I had any enemies!" To de Spain he talked very little. It seemed to require but few words to exchange the news. Lefever asked gingerly about the fight. He made no mention of the crimson pool in the road near Sassoon's house.

De Spain Hears the Name of His Father's Murderer.

THE house in the Gap that had sheltered Nan for many years seemed never so empty as the night she left it with de Spain. In spite of his vacillation, her uncle was deeply attached to her. She made his home for him. He had never quite understood it before, but the realization came only too soon after he had lost her. And his resentment against Gale, as the cause of her leaving, deepened with every hour that he sat next day, with his stubborn pipe, before the fire. Duke had acceded with much reluctance to the undertaking that was to force her into a marriage. Gale had only partly convinced him that the step would save her from de Spain. The failure of the scheme left Duke sullen, and his nephew sore with humiliation.

In spite of the alarms and excitement of the night, of Gale's determination that de Spain should never leave the Gap with Nan, and of the rousing of every man within it to cut off their escape, Duke stubbornly refused to pursue the man he so hated, or even to leave the house in any effort to balk his escape. But Gale and Sassoon, who had even keener reason for hating de Spain, left Duke to sulk as he would, and set about getting the enemy without any help from the head of the house.

Duke heard from Pardaloe every report during the night and the early morning with indifference. He only sat and smoked hour after hour in silence. But after it became known that de Spain had, beyond doubt, made good his escape and had Nan with him, the old man's resentment turned into rage, and when Gale, rankling with defeat, stormed in to see him in the morning, he caught the full force of Duke's wrath. The younger man, taken aback by the outbreak, and in drink himself, returned his abuse without restraint. Pardaloe came between them, but the two men parted with the anger of their quarrel deepened.

When Nan rode with de Spain into Sleepy Cat that morning, Lefever had already told their story to Jeffries over the telephone from

THE LITTLE PARTY OF HORSEMEN STARTED SMARTLY UP THE ROAD.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Calabasas, and Mrs. Jeffries had thrown open her house to receive Nan. Weary from exposure, confusion, and hunger, she was only too grateful for a refuge.

On the evening of the second day de Spain was invited to join the family at supper. In the evening the Jeffries went down-town. De Spain was talking with Nan in the living-room, when the telephone-bell rang in the library. He answered it, and a man's voice responded to his salutation. The speaker asked for Mr. de Spain, and seemed particular to make sure of his identity.

"This," repeated de Spain more than once, and somewhat testily, "is Henry de Spain speaking."

"I'D LIKE to have a little talk with you, Mr. de Spain."

"Go ahead."

"I don't mean over the telephone. Could you make it convenient to come down-town somewhere, say to Tenison's, any time this evening?"

The thought of a possible ambuscade deterred the listener less than the thought of leaving Nan. Likewise, there was the possibility of an attempt to kidnap her in his absence. On the other hand, if the message came from Duke, and bore some suggestion of a compromise, de Spain was unwilling to lose it. With these considerations in his mind, he answered curtly: "Who are you?"

The sharpness in the question brought no deviation from the slow, even tone of the voice at the other end of the wire. "I am not in a position to give you any name," came the answer, "at least, not over the wire."

A vague impression suddenly crossed de Spain's mind that somewhere he had heard the voice before. "I can't come down-town to-night," returned de Spain abruptly. "If you'll come to my office to-morrow morning at nine, I'll talk with you."

A pause preceded the answer. "It wouldn't hardly do for me to come to your office in daylight. But if it would, I couldn't do it to-morrow, because I sha'n't be in town in the morning."

"Where are you talking from now?"

"I'm at Tenison's place."

"Hang you," said de Spain instantly, "I know you now." But he said the words to himself, not aloud.

"Do you suppose I could come up to where you are to-night for a few minutes' talk?" continued the man coolly.

"Not unless you have something very important."

"What I have is more important to you than to me."

De Spain took an instant to decide. "All right," he said impatiently, "come along. Only—" he paused to let the words sink in—"if this is a game you're springing——"

"I'm springing no game," returned the man evenly.

"—you're liable to be one of the men hurt."

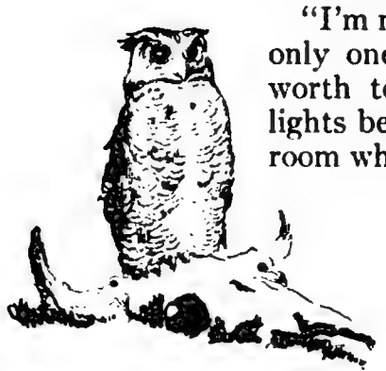
"That's fair enough. Mr. Jeffries' place is west of the court-house?"

"Directly west. Now I'll tell you just how to get here. Do you hear?"

"I'm listening."

"Leave Main Street at Rancherio Street. Follow Rancherio north four blocks; turn west into Grant Avenue. Mr. Jeffries' house is on the corner. Don't come any other way. If you do, you won't see me."

"I'm not afraid of you, Mr. de Spain, and I'll come as you say. There's only one thing I would like to ask. It would be as much as my life is worth to be seen talking to you. Would you mind putting out the lights before I come up—I mean, in the front of the house, and in the room where we talk?"



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Not in the least. I mean—I am always willing to take a chance against any other man's. But I warn you, come prepared to take care of yourself."

De Spain heard the receiver hung up at the other end of the wire. He signaled the operator hastily, called for his office, asked for Lefever, and, failing to get him, got hold of Bob Scott. He explained rapidly what had occurred and what he wanted. "Get up to Grant and Rancherio, Bob, as quick as the Lord will let you. Come by the back streets. There's a high mulberry hedge at the southwest corner you can get behind. This chap may have been talking for somebody else. Anyway, look the man over when he passes under the arc-light. If it is Sassoon or Gale Morgan, come into Jeffries' house by the rear door. Wait in the kitchen for my call from the living-room or a shot. I'll arrange for your getting in."

Leaving the telephone, de Spain rejoined Nan in the living-room. He told her briefly of the expected visit and explained, laughingly, that his caller had asked to have the lights out, and to see him alone.

Nan, standing close to him, her hand on his shoulder, and her curling hair against his scarred cheek, asked questions about the incident, because he seemed to be holding something back. She professed to be satisfied when he said it was probably one of the men coming to tell about some petty thieving on the line, or of a strike brewing among the drivers, and requested her to go up to her room. When he kissed her at her room door and turned down the stairs again, she leaned in the half-light over the banister, waving one hand at him, and murmuring the last caution: "Be careful, Henry, won't you?"

"Dearie, I'm always careful."

"'Cause you're all I've got now," she whispered.

"You're all I've got, Nan, girl."

"Don't go to the door yourself. Leave the front door open. Stand behind the end of the piano till you are awfully sure who it is."

"What a head, Nan!"

De Spain cut off the lights, threw open the front door, and in the darkness sat down on the piano-stool. A man's step on the porch a little while later was followed by a knock on the open door.

"Come in," called de Spain roughly. The bulk of a large man filled and obscured for an instant the opening, then the visitor stepped carefully over the threshold. "What do you want?" asked de Spain, without changing his tone. He awaited with keenness the sound of the answering voice.

"IS HENRY DE SPAIN here?" The voice was not familiar to de Spain's ear.

"I am Henry de Spain," he returned without hesitation. "What do you want?"

The visitor's deliberation was reflected in his measured speaking. "I am from Thief River," he began, and his reverberating voice was low and distinct. "I left there some time ago to do some work in Morgan's Gap. I guess you know, full as well as I do, that the general office at Medicine Bend has its own investigators, aside from the division men. I was sent in to Morgan's Gap some time ago to find out who burned the Calabasas barn."

"And you report to ——?"

"Kennedy."

De Spain paused in spite of his resolve to push the questions. While he listened a fresh conviction had flashed across his mind: "You called me up on the telephone one night last week," he said suddenly.

The answer came without evasion: "I did."

"You gave me a message from Nan Morgan that she never gave you."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I did. I thought she needed you right off. She didn't know me as I rightly am. I knew what was going on. I rode into town that evening and rode out again. It was not my business, and I couldn't let it interfere with the business I'm paid to look after. That's the reason I dodged you."

"There is a chair at the left of the door: sit down. What's your name?"

The man, feeling around, slowly deposited his angular bulk with care upon the little chair. "My name"—in the tenseness of the dark, the words seemed to carry added mystery—"is Pardaloe, Jim Pardaloe."

"Say what you have got to say, Jim."

"The only job I could get in the Gap was with old Duke Morgan. I've been working for him, off and on, and spending the rest of my time with Gale and Dave Sassoon. There were three men in the barn-burning. Dave Sassoon put up the job."

"Where is Dave Sassoon now?"

"Dead."

Both men were silent for a moment.

"Yesterday morning's fight?" asked de Spain reluctantly.

"Yes, sir."

"How did he happen to catch us on El Capitan?"

"He saw a fire on Music Mountain, and watched the lower end of the Gap all night. Sassoon was a wide-awake man."

"WELL, I'm sorry, Pardaloe," continued de Spain after a moment. "Nobody could call it my fault. It was either he or I—or the life of a woman who never harmed a hair of his head. And a woman I'm bound to protect. He was running when he was hit. If he had got to cover, there was nothing to stop him from picking both of us off. I shot low—most of the lead must have gone into the ground."

"He was hit in the head. It was a soft-nose bullet."

Again there was a pause. "I'll tell you about that, too, Pardaloe," de Spain went on collectedly. "I lost my rifle before that man opened fire on us. Nan happened to have her rifle with her. If there were soft-nose bullets in her rifle it's because she uses them on bobcats and mountain-lions. I never thought of it until this minute."

"What I came up to tell you has to do with Dave Sassoon. Ed Wickwire told me once that your father was shot from ambush many years ago. It was north of Medicine Bend, on a ranch near the Peace River; that you never found out who killed him; and that one reason you came up into this country was to keep an eye out for a clue."

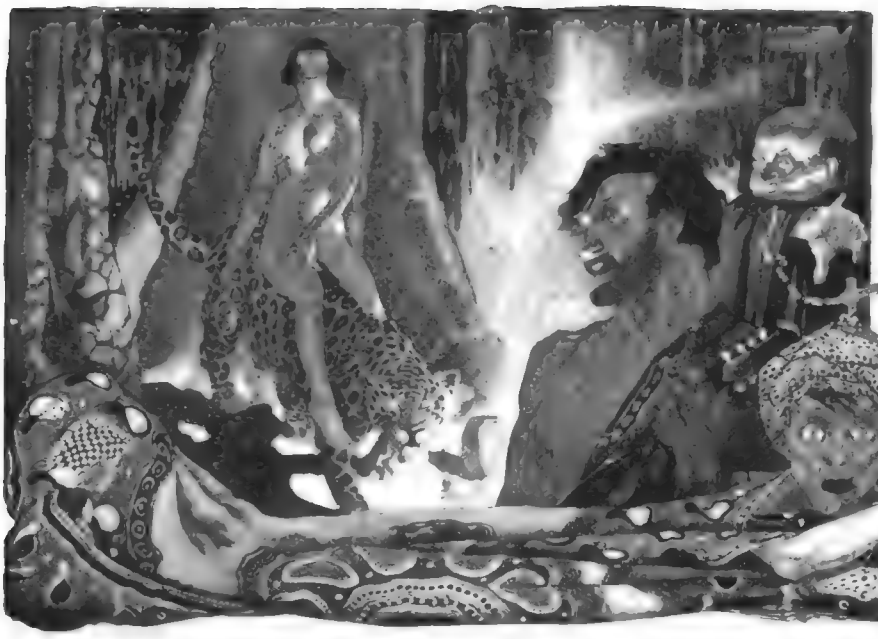
"What about it?"

"I was riding home one night about a month ago from Calabasas with Sassoon. He'd been drinking. I let him do the talking. He began cussing you out, and talked pretty hard about what you'd done, and what he'd done, and what he was going to do. Finally Sassoon says: 'That hound don't know yet who got his dad. It was Duke Morgan, that's who got him. I was with Duke when he turned the trick. We rode down to de Spain's ranch one night to look up a rustler.' That," concluded Pardaloe, "was all Sassoon would say."

He stopped. He seemed to wait. There was no word of answer, none of comment from the man sitting near him. But for one, at least, who heard the passionless, monotonous recital of a murder of the long ago, there followed a silence as relentless as fate, a silence more terrible than any word.

*"**Nan of Music Mountain**" will be concluded in the April number.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



SHE CAME INTO THE DISK OF LIGHT ROUND THE FIRE. HER SUPPLENESS ASTRIDE A GREAT LEOPARD.

MANDOLIN LIN

by Phyllis Wyatt Brown

AN ULTRA-MELODRAMA IN ONE REEL

MANDOLIN LIN, they dubbed him, his cronies of the decks and dingeys, for the ten muscular digits of his two great hairy hands (hands which had closed, O my heart, on Turpentine Tinny's neck till the life ebbed fast like drops o' liquor in his own canteen; hands that had lifted and swung a couple o' tons to the davits as light as a homing bird carries the first straw to its nest i' the springtime), those devil-doing, fierce-flaying, power-proving digits, could touch, O my heart, the little silken and wire cords strung above the gourd-shaped mahogany case, till sudden and sick the men's souls thundered and whined at their throats for utterance.

Let me go on wi' my tale before my madness comes again.

Slowly the ship shifted and sheared, swiftly the moonlight flickered and fumed on the waters of Liliuokalani Bay, when Mandolin Lin, biting hard on the iron filings that the Chinese Hop Ling (he of the three ears) served him every night for supper, picked up his fateful bit o' wood, and swung into the crooning, whine-like, heart-searing melody that blanches the natives' faces to this day, and that brought across the sea, the mountains, and the desert, that brown girl who molded the destinies of a night, whose ending was the killing of eight men and the maiming of five.

Quick, quick, ere the sense i' me ebb.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT F. LAWSON

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Zim she was—a babe-girl merely; for sixteen had been the buddings of the purple Lala blossoms on the Valprai heights i' the spring, and sixteen the matings of the red cranes with the green, and sixteen the falls and freezings o' the leaves o' the banyan tree, since Zim's birth; and Lin, scratching figures with a bit of Purbeck marble on an upturned lard-tin, nightly in his bunk, made sixteen the count o' the brown girl's years.

The turbaned wise-man—he who dwells in the jade temple beyond the fourteenth ford—he to whom men travel a lifelong journey for the reaping o' a word (aye, and die happy when 'tis gleaned)—he, the turbaned one, hath bade the muezzin cry daily from his tower this maxim:

"Beware, sahib, the unhatched turtle, aye, and 'ware the unbloomed bud, but most and above all things, sahib, a babe-girl 'ware, 'ware!"—and the words echo back from the porphyry columns, whose top no eye can reach, back from the great ruby lamps and the sapphire corridors—" 'ware . . . 'ware . . . 'ware!"

SHE came, they told me (for I gathered this tale from Kabul to Ispahan, and e'en got a tangled shred of it from a leprous parrot-herder i' the lea o' the Palpine Hills)—she came, then, into the disk of light round the fire, her suppleness astride a great leopard, and the men sickened wi' the beauty of her; but he who sickened sorest was Lin.

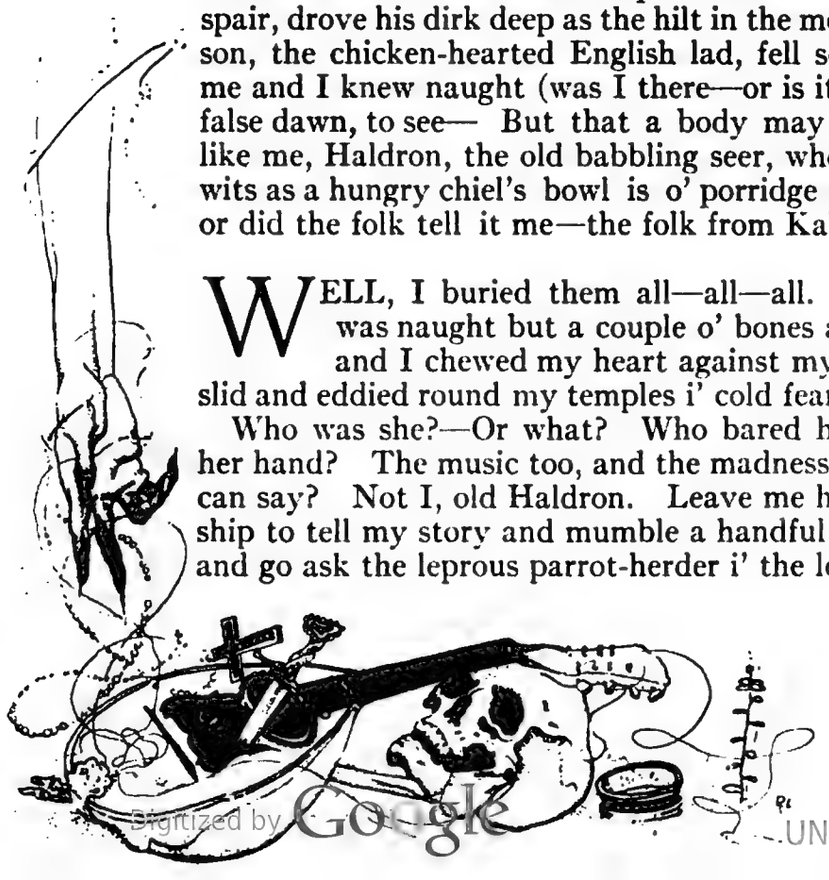
"Play," said she (this was the bit Hop Ling gave me; he of the three ears); "play!" Aye, play was the word, for a drama and a Satanic one 'twas that was played that night; and Lin played, played loud or low, languorous or livid, long or leisurely, O my heart, as the babe-girl's tawny hand bade—and when 'twas over (that music which now makes the natives cringe), the men lay white and witched, O my heart, like a nest o' young blanched eels I turned up wi' my spur in the forest that night I broke the barricade at Bahelmazhra.

'Twas then she raked back the ashes of the camp-fire and took it out from under the embers. But what nor man nor maid dare say, for the black cloth and swift stroke await him who breathes the word—and the parrot-herder tells how e'en a man's own wife may be one o' the chosen who revenge the secret's whispering. She held it out i' the palm o' her hand, and her little fingers, heart o' my soul, like the tender blooms set thick and sweet on an old apple-bough, fluttered and curled around it.

'Twas one of the coolies leaped first for it, and who, failing, mad with despair, drove his dirk deep as the hilt in the monk's breast—and 'twas the duke's son, the chicken-hearted English lad, fell second; but there the count failed me and I knew naught (was I there—or is it the madness?) till I woke—i' the false dawn, to see— But that a body may not tell lest he who reads grow like me, Haldron, the old babbling seer, whose head (so men tell) is empty o' wits as a hungry chiel's bowl is o' porridge when sup is done. Was I there, or did the folk tell it me—the folk from Kabul to Ispahan?

WELL, I buried them all—all—all. All save Lin. But where he sat was naught but a couple o' bones and the jet bracelet he had worn, and I chewed my heart against my teeth as I looked, and my hair slid and eddied round my temples i' cold fear.

Who was she?—Or what? Who bared his bones? Aye, and what lay in her hand? The music too, and the madness, and the meaning of it all? Who can say? Not I, old Haldron. Leave me here on the deck o' Lin's half-sunk ship to tell my story and mumble a handful o' slag-berries for food—leave me and go ask the leprous parrot-herder i' the lea o' the Palpine Hills.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

A group of negro laborers on a Southern plantation generally spent their lunch-hour in playing craps under some shade-tree. One day while they were thus engaged, one of them told about his girl.

"She sho' do know how to kiss," he said. "Come on, bones. Yeah, boys, she sho' do. She jest throws her arms round my neck and holds me like dat sebrul minutes."

"I say she *do*," spoke up another member of the party.

"What's dat, niggah?" said the first angrily, rising to his feet.

"I say, *do* she?" replied the second hastily.

An anemic elderly woman, who looked as if she might have as much maternal affection as an incubator, sized up a broad-shouldered Cockney who was idly looking into a window on the Strand, and in a rasping voice said to him:

"My good man, why aren't you in the trenches? Aren't you willing to do anything for your country?"

Turning around slowly, he looked at her a second and replied contemptuously: "Move on, you slacker! Where's your war baby?"

"Will you vote to abolish capital punishment?"

"No! Capital punishment was good enough for my fathers, and it's good enough for me."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

O'Toole and Hennessy, navigating the middle of a dark street a few nights ago, found it anything but smooth sailing. O'Toole, however, seemed to have a trifle less aboard than the other, and he was supporting his friend, evidently against his will. Hennessy was weeping copiously.

"Why, Dinny!" he cried, endeavoring to wrench himself loose from the other's grip—"Dinny, me boy, what have I ever done to ye that ye won't let me fight ye?"

"May both races forgive us," said the California philosopher, "yet if the lords of Karma grant us our will, we shall in our next incarnation be half Irish and half Hebrew. For the Irishman is happy as long as he has a dollar, and the Hebrew always has it."

One winter evening in Dublin, when a water inspector was going round, he stopped at one of the mains in a busy street to turn off the water during some repairs. He had just applied the handle to the tap and begun turning when a somewhat unsteady hand was placed on his shoulder, and he was confronted by a man in evening clothes, who, judging by his tone and manner, had been imbibing much too freely.

"Ha, ha!" he cried, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye. "So I've found you at last, have I? It's you that's turning the street around, is it?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Henry Guy Carleton, wit, journalist, and playright, stuttered and was not sensitive about it.

When the Fifth Avenue Theatre burned, Mr. Carleton appeared in a newspaper office where he was then employed. The usual Saturday night confusion was greatly increased by the fire. The office was bedlam. Ballard Smith, managing editor of the paper, was bellowing his orders with all his wonderful vigor in the effort to get to press on time.

"M-m-mister Smith," began Mr. Carleton, "I've a g-g-great s-s-story about the F-fifth Avenue Theatre f-f-fire."

"Great heavens, man!" roared Smith. "Don't stop to talk to me about it. Don't you know this is Saturday night and we go to press in fifteen minutes? Get to work and write it, and write as fast as you know how. I want copy, not conversation. Don't you know every minute is precious?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," said the other, with an insistent effort to hold the editor's attention, "but I w-w-want to k-k-know if you w-w-would lend m-me your s-s-stenographer."

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun' dar yestiddy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter of'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun, and seems as well as any one; but he can't do any work at all."

"He cain't— yo' says he cain't wuhk?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what you brothe' got! Dat's a gif'!"

A Chicago violinist who gives concerts throughout the West was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in an Iowa town paper.

"I told your man three or four times," complained the musician to the owner of the paper, "that the instrument I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and in his story there was not a word about it, not a word."

Whereupon the owner said with a laugh: "That is as it should be. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddle advertised in my paper under two dollars a line, you come around and let me know."

Private Doherty was six feet four in his socks; the sergeant was much shorter. The sergeant looked along the line. "Head up, there, Doherty," he cried. Doherty raised his head. "Up higher," said the little sergeant. "There, that's better. Don't let me see your head down again."

"Am I to be always like this?" asked Doherty, staring away above the little sergeant's head.

"You are."

"Then I'll say good-by to ye, sergeant, for I'll never see yez again."

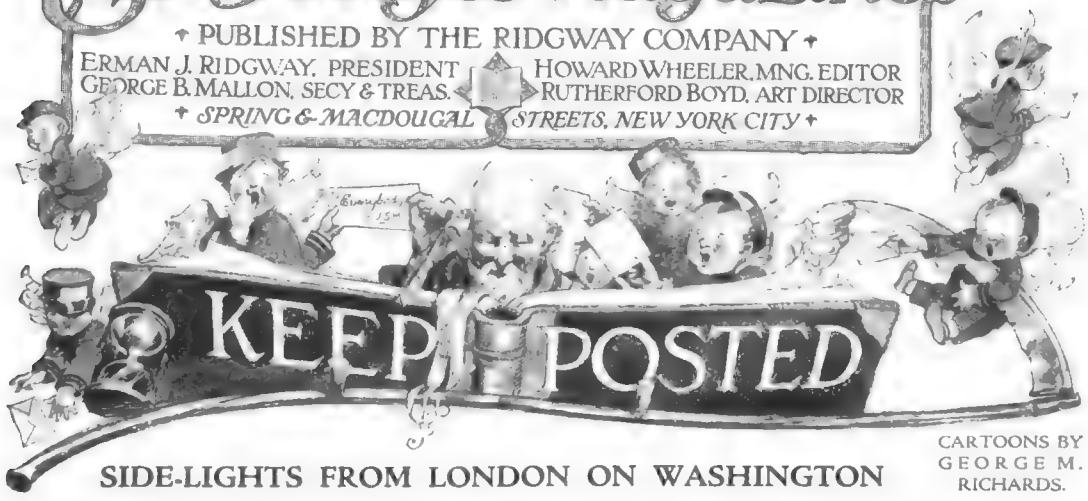
A short time before the election of town officers, an aspiring candidate delivered an address in the village hall.

"It is time," cried he, in a stentorian voice, "that we had a moral awakening in this town. Let us arise in our might. Let us gird up our loins. Let us take off our coats. Let us bare our arms. Let us——"

"Hold on now," screamed a tall, thin feminine creature, who was seated near the platform. "If this is to be a moral awakening, don't you dare propose to take off another thing!"

Digitized by Google

Everybody's Magazine
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, PRESIDENT — HOWARD WHEELER, MNG. EDITOR
GEORGE B. MALLON, SECY & TREAS. — RUTHERFORD BOYD, ART DIRECTOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY



SIDE-LIGHTS FROM LONDON ON WASHINGTON

CARTOONS BY GEORGE M. RICHARDS.

TO KEEP up to date on military measures in England, one should read a very fine law passed by the Congress of the United States and approved by the President on March 3, 1863. Its title is "An Act for enrolling and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes."

The reasons for the enactment of this law may be seen summarily in a certain passage from the memoirs of General Grant, and in a certain passage from the report of the United States Provost Marshal General.

From Grant's Memoirs: "With the exception of the victories of Iuka and Corinth, an unbroken chain of disasters marked the second period of 1862. The withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac . . . . . the invasion of Maryland and the retreat of the Army of the Ohio . . . . . produced a depression in the public mind nearly as great as that which succeeded Bull Run."

From the Provost Marshal General's Report: "Public safety would have been risked by longer delay in the enactment of this law [of March 3, 1863]. A general apathy prevailed throughout the country on the subject of volunteering. Desertion had greatly increased, and had grown into a formidable and wide-spread evil . . . . . *Volunteering had stopped.*"

The Law of March 3, 1863, said: "All able-bodied male citizens of the United States, between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, are hereby declared to constitute the national forces and shall be liable to perform military duty in the service of the United States when called out by the President for that purpose." It also said: "The President of the United States is hereby empowered to call forth the national forces by draft."

The United States in 1863 knew that wars, real wars, can not be fought with volunteers. It knew this in 1863. In 1916 it does not know it. But England does.

So an acceptance of disagreeable military facts may be seen flitting from country to country, and finding a lodgment in the brains of English-speaking peoples whenever those brains are conveniently exposed on the outsides of their skulls.

Still, there is Sydney Anderson, who represents the First District of Minnesota in the House of Representatives. He comes from a part of the country that the Pacifists claim. He has introduced a bill for military instruction in high schools (to be given by Federal officers) and is in favor of universal military training.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MAKING PEOPLE DO THINGS BY WALL-COLORS

NOT long ago one of the best-known business firms in this country took all the paint off all the walls of its factories and offices and put on an entirely new coat which was of a gray-green hue. The cost was very great, but the advantage was very great, too. The old colors had been strident and irritating. The new color, chosen after many experiments and much study, was the most restful and refreshing that the company's experts were able to find. The employees then gave their time to resisting the fatigue of their work and not to resisting the fatigue of the colors by which they were surrounded.

Further testimony on this point was brought forward recently at a convention of Master House Painters in Pittsburgh by Dr. Henry A. Gardner of the Washington Institute of Industrial Research. He quoted the findings of Dr. L. E. Landon with regard to the effect of the colors of school-room walls on the nerve-condition of school-children. He found, through many tests, that red was likely to produce a momentary stimulation followed by a reaction in which there was an upset of the nerves, and headache. He found that blue was likely to bring about a state of mind characterized by calmness and seriousness. He found that both green and yellow resulted in increased vitality. Yet there was a difference between the sort of vitality produced by green and the sort produced by yellow. In the case of green it was a vitality of simple "happiness." In the case of yellow it was a vitality of a somewhat more positive kind—"amiability."

These tests substantiate, remarkably, the theories of Jules Guérin in his use of colors at the San Francisco Exposition. Blue, he believed, was a color associated with ideas of "dignity." Red was a color calculated to induce "excitement." Orange was a color meriting the word "expansive." It would put the beholder into an "expansive" state of mind. It would make him readier than he otherwise would be to think that the world was his and that his resources were fully adequate to its enjoyment by him, regardless of expense. In other words, orange was the "spending" color.

Accordingly, at San Francisco, in his color-schemes at the Fair, Guérin put blue, for dignity, on about one-fifth of his colored spaces; red, for excitement, on about two-fifths; and on the remaining two-fifths, to pull the heart-strings and loosen the purse-strings of the public, an inviting come-on orange.

It is to be noted, however, that this orange inclined rather toward red than toward yellow. Dr. Landon found that yellow was for "amiability." Guérin seems to have found that even "amiability" was not quite positive enough for the proper increase in cash receipts. A yellowish orange, apparently, might put a man in a state of mind in which a child could take a nickel away from him, but an orange distinctly reddish was required if he was to draw the nickel out of his pocket on his own initiative. Of course he merely thought it was his own initiative. As a matter of fact, it was the initiative mixed on the palette of Jules Guérin.

SUNNY NATURE? NOT AT ALL! YELLOW PAINT!

It is a dreadful power to entrust to a fellow man. We may expect in time to hear a considerable demand for the legal restriction and regulation of color witchcraft. How is a man to know whether he really wants another piece of apple-pie every day now for lunch or if the restaurant-owner has changed his wall-decorations? In a certain restaurant in San Francisco, under the direction of a color-man from the Fair, this very psychological tyranny over man's appetite was unscrupulously and successfully practised.

The owner of this restaurant was making no money. He was presenting his woes, one day, to the color-man. The color-man took two or three workmen with him to the restaurant and spent one afternoon recoating the walls. The place had looked as if eating were a deplorable necessity. It now looked as if eating were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

an act of joyous abandon. All persons concerned in the new arrangement in that restaurant agree that the books show that the receipt increased forty per cent. The color-man charged $2500 for his afternoon's work. He used an orange, a particularly "spending" orange, made to stand out and to strike the eye by being laid on a background of a particularly "neutral" gray.

This man should be hired by the National Thrift League to reverse himself, ere it is too late and all our savings-banks are emptied. There must be some combination of colors calculated to make the beholder feel exactly like a rainy day.

The chief thing to notice about the new Federal taxes is that not one of them would be necessary if two steps were taken. First: combine all the many appropriations committees in each house of Congress into one, so that one set of men in each house will have full knowledge and full responsibility. Second: renew the work and heed the counsel of poor old Taft's disbanded and disregarded Economy and Efficiency Commission. Neither step is taken, and the new taxes accumulate.

SOUTHERN DELEGATES STILL UNHITCHED

IF YOU combine an interest in pedestrianism with a passion for presidential preference primaries, you may now walk from the Atlantic to the Pacific on the soil of states which, all of them, will choose their delegates to the national conventions of this year by methods in which official primaries and possible presidential preference will figure.

Your route will be this:

New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Oregon (having leaped the Bitter Root Mountains across Idaho), and California.

You will then have set foot on all present presidential primary states in this country, with one exception—Alabama.

These states number twenty-two. The remaining twenty-six states will allow the various political parties existing within their limits to choose delegates to their national conventions in almost any old way, and it will often be very old and amazingly any.

THE SOUTH WILL ANSWER "PRESENT" AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

This fact has a bearing on the great influence which the South will still exert in the national convention of the Republicans.

It is supposed by many people that the South has been virtually eliminated from that convention by the new National Committee rule. Such is by no means the case.

The states south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi, plus the four additional trans-Mississippi Southern states of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma, will have 272 votes on the Republican convention floor. All New England will have only 88.

Add New York, and this 88 rises to only 175. Add Pennsylvania, and this 175 rises to only 251. The South will have more votes in the naming of the Republican candidate than all New England and New York and Pennsylvania put together.

And the political possibilities of the situation are revealed in the fact that among all the Southern states there are only two—Maryland and Alabama—in which regular presidential primaries have been installed.

Among the 69 persons who were lynched in 1915 there were two who were charged with stealing hogs, three who were charged with poisoning mules, and one who was charged with burning a barn. Only eleven were charged with assaults on women. The lynching frenzy is not even one-sixth of it a "defense of womanhood."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HOW TO TRAIN A BOY TO BE A POET

IN THE fact that John Masefield is one of the world's greatest poets to-day we find a striking tribute to the new science of "Vocational Guidance." Masefield started running away from home for days at a time, beyond the knowledge of his parents, when he was a very small boy. In this way he gained a most useful knowledge of those geological and botanical features of English countryside life which he has since described so charmingly. He also gained that sense of being more or less lost in the midst of great beauty, which is one of the most valuable senses a boy can have who is preparing himself for the trade of poet.

When he was fourteen years old, his vocational endeavors on his own behalf were supplemented by those of his father, who seems to have been a good deal of a vocational-guidance expert himself. He took young John and bound him out, indentured, to the captain of a deep-sea-going sloop. The idea seems to have been that while the family might not know where the sloop was, it would certainly know that John was in the sloop. It would also know that John was diligently pursuing that study of belaying-pins and of salted horse which would give him his materials for his final particular specialty in the verse-making business.

Still later, happening into the port of New York, young Masefield became an assistant to a barkeeper in a Sixth Avenue hotel and gained much applause at the barkeeper's hands by washing the barkeeper's glasses industriously and by looking after the barkeeper's baby tenderly. Certainly no one will controvert the proposition that the barkeeper's side of the bar is the best side for studying the sociology of alcohol. At any rate, a few weeks ago, in the city of New York, at a party given in Masefield's honor, we saw him sadly wave a declining hand at a very small mug of malt liquor.

The one other deep impression made upon us by Masefield was that his ears are extraordinarily far back on his head and very low, while his head itself is relatively very broad at that point, so that the distance through his head from ear to ear seems enormous and the general effect produced is one of a most ample background of strength to the great brain-space above the ears and in front of them.

He is England's greatest singer of her Seven Seas and Five Oceans since Kipling, and it is impossible to resist comparing them. Kipling's brutality is romantic. He merely observed the pain of the sea and of the sailor and felt that it was superb. Masefield's brutality is utterly realistic. He has felt the pain. In his poem called "Evening—Regatta Day," when the sailors of two vessels have been competing in a race and when one luckless member of one of the crews has been individually responsible for his vessel's defeat, the beginning of his penance for his misdeed is described by one of his companions, thus addressing him:

> "'Your nose is a red jelly, your mouth's a toothless wreck,
> And I'm atop of you, banging your head upon the dirty deck,
> And Stroke is lashing a bunch of keys to the buckle-end of a belt,
> And we're going to lay you over a chest and lash you till you melt.'"

JOHN MASEFIELD WASHED GLASSES AND SAW LIFE ON SIXTH AVENUE.

There is no attempt there to make out that brutality is some sort of service to the ideals of the Empire. It is simply a straight description of human nature, salted.

For this very reason Masefield is also more genuinely sympathetic than Kipling. He describes the suffering of the sailor at the hands of his master as Kipling has never attempted to describe it.

A sailor was sick, sick and shaking with fever.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"He tottered out of the alleyway with cheeks the color of paste,
And shivered a spell and mopped his brow with a clout of cotton-waste."

And then what?

"Then the Chief comes forrard 'n' says, says he, 'I gives you a straight tip:
Come none of your Cape Horn fever lays, aboard of this yer ship.
On wi' your rags o' duds, my son, 'n' aft 'n' down the hole:
The best cure known for fever chills is shoveling bloody coal.'"

Kipling would have seen only the magnificent grimness of it. Masefield, though in many ways inferior to Kipling, sees also the pathos of it. And he does not disdain to add:

"It's *hard*, my son, that's what it is, for us poor sailor-men."

There were certain men killed in the accident on the submarine E-2 in New York Harbor. Their widows are entitled, under Federal law, to compensation amounting to just one year of their husbands' wages. In one case this will be $600. If those men had been employed by any business firm in New York state, their widows would have been entitled, under New York law, to compensation amounting to thirty-five per cent. of their husbands' wages every year during widowhood, with additional allowances for children. The United States Government, in this respect, is one of the worst employers in America.

WHICH CHURCHES ARE GROWING FASTEST?

THE churches of the United States did not, after all, gain so many new members during the year 1915 as during the year previous. In that year —1914—they gained 782,000. In 1915 they gained only 653,000. These figures are compiled from the best available sources by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

They seem disappointing, but they furnish no real cause for anxiety on the part of church leaders. This fact will appear when we look at the figures of church membership for 1915 compared with the figures of 1890. From 1890 to 1915, during the space of a quarter-century, the total membership of all churches in the United States increased at a rate of 91 per cent. It is a larger rate than is shown by the increase of the whole population of the country—very considerably larger. The number of church members has increased in the United States much faster than the number of inhabitants.

During that quarter-century there were seven great religious organizations which increased at a rate greater than the average.

The Roman Catholic membership increased 125 per cent. The Lutheran Synodical Conference membership increased 130 per cent. The Lutheran General Synod membership increased 116 per cent. In these three cases it may be assumed that large numbers of members were added by immigration.

In the remaining four cases it does not seem that immigration needs to be considered. The Southern Presbyterian membership (white) increased 116 per cent. The Southern Baptist membership (white) increased 111 per cent. The Disciples-of-Christ membership increased 113 per cent. And the Episcopalian membership increased 96 per cent.

The increases in all the other really important religious organizations were less than the average—that is, less than 91 per cent.; but in all cases they were more than thirty-seven per cent., and in most cases they were more than fifty.

One observes with special interest that the Latter-day Saints of Utah do not

BUT, DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 1,043 SCHWENKFELDERS?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

seem to be disappearing very fast. Their rate of increase from 1890 to 1915 was 77 per cent.

In the year 1915 there were just seven great churches which had reached a membership of more than 1,000,000. As follows:

Roman Catholic	14,079,000
Methodists (16 bodies put together)	7,472,000
Baptists (15 bodies)	6,307,000
Lutherans (21 bodies)	2,434,000
Presbyterians (12 bodies)	2,104,000
Disciples of Christ (2 bodies)	1,522,000
Episcopalians	1,051,000

The numerousness of the Disciples of Christ is astonishing. If a European should read American books and American newspapers he would most certainly conclude that there were ten times as many Episcopalians as Disciples among us. Yet the Disciples outnumber the Episcopalians by almost fifty per cent. The Episcopalians take a great deal more of the lime-light than they numerically deserve.

There is a similar, but even more astonishing disparity between prominence and numerousness in the cases of certain other religious groups.

The Quakers are known to every man and woman and child. Yet they number only 120,000.

The Christian Scientists get enormous attention from the whole world in print and in conversation. Yet their last statement of membership was only 85,000.

The Unitarians are an intellectual avalanche which Billy Sunday is holding back with his own shoulders from falling upon and shattering the Christian community. Yet, in the whole United States, the total number of Unitarians seems to be 70,542.

As usual, we are pleased to notice that there continue to be, apart from all other Christians, some 1,043 "Schwenkfelders." Schwenkfeld was a German Protestant preacher who lived at the time of Luther and who was more protestant than Luther himself. He has no followers in his own land any more. He continues to have 1,043 in the United States.

Religion is broadening, and the mental interests of ministers are broadening with it. A few years ago music was hardly a popular pursuit among theological students. Now—to give just one instance of the change—the lectures of Mr. Clarence Dickinson at Union Theological Seminary on the history of music are packed—although attendance is voluntary.

CONFESSIONS OF A VOTER—CHAPTER TWO

I VERY well remember my first crime. It was a clear, crisp November day and I was young and just out of college and full of ideals. I don't know why I put in that last touch, except that I have heard it so often in Commencement addresses. As a matter of fact, young college graduates have no ideals whatsoever. Ideals are elusive, indescribable, beautiful, emerging from experience and floating off above and beckoning. They say: "If you go on, and strive, and then put forth a great supreme effort, you may touch me—and then I shall be off again." A college boy has no ideals. He has only rules, conventions, fixed maxims, ranging all the way from the sort of tie one should wear to the sort of attitude one should have toward women. The one about the tie is as fixed as the one about women. What I really mean, then, is that I was full of rules; and one of them was that a scholar should take a profound and beneficent interest in elections; and I was clearly a scholar, with the proof rolled under my arm.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I voted on that clear, crisp November day for ten county commissioners, choosing them out of a field of forty; but that was not what started me on my present career. The thing that fired my heart, that stirred the depths of my being, that turned me into an unquenchable volcano of ballots, was—that I voted for county surveyor. I assisted in picking a trigonometrical expert for the county of Cook. As I look back at it now, I know that it was then that the character of my future life as a citizen was determined.

I had prepared myself carefully for the great moment. As soon as I learned that Cook County expected me to provide it with a surveyor of appropriate qualifications, I at once took down from my shelf my old volume of Freshman trigonometry and reveled once more in those delightful pages in which a surveyor is confronted by an impassable swamp and an inascendable mountain, and he can not, of course, by the terms of the problem, go across the swamp or climb the mountain, and yet he must measure the length of the one and the height of the other—by means of angles and sines and cosines. I refreshed myself with that knowledge.

OF COURSE I was not so absurd as to think that Cook County really wanted me to find out if the candidates were good at surveying. I realized that if all that Cook County wanted was a good surveyor, a good technical expert, it would have had him chosen by the County Board—like a bricklayer or a gravel-shoveler, or an alienist at the county hospital. I perceived that the only valid reason for ever asking the voters to choose a man for a public office, is to be found when that man, in that office, will have to determine questions of real public policy.

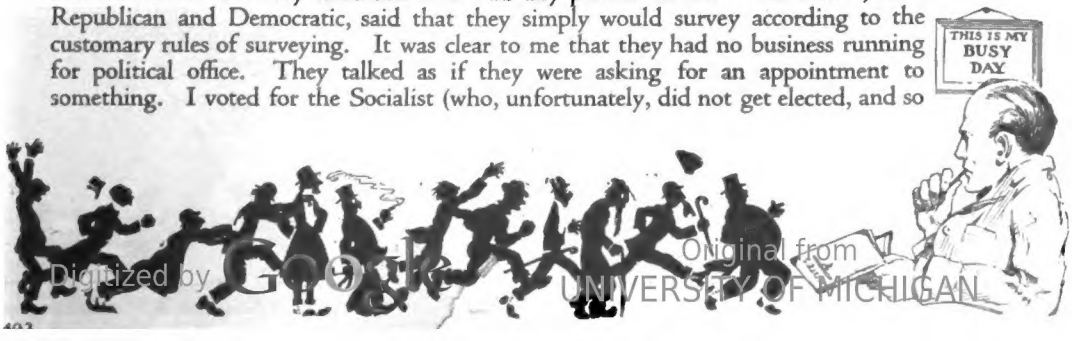
In the determination of such questions—no matter how great a mystery some people may make of statesmanship—the one great quality a man needs is simply an exceptional degree of common sense. The voters can find out if the candidate has the reputation, among those who know him, of having that quality. It is for this reason that democracy is possible. Public-policy offices can be filled by popular election, efficiently.

I assumed, then—and, it seems to me, quite reasonably—that the office of county surveyor in Cook County was one in which public policies of some sort were at stake; and it was in order to discover those policies and interrogate the candidates about them that I revisited the scenes of my mathematical studies.

I soon saw the questions involved, and I formed my plan. I would go to each candidate and I would ask him two questions. I would first say: "If, sir, you are elected to this office, and if you are sent out to survey a piece of land and you find on it a Republican swamp and a Democratic mountain, which of those two methods of surveying will you use?"

If he answered this question satisfactorily, I would conclude that his policies were clear from the practical standpoint. I would then proceed to a deeper question of theory and general principle. I would say to him: "Secondly, sir, if you are elected to this office, what will be your official attitude toward sines and cosines of angles of thirty degrees?"

THE result was that I voted for the Socialist candidate. He said that Republican swamps and Democratic mountains should be taken away from their present owners, and that he had always believed that the sines and cosines of small angles were far too small, and he would make a report about it to the legislature. I voted for him because he was the only candidate who had any policies at all. The others, both Republican and Democratic, said that they simply would survey according to the customary rules of surveying. It was clear to me that they had no business running for political office. They talked as if they were asking for an appointment to something. I voted for the Socialist (who, unfortunately, did not get elected, and so



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

had to continue pressing pants); and even to-day I claim that I was right. I voted for the only man who, running for an elective office, had a real public-policy program.

Then came the election for judges.

Matrons for women prisoners in public stations. "Hostesses" for women guests at hotels. And in the Chicago elevated railway cars we saw this sign: "Women meeting with any annoyance while on trains should advise Mrs. W. A. Walk, Matron, by writing or telephoning—72 W. Adams Street—Central 8280." Women are making a woman's world even outside the home.

THE AMATEUR IS DEFINED—AND WARNED

A YOUNG man won a big championship in one of the big sports—amateur. The business firm by which he was employed at once raised his salary to four times its former figure. Why? It was a firm selling sporting-goods. It sold the very implements which the young man used in winning the championship. It calculated that other young men—and old ones—would seek his advice now as to what implements were best. It calculated also that many prospective buyers of such goods would like to drop into the store and hobnob with the distinguished young man and afterward repeat valuable scraps of their distinguished conversation with him—"As he said to me, 'When I was playing at—,'" and so on. All of which would bring money to the firm.

NO CUPS FOR THE SPORTING-GOODS CLERK.

The firm had no thought of wrong. Nor had the young man. But the leaders of amateur sports in this country seem to have pretty well made up their minds that such things shall not happen any more. Their point of view, so far as we get it, is that they want to bring about a state of affairs in which no young man who goes into an amateur sport shall be tempted to feel:

"Well, if I can get really good at it, I can make it bring me in a lot of extra money."

They think that when that element comes into the atmosphere of an amateur sport it takes some of the sportingness out of it. It makes it smell a bit of the business hours which have been left behind. They have therefore made a definition of an amateur in these words:

"An amateur sportsman is one who engages in sport solely for the pleasure and for the physical, moral, mental and social benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom sport is nothing more than an avocation."

This definition was adopted by the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America and was endorsed by representatives of virtually all the organizations governing the various amateur sports of the United States. The rules which accompany the definition are aimed at both of the chief ways in which amateur sport may be "commercialized." They forbid the amateur player to receive pay for participating in any game or for instructing in it; and they forbid him, further, to use his reputation as a player to promote his own financial welfare—or the welfare of any firm—in the sporting-goods business. In other words, they forbid him to be in that business at all in any active public capacity.

The importance of the occasion is that the leaders of amateur sports in America have gone almost to the very farthest possible extreme of anti-"commercial" policy.

YOU WILL FIND THE "PUBLISHER'S" DEPARTMENT ON PAGE 6 OF THE ADVERTISING SECTION.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN